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H I S T O R Y
OF THE
RISE AND PROGRESS
OF THE
A R T S O F D E S I G N
IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY WILLIAM DUNLAP,
Vice President of the National Academy of Design, Author of the History of the
American Theatre,—Biography of G. F. Cooke,—&c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

NEW-YORK:
GEORGE P. SCOTT AND CO. PRINTERS, 33 ANN STREET.
1834.

ENTERED, according to act of Congress, in the year 1834, by

WILLIAM DUNLAP,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New-York.

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A HISTORY
OF THE
RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE ARTS OF DESIGN
IN AMERICA.

CHAPTER I.

Alexander Anderson. History of wood engraving. Mr. Anderson the first who introduced wood engraving into the United States—his difficulties and success.

A. ANDERSON—1794.

THE first who attempted engraving or embossing on wood in America, was born in New York: but before I proceed to a notice of his life, I will give a memoir upon

ENGRAVING ON WOOD,

furnished me by Abraham John Mason, Esq. now one of our citizens, and practising the art in New-York.

As engraving and printing unquestionably had their origin in China, it will be proper first to give a sketch of the peculiar modes practised in that empire. The design is made on a thin, transparent paper, and pasted with the face downwards on the block; it is then engraved by cutting through the paper into the wood, leaving standing only those portions of the surface which appear black in the drawing. Their tools are similar in many respects to those of other block cutters, ancient and modern, consisting of a knife for outlining, with gouges, chisels, &c. of various shapes for clearing away the wood. They use them with much celerity, especially the knife, which they guide with both hands; their facility enables them to furnish their blocks with great rapidity, and at an astonishingly cheap rate. The Chinese have never attempted the use of moveable types; all their books, illustrative or descriptive, being printed from

wooden blocks, cut in the manner described, and this mode is to them far more economical, owing to the low price of workmanship of every kind.

Their method of printing is simple, and peculiar to themselves. The block must be in a firm and level position, being first tightly fixed in a larger piece of wood to give it stability; in front of this the paper is placed, cut to the proper size. The ink (which is merely a reduction without oil of that which is known as Indian ink) being distributed on a smooth piece of board, the workman takes a moderately stiff brush, which he dips into it, and rubs the block carefully therewith. The paper is next laid over, and rubbed with a second brush, which is soft, and shaped like an oblong cushion; the paper not being sized, a gentle pressure is generally sufficient, and which may be repeated, or regulated as occasion may offer. A third brush, very stiff, is used for cleaning the blocks. These brushes are curiously made of the fine fibres of the palm, or cocoanut trees. A set of these printing materials may be seen in the museum of the English East India Company, which are supposed to be the only specimens in Europe. In the manner described, without the aid of any press, have all impressions been taken in China, from the earliest periods to the present day. Their paper being so very thin, is printed on one side only, and each leaf in their books is folded in binding, and the edges turned inwards, and stitched with silk. There is much neat and curious execution about some of their cuts, but they seldom go beyond outlines, and are altogether deficient in the true principles of drawing.

Much disputation has arisen as to the period when engraving was first practised in Europe. The earliest record rests on the authority of Papillon, the French writer, who gives a description of eight subjects, relating to Alexander the Great, having been cut on wood by twins of the name of Cunio, at Ravenna, as early as 1285.

During the next, or 14th century, there is clear evidence of the practice, for printing playing cards, and figures of saints, &c. These were without doubt first executed in the Venetian States, and afterwards in Germany and the low countries to a great extent. The impressions appear to have been taken by means of a hand roller, the press not being known until the following century; in the early part of which the art was applied to engraving larger subjects of a devotional kind, with inscriptions. Several of these curious prints are still extant; amongst them, in the possession of Earl Spencer, is the celebrated one of St. Christopher carrying the infant Jesus;

this is remarkable as being the earliest print bearing a certain date, viz. 1423. The success of these gave rise to a more extensive application of the art. Scriptural designs of many figures were cut with descriptive texts on each block; they were printed on one side only of the paper, and two of the prints were frequently pasted together to form one leaf with a picture on each side; entire sets were subsequently bound up, and thus were formed into the block books so well known to antiquaries. The Apocalypse of St. John, probably the first of these works, appeared about 1420; one of the identical blocks cut for it still exists in the library of Earl Spencer. The latest and most noted of these books is the *Speculum Humanæ Salvationis*, produced about the year 1440, and being partly printed from moveable wooden types, became the connecting medium that gradually introduced the invaluable art of typography, which facilitating the production of books, was the means of greatly increasing the demand for wood cuts for primers, prayer books, &c. In 1457 Faust produced his Psalter, printed with metal types, and initials in colors from blocks. Of the principal letter, a highly ornamented B, an accurate fac-simile is given in Savage's *Decorative Printing*. Typography was introduced into England by Caxton in 1474, who published his "Game of Chesse," Esop, and other works with wood cuts, the execution of which is quite barbarous, when compared with continental engravings of the same period. All cuts consisted of little more than outline until 1493, when Michael Wolgemuth effected a great improvement in the art by the cuts for his *Nuremberg Chronicle*, in which he introduced a greater degree of shading, and the first attempts at cross hatching. This was carried to much higher perfection by his pupil Albert Durer, who published in 1498 his *Apocalypse* in sixteen folio cuts, and early in the 16th century, his *Life and Passion of Christ*, and other large works of high talent. In 1511, he produced the *Fall of Man*, with thirty-seven small cuts, and from that period until his death in 1528, he published a variety of engravings on copper and wood, besides being an eminent painter. His pupil, Burkmaier, executed several rich works under the patronage of the Emperor Maximilian, many of the blocks of which still exist in Vienna, and form an ample refutation of the assertions of Mr. Landseer, and others, as to the practicability of effecting cross hatched work on wood. This 16th century was rich in able wood engravers in several parts of Continental Europe, amongst whom might be named Holbein, who published his celebrated *Dance of Death*, 1538, Justus Amman of Zurich, Stimmer of Schaffhausen, Cesari

Vecelli, a younger brother of Titian's; Porta, Salviati, and an innumerable host of others, whose skilful productions gave the art a high consideration with the best painters of the time. In England comparatively few works appeared, but amongst them should be noticed the first edition of the celebrated *Martyrology*, published in 1563, the best cuts in which were probably done by foreigners, as we have record of only a solitary name or two of worth, until within the last sixty years. In the 17th century the art visibly declined, owing to the superior cultivation of copper engravings. Some few eminent artists, however, flourished, such as Van Sichem, Eckman, and Christopher Zegher, the latter of whom engraved many very masterly specimens from the designs, and under the direction of Rubens. By the year 1700, wood engravings sunk to a very depressed state; the French family of Papillon should, however, not be omitted, the elder of whom practised about the year 1670; his son John improved upon him, and was said to be the inventor of printing paper-hangings by blocks in 1688. He was the father of Jean Baptiste Papillon, who practised with much success as a wood engraver, but is more celebrated for his well known work on the art in two volumes, published in 1766. With these and some few other exceptions, there is little worthy attention from 1650 until the era of the school of Bewick.

Mr. Thomas Bewick began wood engraving in 1768; in 1775 he produced his cut of the Old Hound, for which the Society of Arts awarded him seven guineas, it being justly deemed so very superior to any specimens then executed. In 1785 he commenced his valuable *Natural Histories*, and published the *Quadrupeds* in 1790, and the *Birds* in 1797. These and his other works, all of which were richly embellished with cuts, effected by their great excellence the restoration of an almost lost art. Nearly cotemporary with Bewick was Mr. Lee, of London, who produced many very neat specimens. Other artists soon arose, who effected still greater improvement in the art, by introducing a richer and more varied style of workmanship, which has led to the adoption of the art to so wide an extent as promises to be a sure prevention to its ever again sinking into neglect.

Public lectures on this art were for the first time given in London, in 1829, by Mr. Mason, who subsequently delivered the same in the United States to the National Academy of Design.

The theory and practice of this art, are in principle the

reverse of engraving on copper; in the latter the lines to be printed, are sunk or cut in the plate; these being filled with ink, are by means of a rolling press, transferred in effect to the paper. In wood engraving, on the contrary, the parts that are to appear must be raised, or rather left untouched, and hence it is frequently termed relief engraving. In printing, the surface is only charged with ink, and the impression is taken as from types. The copper engraver rarely uses more than three tools of the kind which are termed burins or gravers. The artist on wood requires, according to circumstances, from ten to fifteen or eighteen, called gravers, tools for tinting and sculptures; the latter are used for cutting out the broader parts which are to be left white. The earlier artists cut on various kinds of wood, such as the apple, pear, etc; these being termed soft woods, are now only in request for calico printing and other manufacturing purposes, for as the style of work improved, these were abandoned, and box was tried on account of its superior texture and compactness, which have caused it to be the only kind used for every subject that can properly be termed a work of art. The surface of the wood to be engraved is carefully planed, scraped, etc. so as to render it as smooth as possible, in order to receive the drawing which must be put on the block itself, previously to commencing the engraving. The artist in its execution, has to arrange the strength and direction of the lines required for the various parts and distances, so that the printed impression, though composed of different series of interlineations, may present the same character in effect, as the original drawing.

Much care is requisite, on the part of the engraver, to prevent a delicate design from being rubbed during the process of cutting; and it is usually covered with paper, which is removed by degrees as required. It will be apparent also how much depends upon the skill of the engraver, when it is considered, that, with every line cut by the tool, a portion of the effect of his original is removed, and his recollective powers and taste must be in constant exercise, to preserve the points of the design; and the block must be wholly engraved before any impression can be taken. The copper engraver, on the contrary, is enabled to take progressive proofs of his work, and has his original drawing, unimpaired, constantly before him. The latter has also another important advantage, in what is termed tinting; inasmuch as all his skies and flat back-grounds can be cut on the plate itself by mechanical means; and his various tints are thereby produced with every required delicacy. The wood engraver can have no such fa-

cility ; all depends on the steadiness of the eye and hand, properly to effect the object, by cutting line after line individually, without any auxiliary assistance whatever.

These brief explanations may serve to show the principles on which all engravings on wood are effected. Thus, whether the design relate to landscape, the human figure, or any other species of subject, it must be composed of an infinite number and variety of projecting portions of wood, produced by those delineations which, according to the judgment of the engraver, are best calculated to convey, when printed, the desired effect.

The ancient mode of working was on the side of the grain, their wood being always cut the longitudinal way of the tree : this method continued, for all wood cuts, till about the year 1725, when the present method was commenced in England, of cutting the tree transversely, or across. This plan presenting the end of the grain, admits, from its greater tenacity, of a finer kind of workmanship, and the application of the description of tools before named. The block-cutters for paper hangings, &c. have their wood prepared in the same way as the old masters, and of course use similar tools ; the chief of which is a knife, shaped somewhat like a lancet, with which the line has to be cut on both sides, and the superfluous wood has to be removed by gouges, chissels, &c. of various shapes, as derived originally from the Chinese.

When we consider, that in this way all the finished works of the ancients were produced, it attaches a very great degree of merit to them ; for the process seems evidently to have been a more tedious one than the modern : since, if a line be cut with the knife, it is necessary it should be met by another line before any wood can be taken out ; whereas, in the present mode, the graver, as it cuts the incision removes the wood at the instant of operation.

We have next to speak of the application of this branch of art to the imitation of coloured drawings ; or, as it has been sometimes termed, engraving in *chiaro scuro*. This is effected by cutting as many blocks as there are colours and tints in the original : and in executing subjects in this style, the first block engraved is that which embraces the outline, or most material parts of the subject, as a guide to the others ; an impression being transferred to the requisite number of blocks, and the respective tints put in, so as to fit accurately when printed.

One of the earliest known specimens of printing in colours is the letter B, in Faust's Psalter, produced in 1457. This was in two blocks, red and blue, which were very correctly ad-

justed. Towards the close of the 15th century the principle was adopted to a more finished extent, by the successful attempt at blending neutralized tints. Ugo da Carpi, of Rome, was amongst the first to effect this object; and the mode was so esteemed, that the greatest painters gave their attention to it, as a means of perpetuating their designs. Raphael, Parmegiano, Titian, Rubens, and others of note, in the 16th and 17th centuries, assisted by their designs, and in superintending their execution, in producing these works, and the many beautiful specimens extant exemplify the success of their efforts.

From the middle of the 17th century, the art of wood engraving generally declined, and of course fewer subjects in *chiaro scuro* were effected. In 1688, this principle was applied, in France, to the production of paper hangings; which was introduced into Great Britain, by John B. Jackson, in 1750. This artist was the first Englishman who, with any success, practised engraving in this style. At first nothing was attempted that consisted of more than two blocks; but, before the close of the 18th century, the number was increased to five; which was never exceeded till the appearance of Mr. Savage's book on *Decorative Printing*, in 1822. This work, which is throughout a fine specimen of art, has numerous examples in *chiaro scuro*, in 6, 7, and 8 blocks; and one in 14, copied from a design by John Varley. In all these, the artists' drawings are accurately represented, and the entire work is highly worthy a careful inspection.

In this general sketch it has been quite impossible to notice the various points and capabilities of wood engraving, relative to its uses, application, and durability; or to name, with any justice, its many eminent professors, either ancient or modern. Its value is becoming daily more and more apparent in both hemispheres, by the demands on the talent of those who practise it. Its prominent points and beauties will hereby, by degrees, become more universally understood: this, however, can never be properly effected, till a thorough reformation shall take place in printing. Considering the innumerable works continually issued, illustrated with wood cuts, the public have, with very few exceptions, but little chance of duly estimating their merits; since, in the greater number of them, the engravings are printed in so heedless a manner as scarcely to deserve, by their appearance, the name of embellishments. There can be no doubt that publishers will, ere long, discover it to be their true interest to give more

serious attention to this subject; which, as regards the reputation of the art, is of the most vital importance."

Having prepared the reader, by Mr. Mason's excellent memoir on the history, theory and practice of wood engraving, to appreciate the difficulties of the art, I proceed to the biography of A. Anderson, Esq., who introduced the art into our country and almost invented it. He was born in April, 1775, three days after the battle of Lexington, near Peck-slip in New-York. After his school days were passed, his father placed him with Doctor Young to study the practice of physic; but he had from infancy devoted his play hours to drawing, and having attempted engraving, he was so fascinated by his success that he determined, as soon as he could, to "throw physic to the dogs," and become professionally an engraver. He did so.

John Roberts, the universal genius, a notice of whom I have given, at this time attracted attention. Doctor Anderson, (for his medical title sticks to him to this hour,) after trying various experiments, and making himself somewhat proficient in the art, gained an introduction to Roberts, and was received by him as a pupil. He worked as long as he could with Roberts, for the purpose of improving himself in drawing, and working with the graver, but the irregularity of the eccentric Scotchman, and his intemperance, forced him to give up the advantages he might have derived from his instruction.

Mr. Anderson confirms all that has been said of the surprising versatility and cleverness of Roberts—of his engraving—miniature painting—musical taste and skill—mathematical attainments—and dexterity in manufacturing tools, and musical instruments or mechanical machinery.

In the year 1794, as a professed engraver, Mr. Anderson was engaged by Wm. Durell, bookseller, and one of our early publishers, to engrave cuts for an edition of "The looking-glass," the original engravings for which were cut by Bewick in wood. This led to the employment which distinguishes Anderson as our first engraver on that material. He worked through half the book on type metal and copper, and then commenced his essays on wood without other instruction than that derived from studying Bewick's cuts, which he was to copy. For this new art he had to invent and make tools. Perseverance, industry, and ingenuity overcame all difficulties, and he established himself as an engraver in wood. Soon after his first attempts, he cut a cameo for Sword's edition of Darwin. From that time Mr. Anderson has had constant employment, supported and educated a family, one of whom, a

physician, takes the title of doctor partly from him—not entirely—for the inquirer after Doctor Anderson is sometimes asked, “Is it the engraver or the physician you would speak to?”

Mr. Mason thus speaks of him, “Of the leading artists here, the first notice is due to Doctor Anderson of New-York, who may be termed the Bewick of America, and the father of his art in this country. This gentleman commenced in 1792 ('94) under every possible disadvantage: he at first cut on type metal, but hearing soon after that box-wood was used in England, he adopted it, and copied thereon some of Bewick's specimens. He persevered in the practice, and exhibited the highest ability, though for many years he received but little encouragement; but like his great English cotemporary, being an enthusiast in the art, he kept steadily and perseveringly on his course, and has the similar satisfaction of having witnessed the progress of wood engraving to its present state of general adoption. It is highly gratifying to know that this amiable and talented veteran is still in full practice, and in the enjoyment of excellent health.”*

Mr. Adams of this city is also highly deserving of notice in this place: he commenced the art regularly as a profession, about eight years since; previous to which, he had merely executed a few casual specimens. He has exhibited, in his late productions especially, the most superior qualifications for the art, displaying in his engravings a near approach to the rich style of the modern English school. Although in New-York, xylography first arose in America, it has been greatly encouraged in other parts of the union, especially Boston and Philadelphia, both of which cities have produced many able artists. Of the introduction of wood engraving into Boston, the credit is due to Mr. Abel Bowen, who began there in 1812, and has continued the pursuit successfully; he has had several pupils of ability, (Mr. Hartwell and others) who now that the art is becoming more generally understood, receive every encouragement in their professional practice. In Philadelphia wood engraving owes its origin to Mr. William Mason.

* Mr. Anderson is fully entitled to be called “Doctor.” He went through a regular course of studies, and received the degree of doctor of medicine at Columbia College in 1796: on which occasion he delivered an interesting inaugural dissertation on “Chronic Mania.” He then for a short time entered upon the duties of a profession of which he promised to be a distinguished member. We have seen, however, that his love of the arts of design, led him to relinquish the practice of a physician, and the honourable result of his labours as an engraver, leave no reason to regret his change of profession.

CHAPTER II.

Practical instructions for the student of miniature painting—E. G. Malbone—born at Newport—when a boy, paints a scene for the theatre—Allston—Malbone practises miniature-painting—goes to London with Allston—returns—The hours—His untimely death—Letter from Mrs. Whitehorne—Cornelius Tiebout.

PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS FOR MINIATURE PAINTING,

BY T. S. CUMMINGS, ESQ.

MINIATURE painting is governed by the same principles as any other branch of the art, and works in miniature should possess the same beauty of composition, correctness of drawing, breadth of light and shade, brilliancy, truth of colour, and firmness of touch, as works executed on a larger scale ; and the artist who paints in miniature, should possess as much theoretic knowledge and the same enlarged views of his art, as if he painted in any other style.

It may be asked, what is the proper preparatory course of study for a miniature painter ? We should unquestionably answer, the same as for any other branch of the art. It is in the mechanical part only that it differs.

Miniatures, as they are at present painted, are usually executed on ivory,* and in transparent (water) colours,† and according as the mode of application of the colours to the ivory partakes of the line, the dot or smooth sur-

* Ivory for miniature painters' use may be purchased at most of the ivory turners or fancy stores, sawed in thin sheets. It should be selected for the closeness of its grain, mellowness of colour, transparency and freedom from changeable streaks. It is then prepared for use, by first scraping out the marks of the saw, if any appear, and afterwards grinding it with finely pulverized pumice and water on a glass slab until all *polish* is removed ; it is then washed with clean water, perfectly free from the pumice, and left to drain itself dry ; when dry it is attached to white card paper, by dots of gum on the corners, and is then ready for use.

† Colours are now manufactured in cakes ready for use, only requiring to be diluted with more water, though some miniature painters regrind them. Those manufactured by Newman, of London, are generally considered the best, and I believe, if genuine, are fine enough for all purposes. Fineness of texture and permanency are the great requisites. It is however necessary that the student understand the qualities of the pigments made use of, both as to the tints they form when mixed with one another, and their transparency, or opacity ; for on this must depend their fitness for different parts of the work, even when the same tint is procured. They may be classed under three heads, transparent, semi-transparent, and opaque, though it is by no means my intention to enumerate all the varieties of colour, those generally used will be sufficient.

Opaque colours.

Constant white,
Flake white,
Vermilion,
Indian red,

Semi-transparent.

Burnt ter. de sienna,
Indian yellow,
Ultramarine,
Cobalt,

Transparent.

Gall stone,
Brown pink,
Lake,
Carmine—burnt do.

face, is the style,* technically termed hatch, stipple or wash. In the first named, the colour is laid on in lines, crossing each other in various directions, leaving spaces equal to the width of the line between each, and finally producing an evenly-lined surface. The second is similarly commenced, and when advanced to the state we have described in the line, is finished by dots placed in the interstices of the lines, until the whole has the appearance of having been stippled from the commencement. The third is an even wash of colour, without partaking of either the line or dot, and when properly managed, should present a uniform flat tint. Artists vary much in their style of execution, and even in the degree of smoothness they bestow on their pictures, some preferring a *broad*, others a minute style; though the first is decidedly the most masterly. It must, however, be governed, in a great measure, by the size of your picture and your subject.

In the mode of obtaining the desired result, and in the colours to be used for producing it, there is also a great difference of opinion. This is unessential to the student.

The following process I have found to possess many advantages, and I believe as free from errors as any that has fallen under my experience.

Having your colours and ivory prepared, and your subject selected, your next step is to procure a correct outline. If it be a head from the life, (which will perhaps best illustrate my meaning,) you will carefully examine it in all its views; both as to attitude, and light and shadow; and having selected that position which in your judgment possesses most of the likeness and character of the individual, you will proceed to outline it.† Your outline carefully drawn on your ivory, you

Opaque.
Yellow ochre,
Burnt umber,
Lamp black.

Transparent.
Vandyke brown.
Sepia,
Indigo,
Pr. blue,
Ivory black,
Burnt madder.

To prepare a palette for a miniature painter it is only necessary to rub the colours, with the addition of water, on a glass, china or ivory palette, in spots agreeable to the requisition of the artist.

*The style or manner of execution is decided by the taste of the artist, and is after all of little consequence. There is no manner in nature. That style which gives the best imitation of nature, and conceals most the means used to obtain it, must undoubtedly be considered the best.

† It may be well if the student's hand be not firmly fixed in drawing, to make an outline on paper of the required size, and afterward transfer it, by placing the ivory over it. Its transparency will enable you to trace it very distinctly. There are many advantages in this method. You insure a clean outline on your ivory, the head of the proper size, and in the proper place in your picture, which will not always be the case if you outline directly upon the ivory.

will next lay in the dark shadows with a light and warm neutral tint,* sharp, firm, and of the right shape. Having carefully placed these, both with regard to individual form and relative, bearing to each other, you may proceed with the lighter shadows or middle tints.† They should also be laid in very lightly, colder in colour than the shadow tone, but still definite in form, however light. These effects correctly obtained, and as much depth given as you think necessary for the proper rounding of your subject, you strengthen your dark shadows, altering their forms if necessary. All being justly situated, you then lay in the general colour of the complexion,‡ and having produced the requisite depth, you will, with a sharp lancet,§ scrape off the shining lights on the face, such as the high light on the forehead, nose, &c., and again compare with your original, particularly as to general effect; this proving correct, you proceed with each feature, giving its individual parts more attention, still keeping the whole effect in view, and the work broad; endeavouring to preserve the general effect in conjunction with the completion of the detail. Having gone over all the features, corrected their drawing and colour, you next examine if the drapery and hair of your sitter suit you; if so, copy them, if not, leave them for another and more happy arrangement of forms, and then complete them, at least as to general form. Your picture then is sufficiently advanced to put in your background.

It is commenced with a round-pointed pencil|| and faint colour, in broad lines, crossing each other at an acute angle, gradually increasing in fineness as you approach the completion; and then still further finish by stippling, constantly bearing in mind that its beauty is more dependent on preserv-

* A good neutral tint may be made with Indian red and a little blue, which will form a reddish pearl colour.

† Middle tints may be composed of the colour you use for your shadows, with the addition of a little more blue.

‡ In washing in the general colour of the face you will reverse the picture, commencing at the chin; by this means you will obtain the gradation of colour requisite for your head; the brush becoming exhausted, will naturally make the forehead the lightest part. This is of course presuming the head to be painted in the ordinary light used by painters.

§ The lancet is a very useful instrument in the hands of a skillful practitioner in augmenting the high lights; it must, however, be sparingly used by the student, and should never be considered as an eraser.

|| Pencils used for miniature painting are the sables. They should be elastic, and drawn to a firm point when wet; if they open, they are not fit for use. The size must be governed by the kind of work, or degree of finish you want them for. Generally young miniature painters are too fond of a sharp pointed pencil; it gives dryness and hardness to their work, and will in no way contribute to the finish they vainly hope to attain by such means.

ing the masses even, and the grain open, than on the smallness of the dot, or line, which, however minute, will never produce effect, unless the general massing be attended to. Your back ground so far advanced, it is time to insert your drapery. If light, you proceed much the same as with the face; if dark, it is treated with opaque colours. The outline previously obtained, you with a full pencil float on a quantity of the colour* you wish to produce, always giving it body by the addition of white, and smoothness by laying the picture horizontally during the operation; this will allow the colour to become perfectly flat from its fluidity. When dry, it is ready to receive the lights and shadows, as indicated by your model. Your picture equally advanced to this stage, it becomes impossible to lay down rules for its further progress; it must depend altogether upon circumstances arising from the proper performance of the foregoing, as to what additions the picture may require. Generally you will find the flesh-colour deficient, and the shadows weak; these you strengthen and improve, in accordance with the original, adding such colour as in your judgment you think will render it more like the nature before you; and lastly, give brilliancy and transparency by the addition of gum† with your colours, in the dark parts, or wherever else you may deem transparency desirable.

In this we have given directions for the management of a head only; it is however easily adapted to any subject, as the leading principles must of necessity be the same.

Your success in this, as in any other mode of painting, will depend upon your knowledge of the principles of the art, combined with the study of well selected models by masters eminent in the department of art you wish to pursue.

These, with a careful study of nature, judiciously examined by a mind previously accustomed to a careful study of the antique, are the only means calculated to give promise of future excellence in this, or any other class of the arts of design.

The above is from the pen of T. S. Cummings, Esq. from whom, if I can persuade him, the public may receive a more

* The mode of mixing this opaque colour, is by grinding such colour as you desire for your use, and adding to it white, to produce the requisite opacity. Blue cloth may be obtained by mixing indigo, indian red, and white. Black cloth, by ivory black, indian red, and perhaps blue. The red is necessary to give the warmth observable in a cloth texture. In silks it is omitted, and blue substituted in greater quantities, according as the silk partakes of the blue tone. It is, however, impossible to make rules for the imitation of colour—the artist's eye is the best guide.

† Gum is used with the colours in finishing your picture. It is the ordinary gum arabic, dissolved in water.

ample treatise on the theory and practice of this beautiful branch of the art of painting.

EDWARD G. MALBONE—1794,

Became by his own efforts a practitioner of portrait painting in miniature, in the year 1794. He was a native of the beautiful garden-isle of Rhode Island, which had twenty years before given to the world Gilbert Stuart, and born at Newport in 1777. He discovered a propensity for painting at a very early period of life, as is not uncommon ; but with him it grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength, absorbing all other desires, and at length, becoming so predominant, that he neglected every amusement, and almost every employment suited to his age, for the indulgence of his wishes to acquire knowledge in an art so genial to his taste.

In the *Analectic Magazine* for 1815, it is truly said, " whoever writes the history of American genius, or of American arts, will have failed to do justice to his subject, if he omit the name of Malbone." From Washington Allston, Charles Fraser, and Mrs. H. Whitehorne, Malbone's sister, I have received such information, as, combined with my own knowledge of the artist and his works, enables me to give his biography with more amplitude and accuracy than any that has heretofore appeared.

When a boy it was his delight to be wherever he could gain any knowledge of the object that his mind dwelt upon ; and appeared determined to pursue any light, that might guide him in his efforts to become a painter. He frequented the theatre, and having seen the effect of the scenery by lamp-light, he anxiously sought to penetrate the mystery connected with these shifting pictures. He gained admittance behind the curtain by day-light, and the repetition of his visits, and earnestness of his examination of every thing belonging to the scenery, attracted the attention of the artist who officiated in that department, and he at length suffered the boy to assist him with the chalk and the brush. After a time Malbone felt bold enough to ask permission to paint a scene, and the request was granted. This was a great step on the ladder to fame. An entire scene, probably a landscape, was produced by the boy, and in due time and proper place exhibited.

This memorable event in the life of young Malbone, must have occurred at the period of the history of American theatricals, when the old American company was divided between Hallam and Henry on the one part, and Wignell on the other ;

leaving Harper to follow the suggestions of his great ambition, which led him to seize upon this throne of Newport, and hold his court in a palace, whose basement story furnished more vulgar food to the citizens than that dealt out by the corps above. The theatre and market-house was the same; butchers above and butchers below. But Harper was an intelligent man, and likely to be pleased by the enthusiasm of young Malbone.

The young painter thus made his *debut* in a branch of art, as dissimilar to that in which he was destined to become unrivalled, as can well be conceived; and the hand which in manhood guided the most delicate pencil, and touched with colours of exquisite transparency, commenced by wielding the broad brush of the scene painter, redolent from the tub where whiting, yellow-oker, prussian-blue, or rose-pink, were mingled with hot and half putrefied glue.

Malbone triumphed; and it is probable that his scene was the first thing approaching to nature, which the market for butcher's meat and poetry had ever displayed, either from the brush, the sock, or the buskin. The reward of the painter's success was a general ticket of admission, which was the more acceptable, as it gave him an opportunity of hearing in secret the commendation of his own work—a reward most delicious to authors and artists.

The young painter would doubtless visit the boxes, whenever his scene was to make its appearance; which probably would be in tragedy, comedy, farce, and pantomime, or wherever a landscape was wanted, whether for Bosworth Field, or the island of Jamaica; he enjoyed the praises bestowed on his work, on more occasions than he was entitled to. While his companions in the theatre might suppose that he was listening to the actors, he was listening to the compliments bestowed upon the landscape, which by its contrast to the other scenery, would long and often call the attention of the spectators to its vivid colouring. This may remind some artists, of the assiduous attention they have lavished upon the annual exhibition at Somerset House, or Clinton Hall, if they had a picture there exposed to the public; and of the eager watchfulness of eye and ear they have bestowed upon the visitors who approached the place, where the painting on which their hopes of fame depended, had been hung by the academic hangmen—how eagerly sounds have been caught, and looks watched—and if no signs of approbation could be gathered or imagined, how the heart has sunk, and the injustice of those secretly (or loudly) accused, who placed the pic-

ture in a bad light, or too high, or too low—or destroyed its effect, by approximation to some overpowering rival production. But the young scene painter had no rival to fear; and when his picture received the full blaze of the row of foot-lamps, there was no competitor to vie with it.

While the boy thus amused himself at the theatre, he filled up his little intervals of leisure from school occupation, by drawing heads at home, and at length, by attempting likenesses; and he soon devoted himself altogether to portraiture.

Allston, our great historical painter, younger than Malbone by some years, had been sent from his native state of South Carolina, for the improvement of his health, and was placed at school in Newport; he did not, however, become acquainted with Malbone until a short time before the young miniature painter threw himself upon his own resources, at the age of seventeen, and removed to Providence, then become the centre of the wealth and commerce of Rhode Island. When Allston was removed from school at Newport, to Cambridge College, he found Malbone in Boston, and renewed the acquaintance, which soon ripened into friendship. This was in 1796. Many years after, Mr. Allston, in a letter to a friend, speaks thus of the genius of Malbone. "He had the happy talent among his many excellencies, of elevating the character without impairing the likeness: this was remarkable in his male heads; and no woman ever lost any beauty from his hand; nay, the fair would often become still fairer, under his pencil. To this he added a grace of execution all his own." This just tribute to the memory of Malbone, will be found on another page of this volume, but I could not omit it in either place, without injuring both Allston and Malbone. In another letter Mr. Allston says of Malbone, "As a man his disposition was amiable and generous, and wholly free from any taint of professional jealousy."

"His rapid progress," says Mr. Fraser, speaking of Malbone's youth, "convinced him that he had talents, and gave alacrity to his endeavours. Prospects of fame began to open upon his mind, and that propensity which had hitherto been nourished by the mere force of nature, derived additional vigour from the hopes which increasing reputation and wealth inspired." He began now to be known and eagerly sought after as a miniature painter. Taste, feeling, and elegance marked every face and figure that came from his pencil; but more especially the forms of females. He visited the principal northern cities; the western had then no existence.

New-York, Philadelphia and Boston were in their turn favoured by his residence. "In the winter of 1800, he came to Charleston, where his talents," I again quote from Mr. Fraser, who knew and appreciated him truly, "and the peculiar amenity of his manners enhanced the attentions which he received from the hospitality of its inhabitants."

Allston had returned to his native state that year, after finishing his education in the University of Cambridge, and adding stability to his constitution by passing the years of his nonage in the climate of the north. Mr. Charles Fraser, since an excellent miniature painter, was then a student at law, but his taste and inclinations were those of an artist. Allston, Malbone and Fraser, must have encouraged in each other the desire that led to their subsequent skill—Malbone, already a successful practitioner, was of course the leader.

Although Malbone delighted in conversation, and fully appreciated the frank manners and social habits of the south, the pleasures of the table never led him to neglect the more congenial occupation of his painting room. It was his regular habit to begin study before breakfast, and to occupy himself with the labour he delighted in for the greater portion of the day. Some years after he told the writer that eight hours were his average allowance in each day for his pencil. But in 1800 he painted many more hours in the day, never appearing to weary; and indeed so avaricious was he of time, that he contrived a method of painting by candle-light, making use of glasses, by the means of which he condensed the rays, and threw them upon the ivory. But this was merely an experiment, which did not answer as he wished. It serves, however, to show the ardour of his mind, and his perseverance in the pursuit of his favourite object. This ardent desire after excellence induced sedentary habits, which, although they sensibly affected his health, he could not, or would not discontinue; and the consequence was, that although his desires were pure, the inordinate gratification of them produced pain, disease and death.

In May, 1801, he sailed in company with his friend Allston for London, where he resided some months, absorbed in admiration of the paintings of celebrated masters. With a mind improved by study and observation, and animated by the enthusiasm of genius, he visited the different galleries of living painters, enlarging his ideas through the medium of their labours, and profiting by the study of those processes for the attainment of the wished-for effect, which were discoverable in their pictures.

In a letter to his friend, Charles Fraser, written at this time from London, he thus expresses his opinion of the artists whose works he saw there. "Mr. West is decidedly the greatest painter amongst them for history. Mr. Lawrence is the best portrait painter. Mr. Fuseli, from whom we expected so much, I was disappointed in." By *we*, he probably means Allston and himself. "After Lawrence, I think Sir William Beechey the next in portrait painting, and then Mr. Hopner. Some of Mr. Copley's historical pieces I think very fine. So are Mr. Trumbull's, but I do not admire his portraits. Amongst miniature painters, I think Mr. Shelly, and Mr. Cosway the best. Mr. West has complimented Mr. Allston and myself, and tells us we shall excel in the art. Yesterday was the first time he had seen a picture of my painting; to-day he condescended to walk a mile to pay me a visit, and told me that I must not look forward to any thing short of the highest excellence. He was surprised to see how far I had advanced without instruction." He writes further: "I have not painted many pictures since I left Charleston; I am painting one now which I shall bring with me. It is 'the Hours; the past, present, and the coming.' "*

This extremely beautiful picture is in the possession of Mrs. H. Whitehorne, of Newport, Rhode Island, the painter's sister, and although constantly hung up and exposed to the light, is as fresh and strong as when painted. I have seen it more than once, and never saw it without renewed admiration. Shelly, the miniature painter, mentioned above by Malbone as (with Cosway) the first of that day in England, paint-

* The following verses were addressed to the artist by an unknown hand, through the New-York press; and they serve to show the impression made upon his countrymen by this specimen of his study while abroad.

Whoe'er beheld thy rosy Hours,
And could unfelt their beauties see,
The mind is his where darkness lowers,
And his the heart that mine should flee.

May memory to thy mind present
The past with gentle, placid mien,
When hope, prophetic spirit sent,
Waving her golden hair was seen.

And may thy present hours be bright
As the fair angel smiling there;
Without a cloud to dim their light—
Without a thought that sets in care.

But for the future—Oh! may they
Be crown'd with bliss, and wealth, and fame!
And may this little humble lay
Be lost 'midst songs that sound thy name.

ed a picture of "The Hours," from which a print has been published; and as Mr. Malbone saw Shelly's picture, the merit of entire originality in the composition of his "Hours" has been disputed. Mr. Fraser says on this subject, "He informed me that the idea was suggested to him by one of Shelly's that he had seen, although I always understood the composition to be Malbone's." Mrs. Whiteborne says, in her very interesting letter in answer to my inquiries respecting her brother, "I have heard him say that he selected two figures, (and don't recollect from where they were taken) added a third, grouped them, and designed 'The Hours.'" Those who know the truth, taste, elegance, chaste drawing, and clear, strong colouring of Mr. Malbone's pictures painted from nature, and especially his female portraits, will not wish to rest his fame upon a composition even so fascinating as 'The Hours.'

"When in England," says Mr. Fraser, "he was introduced to the president of the royal academy, who, conceiving a high opinion of his talents, gave him free access to his study, and showed him those marked and friendly attentions which were more flattering than empty praises to the mind of his young countryman. He even encouraged him to remain in England, assuring him that he had nothing to fear from professional competition. But he preferred his own country, and returned to Charleston in the winter of 1801."

We have already seen how Malbone writes respecting the flattering and friendly attentions paid him by the amiable West. The American president of the English Royal Academy, some years after, when in conversation with Mr. Monroe, afterwards president of the United States, spoke thus of Mr. Malbone: "I have seen a picture painted by a young man of the name of Malbone, which no man in England could excel."

For a short time in the autumn of 1801, Malbone drew at the Royal Academy, Somerset House, and had as a fellow student a young Scotsman, who has since stood in the foremost rank of British miniature painters, Mr. Andrew Robertson, a younger brother of our fellow citizens, Archibald and Alexander Robertson. I have never seen any thing of Robertson's that equals Malbone's pictures, unless it be the portrait of a young British officer, the son of Mr. John Trumbull, and in his possession. This I have always considered as a perfect specimen of portraiture in miniature.

On Malbone's return to America, the improvement he had made during this very short absence was manifest. After fulfilling his engagements in Charleston, he visited and painted in all our principal cities on the seaboard, and his company

and his pictures were sought by all who could appreciate his conversation or his skill.

In the autumn of 1805, the writer, then endeavouring to recover the use of his pencil, after having laid it aside for near twenty years, by attempting to paint miniatures, found Mr. Malbone successfully exercising his profession in Boston. His price for a head was fifty dollars. His health was then delicate. He suffered from a pulmonary complaint, but physical suffering did not change the mild and amiable temper of his mind, or impart any asperity to his manners. Eight hours of the four-and-twenty were devoted to the pencil, and those in which he mingled in society were not clouded by gloom or complaint.

The practice of the writer in his youth had been first in crayons, then in oil, and he was at the age of forty painting miniatures for subsistence without knowing the proper mode of preparing the ivory for the reception of colours. I met Malbone at the houses of Colonel David Humphreys, one of the aids of Washington, and long ambassador to Spain, and Andrew Allen, then British consul, and I had exposed some of my work to the examination of the accomplished artist as to a master. He saw the difficulty and pointed it out. "You never can execute as you wish until your ivory is prepared to receive colour." While at a dinner party at Allen's, he made an appointment for a meeting the next morning. "They persuaded me to drink some champagne," said he, when the meeting took place, "and my head is splitting." The champagne notwithstanding, he showed me the method of preparing the ivory, and furnished me with many valuable hints in addition.

By nature of a good constitution, although of a tall and slender form, his health declined so sensibly while he continued his confinement and application to his pencil, that he at length yielded to the solicitations of his friends, and broke from his studies to take *that* exercise in the open air, so necessary to the health, without which, man can neither enjoy nor communicate happiness. He repaired to the lovely island of his nativity; he endeavoured to become an idler and a sportsman. It was too late. He had committed the fault, without intention and without guilt, which could be only atoned for by premature death. Nature has her rights, which, if violated by intemperate study, neglect of exercise, or seclusion from atmospheric air, the violation is punished as certainly as if what is usually called intemperance inflicted the injury. His frame had become too weak. The fiend that had fastened upon his lungs could not be shaken from his hold. His phy-

sicians recommended him to try a change of climate, (a prescription which generally increases the sufferings of the patient, by removing him from the comforts of home and the care of friends,) and in the winter of 1806, he took passage in a vessel for Jamaica and visited that island, but the change not producing the hoped-for benefit, he returned to the first port he could reach in the United States, which was Savannah, where he languished until the 7th of May 1807, when death relieved him from his sufferings, in the thirty-second year of his age.

The works of the miniature painter are, comparatively, little seen; they may be preserved for ages, but it must be as jewels of less real value are preserved, in caskets. Their possessors oftentimes do not know their worth, but show them as curiosities or likenesses of relatives, but on such occasions they may meet an eye that can estimate them as works of art. The works of Malbone are spread throughout our country—they are impressed with the seal of genius—the grace, purity, and delicacy of his character are stamped upon them.

The following letter from his sister, in answer to my inquiries, is too honourable to her and to her brother to be withheld from the reader of this work:

“Newport, March, 26, 1834.

“Sir,—Your letter of Jan. 9th, forwarded by Mr. Boggs, did not reach me until February 27th. It would be very gratifying to me to aid your wishes, in giving to the world an accurate biography of my lamented brother, Edward G. Malbone; but unfortunately I possess few sources of information, excepting the power of recollection. Although many years have rolled away, memory often prompts me to take a retrospective view of the interesting scenes of his early childhood. He could not have been more than six or seven years of age before any common observer must have noticed many peculiarities wherein he differed from other children. Generally occupied in his own pursuits, he could find but little leisure for play, the intervals of his school hours being filled by indefatigable industry in making experiments, and endeavouring to make discoveries. He took great delight in blowing bubbles, for the exquisite pleasure of admiring the fine colours they displayed; if he had a curious toy he would invariably take it to pieces, and immediately imitate it so well that the difference was scarcely perceptible; he actually created his own amusements, and not only his, but those of his associates—being constantly engaged in various ways;

sometimes cutting moulds and making little toys of lead, then painting them, thereby greatly recommending himself to his young friends, among whom he distributed them. He would frequently raise his kites in the evening with a long appendage of fire-works, of his own invention, attached to them, to explode for the pleasure of his companions.

“ He soon turned his attention to painting, copying any little picture that pleased him ; making his own brushes, and preparing his colours, even before he could discriminate between the different shades, having never seen a paint-box. He would gather paint stones on the beach, and with the few colours he could collect, labour till he could make them answer his purpose. He was naturally very absent, appearing to be wholly absorbed in his own reflections. I can never forget how frequently we used to tease him to join in our plays, but he would remain entirely inflexible to our entreaties, until we were induced to ridicule his stupidity and laugh at his folly in spending all his time in ruminating over all the old pictures he could collect ; he then would smile and reply, “ You may enjoy your mirth, but you shall one day see my head engraved ;” always possessing such equanimity of mind that nothing ruffled, or put him out of his course. About the age of eleven or twelve, he commenced drawing figures of gods and goddesses, with Indian ink, upon ivory or bone, purchasing common handkerchief pins, and expunging the devices to replace them with his own performances, but more frequently sawing out the ivory or bone with his own hands, it being an article which Newport, at that time, could not furnish. When the picture answered his expectations he would take large brass wire, bend it handsomely, and make the setting, which would somehow find its way to the neck of the prettiest girl in the school, as beauty was his particular admiration. This will give some idea of his perseverance. His genius daily developing itself, he laboured under every disadvantage ; his friends rather damping his ardour, judging that it might interfere with his prospects in future life, not anticipating in the remotest degree, that he would arrive at that excellence which he afterwards attained. But he himself was very sanguine, calculating to go to Europe as soon as he was old enough. His acquaintance with Mr. Allston commenced at an early period, growing into a friendship that terminated but with his life, opening also a new source of happiness. He now became much interested in drawing heads, applying himself closely, and visiting the theatre, by way of relaxation, listening to the rehearsals, viewing and

making remarks upon the scenery, which, attracting the attention of the scene-painter, he entered into conversation, and showing a disposition to encourage him, he asked the liberty of taking the brush, at which he discovered so much genius, that, feeling gratified by the pleasure evinced by those present, he voluntarily offered to paint a new scene. This was much applauded, and it was so novel a thing for such a boy, that it drew crowded houses. I never heard of any lessons in drawing, engagement as assistant, or any compensation, (excepting a general ticket of admission) until I met with it in the *Analectic Magazine*; nor were his family circumstances so humble, but that his father could at any time have placed him in a different situation, had not the object been rather to discourage than promote his natural pursuits. It is true that his family, from a combination of unhappy events, were living in retirement, and suffering an accumulation of evils, not however of a pecuniary nature, but from which resulted the operating cause of the neglect of his early education; this was the only misfortune, respecting himself, that I ever heard him lament. He was now generally engaged in his own room, taking but little interest in what was passing around him, daily experience proving that his mind was wholly bent upon perfecting himself in the art of painting. About the age of sixteen he painted upon paper, Thomas Lawrence, which was so universally admired by every person of taste, who saw it, that his father could no longer shut his eyes to his decided talent, but having neither drawing nor painting masters in Newport, he sent the picture by a friend to Philadelphia, to a French artist (with a request to receive him as a pupil) who was so much struck with the performance that he immediately replied, "De boy would take de bread out of my mouth." Requiring several years services and so exorbitant a sum of money, that his father did not think proper to comply with his terms, flattering himself that some opportunity would present of placing him to more advantage. But this spirit of procrastination not being in accordance with the youth's feelings, at seventeen he determined to throw himself upon his own resources. Communicating his plans to no one but myself, he proposed a visit to Providence, and immediately brought himself before the public as a miniature painter, and so warmly was he received, that several weeks passed away before he apprised his father of the step he had taken. He now wrote a letter to his father, and two to myself, which I regret its not being in my power to forward, having sought for them in vain; they were worth preserving,

as they expressed his hopes and views for the future so powerfully, and at the same time so much filial obedience to his father's wishes. Continuing pleased with his flattering reception, daily improving, and successful in his likenesses, he remained in Providence thirteen months, until he was recalled by the sudden illness of his father, which terminated in death before he reached home. After the funeral, October 1795, he returned to Providence, continuing fully occupied until the following spring, when, making us a visit, he received much flattering attention from the gentlemen of the town, particularly the British consul, Mr. Moore, who exercised great hospitality towards him, losing no opportunity to introduce him to strangers of distinction, endeavouring to promote his interest, and being about returning to England with his family, kindly urged his joining the party, setting before him the advantages that must result from it—that it should cost him nothing, and when arrived in England he would make every exertion to forward his views among powerful friends. It was now that his affectionate heart shone forth in all its lustre; a youth of scarcely nineteen, to decline so favourable an opportunity, when all his hopes and wishes would have been so much gratified by the acceptance; but his three sisters were without a parent, young, and left in embarrassed circumstances, requiring a protection, and no earthly good could have tempted him to leave his country. A friend now advised his going to Boston in 1796, to which he acceded, and was immediately introduced to, and found friends in many of the most distinguished characters. His natural refinement and engaging manners being so prepossessing, that letters of recommendation seemed hardly necessary: his Boston friends appeared to vie with each other in the exercise of their hospitality. Had he availed himself of half their politeness, he must have had but little time to devote to his profession; it was, however, very gratifying to such a youth, and he ever cherished a lasting remembrance of their kind attention. This will show how highly he was estimated.

“His reputation now began to make some noise in the world, being constantly employed and always successful, merely allowing himself time to visit us once a year, and exerting all his powers to promote our happiness. In 1798 I was married. In the course of that year several of his friends were very urgent for him to go to Europe, offering to loan any sum of money he might require, without interest, which he declined, I believe, from an innate principle of self-dependence, shrinking from the bare idea of obligation, being

predetermined to create his own fortune and rear his own fame. His younger sisters were now with me. The year previous, however, he visited New-York (1797) for the first time—his good fortune still preceding him—making many friends and being liberally employed. But feeling an anxious desire to visit all our cities, the succeeding spring he went to Philadelphia, with equal success. In the summer the yellow fever becoming prevalent, obliged him to go into the country; even here he found full employment. After this he passed his time alternately in the different cities until 1800, the summer of which both Mr. Allston and himself passed in Newport, and perhaps it was the happiest of his life, being surrounded by the friends he loved best. In the autumn they both went to Charleston, S. C., his reception being as flattering as his most sanguine wishes could have anticipated, and enjoying the most delightful society; his acquaintance with Mr. Charles Fraser commencing here, he soon ranked among his warmest friends. His affairs being very prosperous he determined upon going abroad, and embarked about the middle of May 1801, for London, in company with Mr. Allston. His reception by the president of the Royal Academy was so flattering, that it could not fail to give him confidence in himself, holding out every inducement for him to remain in Europe; and having free access to the school of the arts his improvement was very rapid. He now painted the “Hours” and several female heads, which were highly eulogised by the president, Mr. West, saying that no man in England could excel them, and that he had nothing to fear from professional competition; but his private affairs requiring his attention, he returned to Charleston in December of the same year.

“His reputation now standing very high, he was crowded with business. The summer of 1802 he returned to Newport. His sisters being all married, he occasionally visited the different cities, agreeably to the wishes of his numerous friends, yearly contemplating another visit to Europe; but being so fully employed, and devotedly attached to his own country, he found it difficult to put his wishes in execution until 1805, when he sailed for Charleston in December, with the intention of going to London the following spring. But alas! in March he took a violent cold, which settled upon his lungs; his sedentary mode of life contributing greatly to hasten on the disease, which proved so fatal that medical aid was vain. He returned to New-York in June, very feeble and much emaciated, and soon after to Newport, where he ap-

peared to recruit a little ; laying aside his pencil, indulging in riding and exercise of various kinds. Being very fond of field sports, in shooting, he ran to pick up a bird ; the act of stooping suddenly brought on a hemorrhage, which confined him to his bed. His physicians, anxious to save him, advised riding ; and I travelled about the country with him for some weeks ; but not deriving any benefit, the physicians recommended a warmer climate, which he very reluctantly consented to try : considering it his duty, however, while there remained a ray of hope to submit, although against his own judgment, he accordingly sailed for Jamaica, December 1806. The voyage not proving of any advantage, and finding himself rapidly declining, he was very anxious to return, and took passage for Savannah, hoping to be able to reach Newport as soon as the spring opened ; but there he languished until the 7th of May, 1807, which closed his valuable life ; his passage being taken for Newport only two days previous, so anxious was he to end his days among his dearest friends.

“ His private character was truly unexceptionable : amiable and excellent from the first dawn of reason ; greatly beloved by all his friends and acquaintance ; the pride and delight of his family—but he has passed away like a bright vision, leaving the sweet remembrance of his devoted affection and his many virtues indelibly engraved upon the hearts of his few surviving relations. He was born in August, 1777.

“ I have had several applications from gentlemen wishing to collect particulars of his early life, two within a few months ; one from a gentleman in Albany, and one from an English gentleman ; but have furnished nothing excepting to Colonel Knapp, I think in 1828—sending him some newspaper biographies, and at the same time mentioning some little incidents of his early childhood to the gentleman who forwarded the papers. You, sir, have probably seen his Lectures upon American Literature, wherein he speaks very handsomely of my brother, not giving him credit for his manner of colouring however, which was in such high repute that it has been twice sent for from Europe since his death. Col. Knapp observes that his colouring fades like the hues of the rainbow ; but at the same time says that he has only seen some of his early productions, which makes his apology. I wish he could see his “ Hours,” the tints being as vivid as when his hand gave the finishing touch, although it has hung up more than twenty years. His mode of colouring being peculiar to himself, and considered one of his greatest excellencies. Col. Knapp also observes that he shall reserve what information he has gained

for a more ample page, when I trust that error will be corrected.

"A gentleman going to Europe the next year after his death, begged to be entrusted with several female heads of his; took them to the president, Mr. West, who asked the favour of retaining them a while;—when the gentleman called for them, he said he could hardly bear to give them up, as he considered them invaluable. I hope, sir, if you ever come to Newport, you will call, that I may have the pleasure of showing you the "Hours," having no other productions of his in my possession, excepting a few unfinished heads. Mrs. Cosway's "Hours" is quite new to me;* and being certain that my brother never arrogated any thing to himself, do not understand it. I have heard him say that he selected two figures, (and do not recollect from where they were taken,) added a third, grouped them, and designed the "Hours."

"Trusting that this concise statement may be useful, I now refer you to the gentlemen named, Mr. Allston and Mr. Fraser, who can furnish much information, and am, sir,

"Respectfully yours,

"H. WHITEHORNE."

I continue my notice of this gentleman by a quotation from the author of his biography in the *Analectic Magazine* :

"It too often happens that the biographer, after dilating with enthusiasm on the merits of the artist, is obliged with shame and mortification, to confess or to palliate the vices or grossness of the man. The biographer of Malbone is spared this painful task; all his habits of life were decorous and gentlemanly, and his morals without reproach. His temper was naturally equable and gentle; his affections were warm and generous.

"The profits of his profession, which, after his return from Europe, were considerable, were always shared with his mother and sisters, to whom he was strongly attached.

"In that branch of the art to which he had chiefly devoted himself, Malbone deserves to be ranked with the first painters of the present, or indeed of any age. The works of Isaby, the first living French artist in this way, are certainly not so good as his; nor is it believed that there are many English miniatures equal to them. This is not the empty praise of an unskilful panegyrist, but the sober opinion of practical artists.

* I had mentioned Shelly's "Hours;" or perhaps, by mistake, wrote, "Cosway."

“ There is, in the European academies, a certain aristocracy of taste, which has somewhat unjustly degraded miniature painting to a low rank in the scale of the imitative arts ; so that every underling designer of vignette title pages to pocket editions of the poets, has attempted to consider himself as belonging to a higher order of genius, than the painter who delineates ‘ the mind’s expression speaking in the face.’

“ Yet Reynolds entertained a very different opinion of portraiture as a field for the exertion of genius ; and he pronounces the power of animating and dignifying the countenance, and impressing upon it the appearance of wisdom or virtue, to require a nobleness of conception, which, says he, ‘ goes beyond any thing in the mere exhibition even of the most perfect forms.’

“ This degradation of miniature painting is, however, in no small degree to be ascribed to the faults of its professors. They have generally limited their ambition to a minute and laboured finishing, and a gay and vivid, but most unnatural brilliancy, of bright colouring. They content themselves with painting only to the eye, without addressing the mind, and their pictures are, therefore, portraits of Lilliputians, or, at best, of men and women, seen in a *camera obscura*, but never the ‘ pictures in little’ of real and living persons. Now, Malbone had none of these faults, and almost every excellence which can be displayed in this kind of painting. He drew well, correctly, yet without tameness. He had acute discernment of character, and much power of expressing it. He had taste, fancy, and grace ; and in the delineation of female beauty, or gay innocent childhood, these qualities were admirably conspicuous. His pre-eminent excellence was in colouring ; such was its harmony, its delicacy, its truth. His miniatures have most of the beauties of a fine portrait, without losing any of their own peculiar character.

“ In the arts, the miniature may be considered as holding the same relative rank that the sonnet does in poetry, and the peculiar merit of Malbone is precisely of the same kind with that of the poet, who, without violating the exact rules, or the polished elegance of the sonnet, is yet able to infuse into it the spirit, the freedom, and the dignity of the ode, or the epic.

“ To all this he added the still rarer merit of originality ; for he was almost a self-taught painter. Though, whilst he was in England, he doubtless improved himself very much by the study of fine pictures, and the observation of the practice of West, and other great painters of the day ; yet it has been said by artists, that the style and manner of his earlier and later

works are substantially the same, and those painted after his return from Europe are only to be distinguished by their superior delicacy of taste, and greater apparent facility of execution.

"The few pieces of larger composition, which his hurry of business left him time to complete, have the same character of grace and beauty.

"He occasionally amused himself with landscape. His sketches in this way were but slight, and are valuable only as they show the extent of his powers. There is one little piece of his which is said to be a mere sport of imagination: it possesses a singularly pleasing effect of pastoral sweetness.

"In the latter years of his life, he tried his hand in oil-painting, in which he made a respectable proficiency. That he did not attain to great eminence in this branch, was owing, not to any want of talent, but to that of leisure and health; for so much of his excellence was intellectual, and so little of it purely mechanical, that with requisite application, he could not have failed to acquire distinction in any department of the art."

The biography of Malbone appears like a studied panegyric. I can sincerely avow that I never heard ill of him; nor do I know of an action in his short life that was not praiseworthy. If I had heard or known of his assuming a character that did not belong to him, or making any pretensions to *that*, which he was *not*, I would have exposed his turpitude unsparingly. If he had been addicted to vices, I would have recorded them. But truth and virtue were his guides; and all testimony agrees that he was a good man, and a great artist.*

* Having received the following letter unexpectedly, I subjoin it to the previous notice.

"Newport, Sept. 9th. 1834.

"Dear Sir—I am happy to learn, through Dr. Francis, that my letter of the 20th of March was satisfactory. He has expressed a wish to know where the finest specimens of my brother's paintings are to be seen. Upon looking over some of his papers I find the following memorandum, dated April 6, 1807, a month only before his death.

'Presented to Mr. Robert Mackay, of Savannah, Georgia, a Miniature Picture representing Devotion, as a present for Mrs. Mackay, (who was then in England to Mr. Mackay, a miniature of a Scotch Lady.'

"Mrs. Mackay has also in her possession either two or three female heads, of the most exquisite finishing—some of the finest of his productions; and a small picture of the Birth of Shakespeare, done in umber. These pictures were loaned to take out to London; and, from some unfortunate circumstances, were never returned.

"There is a fine Miniature of Colonel Scolbay, of Boston, in possession of his daughters; they told me that Stuart used to come, at least once a year, to see

CORNELIUS TIEBOUT—1794.

Born in New-York, probably about the year 1777, began to show his propensities for drawing and scratching on copper at an early age, and made some progress in engraving on copper in 1790, while an apprentice with J. Burger a silver-smith of New-York. In the year 1794, he engraved several heads for my German theatre then publishing; but it is believed that he received no regular instruction until he went to England about the year 1796. Mr. Rollinson, one of our oldest engravers at this time, (1834,) and still in the vigour of life, informs me that Mr. Tiebout was employed by Burger, during the latter part of his apprenticeship, in engraving, and on becoming free, immediately commenced engraver, and had as a pupil Benjamin Tanner, well known since. Mr. Tiebout engraved for an edition of Maynard's Josephus published by Mr. Durell. In 1796 went to London for instruction, and worked with Heath. He returned very much improved, for the old methods as described in the books, seems to have been previously his only guides. He engraved a head of John Jay, and the battle of Lexington, from a design by Tisdale. The latter has no claim to praise—it is feeble. Mr. Tiebout was the first American who went to London for instruction in engraving, and about the same time Alexander Lawson came to America and made himself an excellent engraver without instruction.

On his return from Europe, Mr. Tiebout chose Philadelphia as the place of his residence, and worked for Mathew Carey, and other publishers of books. After living prosperously and accumulating property, he engaged in a speculation for the manufactory of blacking, and was ruined. One among the many who leave the path they are accustomed to, and lose

it, desiring them to take great care of it, as it was decidedly the finest miniature in the world.

“ Agreeably to Dr. Francis’ request, I subjoin a list of some of the paintings done in Charleston, S. C. in 1803 and 1804; the memorandum for 1805 and 1806, &c. not being at hand.

“ Dr. Bruilesford; Mr. R. A. Fraser; Mrs. Cockran; Mrs. Ball; Mrs. Thomas Pinckney; Mr. Sam. Sawbere; Mrs. F. Rutledge; Mrs. F. Haywood; Mr. Vaughan; Mrs. Sinkler; Mrs. Trappere; Miss Huger; Mrs. Edward Rutledge; Mrs. Loundes; Major Wrag; Mr. Manigault; Mrs. Poincet; General Pinckney; Major Hamilton; Dr. W. Allston; Mrs. Middleton; Mr. Izard’s three daughters; Col. Chesnut; Mr. Bowman; Mrs. Calhoun; Miss Sarah Loadson; Miss Fenwick; Mrs. Gadson; Dr. Poinsett; Miss Poinsett; Dr. Drayton; Mr. Ratcliff. He also painted a picture of Col. Trumbull, and a number of others, in New-York.”

themselves. He exhibited in the Pennsylvania Academy in 1811-12 and 13. After his failure he removed to Kentucky only to die.

CHAPTER III.

John Vanderlyn—Born at Kingston 1776—Taught to draw by Mr. Archibald Robertson—Patronised by Colonel Burr—Sent to Paris—Returns home and again visits Europe—Two years in Paris—Studies in Rome—His picture of Marius—Ariadne—Sketches for a panorama of Versailles—Return home—De Witt Clinton's portrait—Panoramas—Corporation of New-York and rotunda—Mr. Vanderlyn's successful picture for Congress.

JOHN VANDERLYN—1795.

IN my biographical sketch of Mr. Vanderlyn I shall make use of a memoir written by a friend of the artist ; but, as it is not the intention of my work merely to praise, I shall make use of my own knowledge, and give my own opinions both of the painter and his works. Mr. Vanderlyn's friend says :

“ This distinguished artist was born in Kingston, Ulster county, in the state of New-York, in October 1776. In the following year his native village was laid in ashes by the British troops, under the command of General Vaughan, and his family were among the principal sufferers ; but however reduced in property, Mr. V.'s parents were still able to afford him, at the proper age, the benefits of a liberal education, at the Kingston academy, then one of the most flourishing in the state, where he continued until the age of sixteen. His attainments at this period were such as to have qualified him for the pursuit of the liberal professions.* His eldest brother, Peter Vanderlyn was a physician of eminence in Kingston, and in the autumn of 1792, young V. accompanied him on a visit to the city of New-York, and was introduced by him to the late Mr. Thomas Barrow, well known in this city at that time as a gentleman of cultivated taste in the arts.”

Mr. Barrow was an Englishman, and originally a coach-painter. He remained in New-York during the revolutionary war, and was the only dealer in good prints. His second wife was sister to Bishop B. Moore, and by this connexion with the church he gained more than by his connexion with the fine arts. He deserves a notice in this work as aiding their progress.

“ Mr. B. was a large importer of engravings, and young V.

* Does the writer mean that he did not pursue a liberal profession ?

from his early predilection for the art, was easily prevailed on to enter into the store and employ of Mr. B., and continued there for the period of about two years; it was here that his taste for the art developed itself more fully; from his familiarity and daily contemplation of the finest specimens of engravings and inspired him with the hope of perhaps one day beholding, and emulating at some future day their glorious originals. At this period he occasionally attended, at leisure hours, the drawing school of a Mr. Robertson, who had recently arrived from England."

Mr. Archibald Robertson, here affectedly styled "a Mr. Robertson," is mentioned in this work under date 1791, at which time he arrived in the country. Vanderlyn received three years tuition at the school established by Mr. R. who was well able to instruct him or any tyro in the art of drawing.

"It was also during his stay with Mr. Barrow that Stuart, the celebrated portrait-painter, arrived from England; and it was then young V. became acquainted with him, and was permitted to copy some of his portraits, among which were those of Colonel Burr and Judge Benson. In the autumn Mr. V. returned to Kingston, carrying with him his two copies, and disposed of that of Colonel B. to Major Van Gaasbeck, then a member of congress from Ulster county. After spending the winter in Kingston, in the occupation of painting portraits, he again, in the spring, returned to the city and engaged in the business of portrait painting, and it was during the summer here that he received an anonymous letter inviting him to call at the corner of Church and Fulton, then Fair-street, which proved to be the office of Colonel Burr; he was there directed by the late Judge Prevost to Richmond Hill, then the residence of Colonel Burr. He accordingly went thither without any loss of time, and had his first interview with Colonel B. who, after bestowing compliments upon his early skill and attainments in the arts, proffered him his aid to enable him to prosecute his studies at the first schools of Europe, after he had been with Mr. Stuart for a short time. Mr. V. accordingly repaired to Philadelphia, in which city Mr. S. then resided. After spending eight or nine months with him, during which time he copied a large picture by Van Ostade for his patron, Mr. V. returned to New-York, and executed a few portraits for Colonel Burr, among which were those of the French minister Adet, Albert Gallatin, and Miss Burr, Colonel B.'s daughter.

"In the same year, the fall of 1796, he embarked for France, arrived at Bordeaux, and without delay hastened to

Paris, furnished with letters of introduction from the French minister to several men of distinction, and Mr. V. had also the pleasure to meet there Mr. Prevost, then secretary to Mr. Monroe, the American minister. Mr. V. was soon recommended to the school of Mr. Vincent, an eminent painter, and a contemporary of David.

"In 1801 Mr. V. returned to his native country, bringing with him also a few copies from the first masters, and studies, which he had executed while in Paris. At this period, in 1802, he painted two views of the Falls of Niagara, which were afterwards engraved and published in London, in 1804. He also painted a portrait of Colonel Burr and another of his daughter, then the wife of Governor Allston of South Carolina.

"In the spring of 1803 he returned again to Europe, and was at this time commissioned by the American Academy to purchase a collection of casts from the antique, and such pictures as he might be able to procure from time to time. This institution had been then just established, and owed its origin to Chancellor Robert Livingston, then American minister to France; and the Hon. Edward Livingston, then mayor of our city was its president.*

"After remaining two months in France, he crossed over to England in company with Mr. Monroe, from whom he received the most friendly attentions and civility in London. In November of the same year he returned to Paris by the way of Holland and Belgium, in company with his countryman and brother artist, Washington Allston. He remained in Paris, on this occasion, two years. During this time he made portraits of Col. Mercer, of Virginia, and Wm McClure, esq. of Philadelphia, whose life abounds with acts of the most disinterested liberality, the latter tendering him pecuniary aid to enable him to visit Rome. He also painted for Joel Barlow, then residing in Paris, the death of Miss McCrea, which was his first essay at historical painting. About this time he met with Washington Irving, who was on his first visit to Europe. Mr. I. was travelling for his health, and came to France from Italy. He made a small sketch in chalk of this distinguished gentleman in the summer of 1805.

"Mr. V. left Paris in August of this year for Switzerland, where he tarried some weeks. He met his friend, Mr. McClure, at Geneva, and in company with him visited Ferney,

* See the article Academies in this work; where it will be seen that Dr. Joseph Brown, the brother-in-law of Colonel Burr, was one of the directors.

Lausanne, Vevay and Clarens, classic ground, even before they were visited by the muse of Byron. He also visited the vale of Chamouny, at the foot of Mont Blanc, rambled amid the sublime scenes of Savoy, and extended his excursion into the Cantons of Switzerland as far as Altorf on the road to Mont St. Gothard. In October of that year he crossed the Alps, by the pass of Mont Cenis, from whose summit he had the pleasure of his first view of the plains of Lombardy, and the beautiful sky of Italy. At Turin he stopped a few days, thence proceeded to Milan, where he visited the works of art of many of the Italian masters, and among others, the original "Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci, the wreck of a splendid painting, and one of the master-pieces of the art. From Milan he passed through Lodi, Placencia, Parma, where he tarried a short time, and was gratified with a sight, although too hurried fully to enjoy it, of some of the splendid frescos of Corregio in the churches. Passing through Modena and Bologna, he was gratified with some more works in painting, and then crossed the Appenines, the wild scenery of which reminded him of the style of Salvator Rosa, whose genius was nurtured by such scenes. He spent four or five days in Florence, a city rich in works of sculpture, architecture, and painting—noble and immortal monuments of her former wealth and greatness. The Florentine gallery is one of the most celebrated in Europe, and the churches are also adorned with splendid paintings by the early masters, all of which he now had an opportunity of beholding. He thence proceeded to Rome, by the way of Sienna and the lake of Bolsina, and arrived there in the month of November.

"He was rejoiced to meet again with his friend Mr. Allston, who had preceded him by a twelvemonth to this seat of the arts, with views similar to his own, and they were the only American artists at that time in the city. He remained there upwards of two years, and occupied himself with zeal and enthusiasm in his favorite study, copying from the works in the Vatican, making sketches from nature, and visiting the numerous works of art which embellish that far famed capital.

"During the second year of his residence at Rome, he painted his celebrated picture of 'Marius amid the ruins of Carthage,' which met the general approbation of the artists assembled there, and gave him reputation.*

* Mrs. Child has published the following beautiful lines on Mr. Vanderlyn's Marius:

Pillars are fallen at thy feet,
Fanes quiver in the air,
A prostrate city is thy seat—
And thou alone art there.

"In Rome it was customary for the foreign artists who resorted there for improvement in their profession, to meet together to draw from the living model, and Mr. V. with his friend Allston, attended an association, composed of young artists from different parts of Germany, Sweden, and Denmark. The French also had their own academy *de Rome*. While our young countrymen were studying their profession at Rome at their own expense,† and striving to obtain an art then but little cultivated at home, there were numbers of students from various parts of Europe, who had been sent there at the expense of their governments and their princes. Mr. V. was destitute of fortune, and could not have remained at Rome had it not been for the aid received from his friend Mr. McClure, already mentioned. Notwithstanding both he and Mr. Allston were without public patronage, and the eclat which always attends it, they were fully successful in contending for the honours of their art with the more favored protégés of the European monarchs. Mr. V.'s residence at Rome was, a part of the time, in a dwelling formerly occupied by Salvator Rosa, and he made a sketch of the garden, which is now in the possession of William Carter, Esq. of Virginia.

No change comes o'er thy noble brow,
 Though ruin is around thee :
 Thy eye-beam burns as proudly now
 As when the laurel crown'd thee.

It cannot bend thy lofty soul,
 Though friends and fame depart ;
 The car of Fate may o'er thee roll,
 Nor crush thy Roman heart.

And genius hath electric power,
 Which earth can never tame;
 Bright suns may scorch, and dark clouds lower,
 Its flash is all the same.

The dreams we loved in early life,
 May melt like mist away;
 High thoughts may seem 'midst passion's strife,
 Like Carthage in decay.

And proud hopes in the human heart,
 May be to ruin hurl'd,
 Like mouldering monuments of art,
 Heap'd on a sleeping world.

Yet there is something will not die,
 Where life hath once been fair ;
 Some towering thoughts still rear on high,
 Some Roman lingers there.

† I have omitted the words "and with no selfish views; but to add, if possible, to their country's renown," as savouring of something Mr. Allston would not join in.

"In 1808 he re-crossed the Alps, and again returned to Paris. He exhibited his *Marius* in that capital, and received the Napoleon gold medal, which was awarded to him by the professors of the Academy of Artists, for having produced that painting, a work of the first merit. In the gallery of the Louvre, he made a copy of Correggio's admirable picture of *Antiope*, as large as life. This copy, placed alongside of the original, was greatly admired by the artists of the French metropolis."

I first saw this admirable copy at the house of John R. Murray, Esq. from whom, I then understood, Mr. Vanderlyn had received a commission to copy a picture for him. Murray admired it, but he said "What can I do with it? It is altogether indecent. I cannot hang it up in my house, and my family reprobate it." The artist had consulted his own taste, and the advantage of studying such a work, more than the habits of his country, or the taste of his countrymen.

"It has since been exhibited in the Rotunda of our city. He also copied a head, with the hands and arms, after a female figure in the transfiguration of Raphael, now in the possession of Philip Hone, Esq.; also, two or three figures of reduced size from a picture representing *Leda* and the swan, by Correggio, which he sold in Paris to a gentleman of Salem, Mass.; also, he made a copy of *Danae*, of the size of life, after Titian, and which has likewise been seen and admired in the Rotunda. In 1812, he painted *Ariadne*, an original picture,* and also, from time to time, employed himself on portraits and minor works. At this period, when on a visit to Versailles, he formed the project of a panoramic view of its splendid palace and gardens, which was suggested by a visit which he made in 1814 to that celebrated residence of the monarchs of France. He was occupied in the sketches for some months, and these completed, he returned to the United States in 1815, having been detained for some time by the events of the war. He brought with him *Danae*, *Ariadne*, and some smaller pictures, both originals and copies. *Marius* and *Antiope* were sent home under the care of our Minister to France, General Armstrong, previous to the close of the war.

"Immediately on his return to his native country, he was employed in painting the portraits of some of our most distinguished fellow citizens, and among the rest, of President Madison and Monroe, Vice-President Calhoun, and of gover-

* This picture has been purchased and engraved by A. B. Durand, Esq. himself an excellent painter, and our first engraver. This painting proved Mr. Vanderlyn's powers even more than the *Marius*, and is in my estimation the finest figure of the kind I have ever seen. The engraving of Mr. Durand is worthy of it.

nors Yates and Clinton. The portrait of Governor Clinton, was painted for the Literary and Philosophical Society. He has also painted two portraits of General Jackson, one for Charleston, South Carolina, and the other for this city; also a full length portrait of President Monroe, for this city."

The word "immediately," in the preceding paragraph, gives a false gloss to the whole, and prevents the reader from forming a just estimate of Mr. Vanderlyn, and his condition as an artist and a man for a long period. That he painted the portraits mentioned, is true; but at times long distant from each other; years intervening.

The pictures were of various degrees of merit, and generally much inferior to what was expected from the author of the "Marius," and the "Ariadne."

I have elsewhere described the manner in which John R. Smith made his attack upon Mr. Vanderlyn, and his pictures, before the directors of the incipient American Academy of Fine Arts. He failed, but the instigator prevailed, and Mr. Vanderlyn's pictures were turned out. I am permitted to copy from a letter of Mr. V's, some passages which ought to be known. After noting some inferior symptoms of jealousy he proceeds: "The instance which is more deserving of being noticed, and of which there can be no doubt, he (Trumbull) was the prime mover, was, when I had my pictures in two rooms of the old alms-house, forming a part of what was allotted to the academy of arts. I had obtained permission of the president of the society, then De Witt Clinton, to have the use of these rooms, and there was then no talk or appearance that the academy would soon be resuscitated, and my friends Judge B. Provost and others, led me to believe that I should not be disturbed in their possession, for at least six months. I had these rooms fitted up as soon as they were vacated by these former tenants, and spent fifty dollars in cleaning, painting, and colouring the walls. After my exhibition was open two or three weeks, I went up the river, in July, leaving it in charge of the keeper. During my stay in the country, I received a letter from Mr. Murray, the vice-president, that they would have need of the rooms, and requesting me to remove my pictures. This appeared ungenerous, and was injurious to me. I hastened to town and found one room already cleared. I have sufficient reason for believing that it was through the influence of Trumbull, with D. Hosack and Murray, that these resolutions and measures were adopted. How far John R. Smith was instigated by Trumbull, I

do not now recollect. I am not able to affirm that he was evidently encouraged to it by Trumbull—I remember to have heard Smith say, that he heard him use such language as “damn the pictures, I wish I had never seen them.” In the same letter Mr. V. says, “Trumbull made a proposition to two or three of my subscribers and trustees of the rotunda, during my absence at Washington, about two years after the existence of the rotunda, when he had engaged in the government pictures; he understanding that the rotunda laboured under a debt, still due to the builder, made overtures to purchase the building without consulting me; seemingly indifferent how far my interest was affected. The trustees of course, could not listen to any such proposition. Dr. Mott; Augustus Wynkoop; and C. D. Colden, had all been spoken to for this purpose. When I mentioned this affair to Mr. Allston, he could scarce believe it possible.”

It was this gentleman's misfortune, that Mr. Trumbull returned to New-York, after a residence of many years in England, in the year 1816; and *his* reputation did not rest alone upon the pictures which he brought with him, but on those he had painted in former days, and under the inspection of West; (of which, very fine engravings were spread abroad,) and on the well known unfinished, and nearly finished historical compositions which he had shown in 1790; besides the beautiful miniature portraits of revolutionary men, in former times, painted by him with great perseverance and activity. The association called the American Academy of Fine Arts, was revived, and Trumbull elected president. This was followed by his obtaining a commission for four pictures, at eight thousand dollars each, from congress. Mr. Vanderlyn felt and knew that he was a better artist at this time than Trumbull; but *he* had the start of him; and the public knew nothing, and cared little about it. I remember well when Mr. Vanderlyn visited me at my house, and inveighed upon the injustice of giving all the government patronage to Trumbull, I answered, that he had a fair claim, as he had collected the portraits to be introduced, and no one else possessed them.

When the first exhibition was got up, Mr. Vanderlyn intended placing his noble Marius before the public, in the room fitted up in the old alms-house, but the place he wished was denied him by the president, and he exhibited nothing.

I now recur to the memoir again, and the first subject is that of panoramas. “While in Europe he had beheld panoramic exhibitions with admiration, and witnessed their success in Paris, as well as in London; and felt confident that if they

were approved and popular in capitals, whose galleries abound in *chef d'œuvres* of art, their success would be certain in our cities, where, comparatively, no such competition as yet existed. In fact panoramic exhibitions possess so much of the magic deceptions of the art, as irresistibly to captivate all classes of spectators, which gives them a decided advantage over every other description of pictures; for no study or cultivated taste is required fully to appreciate the merits of such representations. They have the further power of conveying much practical, and topographical information, such as can in no other way be supplied, except by actually visiting the scenes which they represent, and if instruction and mental gratification be the aim and object of painting, no class of pictures have a fairer claim to the public estimation than panoramas.

“It was under these circumstances that the corporation of New-York, in 1817, was induced to grant him the privilege of erecting a building for this object upon the public ground in the north-east corner of the park; and with a liberal and laudable motive of embellishing the spot, he proceeded to erect a building worthy of the merits of the institution and the character of our city; and to which he gave the name of the New-York Rotunda. In the prosecution of his plan, he had the misfortune to involve himself in some pecuniary difficulties, arising from the excessive cost of the building. Eight thousand dollars was the estimated expense of the structure he had projected; and if ten thousand had sufficed, no difficulties would have ensued which could not easily have been surmounted. And those which did arise would probably have been surmounted, had he been present to superintend the progress of the work, which he was prevented from doing by other pressing and indispensable engagements, connected with the institution. The work, however, went on, and the building was erected at a cost of between thirteen and fourteen thousand dollars; all which was paid, with the exception of about three thousand five hundred dollars, which remained due to the builders and others who had furnished the materials; and it was this unliquidated balance which was finally the cause of his being deprived of the building, at a time when he had just begun to realize some of the hopes which he had formed at the commencement of the project.

“It was through the liberality of private individuals, some the personal friends of Mr. V., and all friends of the liberal arts, who were desirous of patronizing him, as well as of adding to the attraction and character of our city, that he was

supplied with a principal part of the funds disbursed on the building, he himself furnishing about twelve hundred dollars out of his private resources. The lease of the ground granted to him by the corporation, was for nine years, with a nominal rent; and although there was no express clause of renewal, Mr. V. had received every assurance from the then mayor, the Hon. Jacob Radcliff, and several influential members of the board, that at the expiration of the first term, an extension would undoubtedly be granted, if he should desire it, and the institution answered public expectation. Thus was he induced to erect an ornamental structure, such as the rotunda in fact was, and as was admitted on all hands.

“ He commenced his exhibitions, and there were presented, in succession, the panoramas of Paris, Athens, Mexico, Versailles, (painted by himself,) Geneva, and the three battle pieces of Lodi, Waterloo, and that at the gates of Paris. In addition to those panoramas, his own pictures of Marius, Ariadne, &c. &c. were also exhibited.

“ The patronage which he received from the public was satisfactory, and he deemed that the institution would become a permanent one. In this, however, he was mistaken, for, after an ineffectual effort on the part of the Philharmonic Society, of the City Dispensary, and of the National Academy of Design, to get possession of the building, the Corporation of 1829, in despite of the petitions and remonstrances of Mr. V. and of his friends and patrons, finally resorted to summary measures to remove him from the Rotunda, and which were adopted during his temporary absence from the city.

“ This step having been taken, an effort was afterwards made to procure its recall; and in May, 1830, a petition, signed by Cadwallader D. Colden, Richard Varick, John Ferguson, and other gentlemen of the first respectability, who were among his patrons, was presented to the Corporation; praying that the building might again be appropriated to its original purpose, and that a new lease might be granted to trustees, to be chosen from among the petitioners, to see to the execution and fulfilment of such conditions as the board might prescribe; and also suggesting, that the creditors of the building should receive a portion of the receipts from the exhibitions, until their claims were liquidated; and that payment be guaranteed in such way as should be deemed equitable by the board.

“ This petition, which protected the rights of the creditors, as well as those of Mr. V. was rejected; and the Corporation held the building, appropriating it, in the first place, to the use

of the Court of Sessions ; and afterwards, it being found totally unfit for that purpose, it was transferred to the Marine Court, by which tribunal it continues to be occupied."

Of the merits of the case between Mr. Vanderlyn and the Corporation, I am neither competent nor willing to constitute myself a judge. Mr. Vanderlyn's recent employment by the U. S. Government, and his triumphant success, gives me sincere pleasure ; and I hope that he may yet have the honour of painting one of the pictures to fill the Rotunda at Washington, and show to posterity, that, in 1817, America had a better painter than filled the first four compartments.

Mr. Vanderlyn made, I believe, several visits to the south, and more than one to New Orleans. He put up a building in that city, and had his panorama (perhaps more than one) exhibited there. He likewise visited the Havana, and attempted an exhibition of his fine pictures of Marius and Ariadne, but without profit and without employment.

During these voyages and residences, the building Mr. Vanderlyn had incurred a debt for the erection of, was generally a useless and unprofitable thing.

After several pages respecting the Rotunda and the corporation, the memoir of Mr. Vanderlyn's friend concludes thus :

* " Being deprived of the Rotunda, and, in consequence, involved in some pecuniary embarrassment, Mr. Vanderlyn was obliged to recur to his only resource, that of portrait painting, for his immediate subsistence."

That Mr. Vanderlyn has been "triumphantly successful," in his Washington for Congress, I sincerely rejoice ; and *yet* hope, that the corporation of the great city of New-York will remunerate the artist and others who may be losers by the appropriation of the Rotunda to the business of the city : for, whatever may be strict, legal right, there is a feeling of justice, which, though it may not touch the heart of a corporate body, will make itself familiar in the bosoms of the electors, who contemplate the actions of the common council.

* It would appear from the wording of this memoir, that the Rotunda was constantly used by Mr. Vanderlyn. On returning from a residence in Norfolk, in 1820, I wanted a room in which to paint a large picture, and, on inquiry, was referred to the Rotunda. "But where is Mr. Vanderlyn?" I could obtain no knowledge on that point. I understood the building to be abandoned to his creditors. "Who has the key?" "Doctor Mott," I applied to him, and he put me in possession of the building for this temporary purpose. Fortunately before I put up my large cloth to paint on, some friend of Mr. Vanderlyn let me know that he would return to New-York, and I might be considered an intruder, and I instantly abandoned the premises.

Mr. Vanderlyn's friend proceeds thus:—

“ He had the good fortune to be commissioned by congress, in the spring of 1832, to paint a full-length portrait of Washington, to be placed in the Hall of Representatives, and an appropriation of \$1000 was made for the purpose. That painting has now been completed, and has added to the fame of the artist, while it reflects credit upon the discrimination of those who selected him for the task. On its being exhibited in the capitol, the House of Representatives immediately and unanimously voted him an additional compensation of \$1500.

“ In 1833, Mr. V. presented a petition, for the second time, to the corporation of New-York, soliciting the restoration of the rotunda, and a renewal of the lease, or such remuneration for his losses, as, under all the circumstances, that body might deem reasonable and just. This petition, after a delay of many months, has been finally acted upon, and its prayer denied.”

Mr. Vanderlyn published an address to his subscribers, in 1824, pamphlet form ; and another pamphlet in 1829, after the loss of the building. These efforts remain without effect.

CHAPTER IV.

Barralett arrives from Dublin—his eccentricities—E. Tisdale—Clark—Gilbert Fox—imported from London—Marries and goes on the stage—Tanner—Martin—Abner Reid—Marten—W. Groomrich—his landscapes—Gideon Fairman.

JOHN JAMES BARRALETT—1795,

PROBABLY arrived from Dublin and took up his abode in Philadelphia about this time. He was certainly established as a painter and designer before the year 1796. He was on the wane, and appeared as an old man to Edwin when he first knew him, which was in 1797. Mr. Barralett was by birth an Irishman, but of French descent, and spoke the language of his father's country fluently, having all the volatility of France united with Hibernian prodigality and eccentricity. He was a French Irishman. He was a man of talent without discretion or any thing like common prudence ; prodigally generous, and graspingly poor. As represented to me, he had the wildest portions of the French and Irish characters whimsically united in him. Mr. Barralett had been in good employ at home in his native city of Dublin, and a teacher of drawing

in a public institution. In the earliest part of his American career, (although lame from some accident, probably in childhood) he was a beau of much pretensions, powdered to the extent of the fashion of the day, and ruffled to the finger-ends. In latter life he was a sloven to as great a degree.

His employment in Philadelphia was principally as a designer for publishers of books. Mr. Longacre (now one of our most respectable artists) when a boy and a pupil of Murray's, the engraver, was sent to assist Barralett in painting a transparency which Murray was preparing to display in honour of Perry's victory on Lake Erie. Young Longacre strove to accomplish his master's views, but in vain; the work was exhibited half unfinished, for Barralett amused himself by taking snuff and telling stories while his young assistant did all the labour.

Alexander Lawson engaged in a copartnership with Barralett; but the union of the Scotchman, a downright matter-of-fact, industrious and warm-hearted man, with this flighty genius, was that of oil and vinegar. Barralett designed pictures and Lawson engraved them. Barralett always poor, contrived to receive payment for the work, and kept, or rather spent it. Lawson prudently withdrew from the connexion. Another cause of disagreement between the parties was, that Barralett would put a finishing touch to Lawson's work. Between them they furnished the plates for Linn's poems, and Lawson says his partner ruined several of them by re-touching them. On one occasion the poet was discontented with a design presented by Barralett, but knowing his violent temper, and the unsparing use he made of improper language, oaths, and imprecations, the young clergyman was afraid to speak to him on the subject, and persuaded Lawson to represent his wish for some alteration in the design—he did so—and the designer raved like a madman, at the indignity of being criticized by a Yankee parson.

"On my arrival in the United States in 1797, (says Mr. D. Edwin) Mr. Barralett was established in Philadelphia as a designer of picturesque drawings, &c. &c., a man of abilities, and, as I was informed, had been, at an early period of his life of much more. He was the first in the United States who invented a ruling machine for the use of engravers, he spent much of his time also in making a better black for copper-plate printers' ink than that in general use—an article then much wanted. He was the most eccentric man I ever knew—he was lame—(a dislocation of the head of the thigh bone) when he walked it was, to use the common saying, 'dot and got

one,' and the surtout coat he constantly wore in bad weather was dipt in mud on the lame side at every step he took. He took large quantities of snuff—was extremely irritable and passionate, and very dirty in his general appearance, he was also very poor, but had too much pride to complain of a poverty he could ill conceal.

"A friend of his called on business at his house, he waited in a room without fire, though the weather was very cold, till his return; when B. came home, 'By George, says he, (his usual oath) we must have some fire, come with me in the cellar and I will split some wood. Unfortunately there was but one stick, and that very knotty; the old man, who never lost his courage, made repeated strokes at the log, but in vain; grown desperate, he at last placed it on its end, stood at some distance from it, brandished his axe in a threatening posture, and to give more force to his desperate and final attempt, he ran or rather hopped (disregarding the assistance of his lame leg) at the devoted log, on which he inflicted a severe blow, but alas! still without effect; he then desisted, wiped the sweat from his face, and addressing his friend, 'By George, I believe the weather is warmer than it was, come up stairs, I think we have now no occasion for fire.'

"He once requested General Moreau, when in Philadelphia, to sit to him for his portrait; Barralett was then a widower, with two small children, living in part of a house, and having no housekeeper, things were in a very deranged and dirty state, but in expectation of the great general, every thing was put in as much order as his reduced circumstances would admit of. The general came, but before the drawing was half done, he thought he heard some low sounds of sorrow in the room, but could see nobody; the crying and sobbing became at last so audible, that Barralett could not help taking notice of them. In a rage he limped or rather flew to the closet, which he unlocked, discovering his two children, whom he had confined, to keep them out of the way of his sitter. 'What do you want, you torments?' says the father; 'A piece of bread!' cried the children. 'Look there now, look there now,' said he to the general, 'what trouble I have with these brats.' Then taking down, from an upper shelf in the same closet, a loaf of bread, he cut each a slice. They wished to make their escape, but he thrust them back, re-locking the door, with threats, in case they were not quieter; and before the drawing was finished, the crying, a slice of bread, and the scolding were repeated, to the great amusement of the general, who told the story to his friends."

Mr. Barralett exhibited a drawing of the First Landing of Columbus, which gained him applause and employment. He displayed many other original drawings in the exhibitions of the Pennsylvania Academy. I have no traces of him later than 1812.

E. TISDALE—1795,

Designer, engraver, and miniature painter. He has declined, by letter, giving me any dates or facts relative to himself; if, therefore, I err, he must excuse me—the world will care nothing about it. He was born in New-England about half a century ago. His *Battle of Lexington* was engraved by Tiebout in 1797, and it is a feeble affair. He designed and perhaps engraved the plates for Richard Alsop and Theodore Dwight's "*Echo*," in 1807. He is said to be a man of wit. Among his early designs are some for Judge Trumbull's *McFingal*. He was known to me in New-York as a miniature painter in 1805. He removed to Hartford and became a partner in what was called "*The Graphic Company*." The business of this company was principally executing plates for the banks.—Tisdale designed the vignettes, Brewster was the dye-sinker, N. Jocelyn, Willard, and Huntington the engravers.

Tisdale visited New-York in 1820, and painted miniatures, but continued attached to the Hartford Graphic Company until 1825. He not only designed but engraved one or more of their plates. He is the author of a political satire called the *Gerrymander*, and made designs for it. This publication was meant to lash Mr. Gerry, who, with the New-England men in congress, supported the imbecile Gates, in his opposition to Schuyler and Washington in 1778–9, but not for that is he made the butt for Tisdale's shafts; but for not going with the New-England men in 1811–12 and 13, in their endeavours to obstruct the measures of government when it was found necessary to chastise the insolence of Great Britain by the war of 1812.

CLARK—1795.

An English engraver, who exercised his art in New-York about this time and worked in the dotted or stippling style, engraving several of the plates for David Longworth's edition of *Telemachus*, and for the same liberal publisher a large plate of the *Resurrection of a pious Family*.

Clark went south—became deranged—imagined that he was constantly pursued by a negro without a head, and finally committed suicide by cutting his own throat to get rid of his tormentor. Mr. Longworth deserves to be recorded with praise

for being the first to introduce engravings in *belles-lettres* literature into the country. He did much with limited means.

GILBERT FOX—1795.

Was born in London about the year 1776. It so happened that an American, who practised engraving in Philadelphia without knowledge of the art, went on a voyage of discovery to London, and finding young Fox, in the year 1793, bound by an apprentice's articles to Medland, a well-known engraver of that city, conceived the design of purchasing the youth's time if he could induce him to cross the seas to Philadelphia, the place of the adventurer's abode, and teach him what he had learned from Medland. Fox's reward was to be liberty and good wages.

Trenchard, such was the American's name, succeeded: the youth wished for change of place and to be master of his own actions, before he knew how to guide them; the master was tempted by the price offered; and Gilbert was shipped to Philadelphia in 1795 by Trenchard, as an assistant to himself, and teacher of the art of etching, which was imperfectly understood among us at that time.

Mr. Alexander Lawson says, that among engravers the general impression was, "that Fox was only to impart his art to Edward Trenchard, who had bought and imported him, but it soon spread and every one became etchers." Gilbert did not like confinement and work, and being a draughtsman, when his contract with Mr. Trenchard was fulfilled, he engaged as a drawing master to teach the young ladies of a boarding school. He was a pretty young man, had a sweet voice, and an irresistible lisp, and taught "love's dream" to one of his pupils, who became Mrs. Fox.

Contrary to all rational calculation the boarding school proprietors would no longer trust the Fox among their flocks now that he was caught, and he had to seek some other mode of gaining a living for himself and family. The stage, the refuge of the idle, became his. He had some knowledge of music, a good voice, and, like Murphy's Dick, had visited the London theatres and been a member of a spouting club. This was capital enough to trade upon, and he was received with applause at the Chestnut-street, Philadelphia.

"Poor Fox," observes one of his cotemporary engravers, "he had some excellent qualities, but prudence was not one of them." He is to be considered as one who forwarded the progress of engraving in America.

It is said that his father bequeathed him one thousand pounds. If so, it soon vanished. He was engaged as first singer for the New-York theatre—(there then was but one)—he played some young heroes in tragedy, and occasionally engraved. The head of Kotzebue for my German theatre is his work, and he was employed by David Longworth, our most enterprising publisher. He was always in trouble from certain symptoms of dissatisfaction among his creditors, who would not be put off with a song, or be content to wait for the yearly benefit, which experience had taught was of no benefit to them.

B. TANNER—MARTIN—1795.

B. Tanner, born, as I believe, in New-York, was a pupil of Cornelius Tiebout. He did much work for publishers, and published maps. Martin was a most wretched pretender to crayon painting. He was an Englishman; and such was the low state of taste among the people, that he had employers. His success encouraged Jarvis to try, and he thus assisted the arts.

ABNER REID—MARTEN—1796.

Reid, born in East Windsor, Connecticut; was the teacher in engraving of W. Mason, who commenced wood engraving in Philadelphia long after the year here mentioned. Marten came from Sheffield, England, about this time, and attempted wood engraving in New-York in 1798, but soon after died of yellow fever.

W. GROOMRICH—1796.

An English landscape painter of some merit, painted in New-York about this time. I knew him personally. There was a good deal of sprightliness and oddity about him. He attempted to paint some portraits, but they could not be recognised. Many of his landscapes were got off by raffling. I remember a landscape in which he endeavoured, without success, to introduce the brilliant and gorgeous tints which nature displays in our autumnal scenery, but the blending of nature was not found in Groomrich's imitations, nor that harmony which she always throws over her most vivid colouring. Groomrich looked at his hard and discordant colouring, and cried, "*There are tints! there is effect! there is distance!*"—they could not understand this colouring in England."

He painted a view from Harlem Heights, with really a good distance. "What shall I do for a foreground?" said he; "I

will dash a watermelon to pieces, and make a foreground of it." No bad thought.

He removed to Baltimore from New-York, and Mrs. Groomrich opened a boarding school for young ladies with some success. Robert Gilmor, Esq. of Baltimore, speaking of Groomrich, says, "He painted here several good landscapes. He was a pupil of Lambert's."

GIDEON FAIRMAN—1796.

"Gideon Fairman, a native of Newtown, Fairfield county, Connecticut, was born on the 26th day of June, 1774. At an early age he exhibited an extraordinary mechanical ingenuity and taste for the fine arts. His father having been reduced in his circumstances by twice losing his property by fire, and burthened with a large family, his son Gideon placed himself as an apprentice to a man of the name of Isaac Crane, a blacksmith and mechanic in New Mitford, a few miles distant from Newtown. Shortly after there came to the town an English engraver of no great merit, of the name of Branton, to whom some rude specimens of young Fairman's genius were shown in the way of engraving, which, (considering that he had never witnessed the process, and worked with tools of his own construction,) were surprising indications of talent. Branton pronounced his performances astonishing, and advised his father to encourage him in a pursuit in which he bid so fair to distinguish himself.

"After residing a short time at New Mitford with his family, he determined to leave a place where he could obtain no instruction in the art of engraving. He therefore started on foot with eighteen cents in his pocket, and walked to Hudson on the North River, where a married sister resided. From thence he found means to reach the city of Albany, where he bound himself apprentice to Messrs. Isaac & George Hutton, jewellers and engravers. He was now about eighteen years of age, and served out his time with them, after far surpassing his instructors in the beautiful art which was afterwards to gain him so high a reputation. At the age of 21 (1796) he commenced business for himself, winning the good opinion of all by a natural grace of manner, joined to great intelligence and a fine person.

"He relied on his merit alone for advancement, nor did he ever relax his efforts in a long career of usefulness, until, at the close of life, a series of misfortunes broke down suddenly the energies they could not bend.

“In 1798 he married, and in 1810 having lost his wife, he proceeded to the city of Philadelphia, where a company of bank note engravers was formed under the firm of Murray, Draper, Fairman & Co.

“In this city he continued; and in a few years, by his unremitting attention to business, he amassed considerable wealth. In the year 1819, he was induced to enter into another partnership with Mr. Jacob Perkins, and accompanied him to England, where he resided three years. Not long after commencing business in London, they took into partnership the celebrated engraver Charles Heath. This connection, however, proved a disastrous experiment to Mr. Fairman, who was disappointed in his anticipations by the extravagant expenditure of one of the parties in pursuing a career which has since involved every one connected with him. When at last Mr. Fairman felt the necessity of returning to his own country, he left the shores of England with a sad foreboding of impending calamity at home; and so the event proved; for within a few days’ journey of the city in which he had gained so just a reputation, a friend hastened to announce his utter ruin through a spirit of insane speculation on the part of the senior partner of the concern. He was, therefore, under the necessity of stealing covertly into the city, and taking the benefit of the insolvent law to secure his personal liberty. These accumulated misfortunes depressed him not, but an unconquerable desire to retrieve, in some measure, his great losses, pay his liabilities, and provide for the wants of his family, caused him to give himself so unsparingly to his business, of all perhaps the most sedentary, and being always remarkably robust, he was suddenly struck down by paralysis and fell a victim to his exertions, on the 18th day of April, 1827, at the age of 52 years.”

Such is the memoir with which I have been favoured by a friend. I first saw Mr. Fairman in Albany, apparently full of employment as an engraver, in 1805. Many years after I found him living in prosperity and splendour in Philadelphia. His small figures for bank notes were designed and executed with much taste. After his return from England I saw him snugly situated in Philadelphia, with a second wife; but it appears that his affairs had been irretrievably ruined by the unhappy conduct of Murray. He was to the last a man of uncommon physical powers, beauty of person, and elegance of deportment.

CHAPTER IV.

Some further particulars of the Peale family—Rembrandt Peale born in Bucks county, Pennsylvania—Early instruction—paints in Charleston, S. C.—goes to London; on his return renounces the name of Peale—Goes to Paris—returns and paints his Roman Daughter—residence at Baltimore—The Court of Death—The certified portrait of Washington—Travels in Italy—returns home—another visit to London and return—Mr. Peale's lithography—Henry Sargent—first attempts at painting—Goes to London—returns home—enters the army—various appointments—"The Landing of the Pilgrims"—its destruction—"The Entrance of the Saviour into Jerusalem"—The dinner party—Woolley—Weaver—J. J. Holland—M. Pegale—D. Edwin—James Sharpless.

REMBRANDT PEALE—1796.*

THIS worthy man and accomplished artist, the second son and third child of Charles Wilson Peale, inherited from his ingenious father a love of the fine arts and of mechanics. He was born on the 22d of February, 1778, at a farm house in Bucks county, Pennsylvania, whither his mother had fled from Philadelphia at the approach of the hostile British army, his father being then with a volunteer company (raised by his exertions, and of which he was elected captain) with the army of Washington.

We have seen that C. W. Peale had returned from his studies with West in 1774, and although his mind was engaged by the dangers then approaching, and soon after by his services rendered to his country, he was so devoted to the art he loved that he named his son born in 1774 Raphael, his second child Angelica Kaufman, and his second son Rembrandt. These were followed by Vandyk, Titian, Rubens, Sophonisba, Linnaeus, Franklin, Sybella, and Elizabeth. The last named after her mother, Mr. Peale's last wife. Mr. R. P. says, "all these children but two were named after painters, though only two

* I take this opportunity to add, from recent communications, some further particulars respecting the extraordinary family of the Peales. On Charles W. Peale's return from Europe, he promulgated a doctrine which is true to a certain extent, that "any person may learn to paint"—I say true to a certain extent. Any person with good eyes and common sense may be taught to draw and use colours, but they may fall lamentably short of the end desired, and which is the only thing to be wished in an artist. So any one may be taught to make verses; but it is only God who makes a poet. Peale persuaded two brothers to become painters. James abandoned the trade of cabinet making, and became a miniature painter in full employ. He likewise painted in oil, and even attempted historical composition. I am told of *one* on the death of Mercer at Princeton. Two of his daughters and a grand-daughter are now professional artists. Anna Peale, now Mrs. Staughton, of Philadelphia, is well known as a miniature painter. Her sister Sarah, residing in Baltimore, (says my informant) "practises the boldest branch of portrait painting in oil, and their niece, Mary Jane Simes, herself a living miniature, rivals her aunt in the same style."

of the number adopted the profession. Raphael was a painter of portraits in oil and miniature, but excelled more in compositions of still life. He may perhaps be considered the first in point of time who adopted this branch of painting in America, and many of his pictures are in the collections of men of taste and highly esteemed." He died early in life, perhaps at the age of forty, after severe affliction from gout.

Rembrandt commenced drawing at the age of eight, from the drawing book, between school hours; and I have heard him say that so great was his love of the occupation, that he injured his health by swallowing his food without chewing, and laid the foundation of illness in after life. At thirteen he left school, and devoted himself day and night to the pencil. At that age, he painted a portrait of himself, his second attempt from the life.

In the year 1796 his father relinquished portrait painting, and recommended his son to the public as his successor; but the recommendation was not successful, and Rembrandt determined to enter the world as a painter by a visit to Charleston, South Carolina. At this early period of his career as a painter, he fixes the time of Washington sitting to him for his portrait, and says, in a letter before me, that this, with the aid of one painted by his father, "gave rise to the portrait which is distinguished by its place in the Senate chamber at Washington."

At Charleston he was employed until 1801, when he went to England, accompanied by his wife and two children, to study under the direction of Mr. West. While Mr. Peale was in London he published a memoir on the Mammoth, which is honourably mentioned and quoted by Cuvier.* In London he painted a few portraits, and returned to America, thinking to abandon painting for agricultural pursuits; but success after his return to Philadelphia prevented his exchange of the pencil for the plough. In 1804 Mr. Peale issued the following advertisement:

"REMBRANDT. The names being merely to distinguish individuals—and whereas few persons discriminate between

* In the year 1802 the skeleton of the Mammoth having been completed by the ingenuity of Charles Wilson Peale, it was determined that Rembrandt should take the monster to England, and the following advertisement was issued from the press: "AMERICAN MIRACLE.—The skeleton, with which it is Mr. Rembrandt Peale's intention shortly to visit Europe, was yesterday so far put together, that previous to taking it to pieces for the purpose of packing it up, HE AND TWELVE other gentlemen partook of a collation WITHIN THE BREST of the animal, all comfortably seated round a small table, and one of Mr. Hawkins's patent portable pianos; after which the following toasts were drank accompanied by music." I omit the toasts.

the peculiar names of my father, uncle, brother, or myself, which creates a confusion disadvantageous to the distinct merit of each as an artist, I am induced to obviate this on my part, in being known only by my first name, Rembrandt; the adjunct Peale serving only to show of whom descended. Therefore, ladies and gentlemen desirous of viewing a few specimens of my style of painting, may find me by the following direction:—REMBRANDT, PORTRAIT PAINTER IN LARGE AND SMALL, head of Mulberry Court, leading from Sixth, three doors above Market-street. Dec. 4."

How careful ought public men to be, not only of their actions, but of their words, especially words given to the world through the press! This advertisement could not be omitted in a biography of Mr. Peale without injustice to the subject, for it displays the character of the individual at the time, more than pages written by the biographer for the purpose.

In 1807 Mr. Peale visited Paris for the express purpose of painting the portraits of distinguished men of that nation, and "to feast," as he has said, "on the treasures Napoleon had assembled in the gallery of the Louvre." Mr. Peale painted a great number of French savans and military men, many of which on his return were placed in his father's museum. This not only gave him an opportunity of improvement, but introduced him to eminent men from whom he derived important information, tending to increase his store of scientific, literary, and philosophical knowledge. His style had improved, but his health had suffered, and he returned home once more determined to purchase that blessing by the abandonment of palette and esel, for the cultivation of the earth. To this determination he could not hold; and after two years more spent in portrait painting, finding it impossible to relinquish the objects of his early love and his life's pursuit, he returned to Paris in 1809, with a resolution which may be estimated by the circumstance that he carried with him a wife and five children.

The gallery of the Louvre was now completed and in its full splendour. Mr. Peale took lodgings in the vicinity, and spent all the time he could spare from completing his collection of portraits of eminent men, in studying the master pieces of eminent painters; but he could not be content from home, and "notwithstanding an offer from Denon to give him employment for the government, he returned to America after a residence of fifteen months." He again set up his esel in Philadelphia as a portrait painter, but found leisure to compose his picture of the "Roman Daughter," which possesses great merit.—This was exhibited at the Pennsylvania academy in 1812,

and elicited just encomiums; but the painter experienced wounds from the shafts of detraction, aimed by ignorance, idleness, and vanity.

A man of the name of Svemin, Russian vice consul, asserted, that the picture was a copy, and that he had seen the original in the rooms of Gerard, at Paris. A man of his standing in society was believed, and Peale considered as an impostor. He found himself treated with disrespect, without knowing the cause, and only by accident learned the accusation against him, and who was its author. He took Sully with him and called on Svemin; who, after prevarication, was obliged to acknowledge that he thought he had seen a picture at Gerard's like Mr. Peale's, and the excellence of Mr. Peale's composition had made him conclude, it could be no other than a copy of that master's work. He avowed himself mistaken, and offered any reparation he could make. Thus is the reputation of a painter, both as artist and man, made the sport of vanity, and a sacrifice to travelled coxcombry.

The figures of this picture are the size of life, and painted carefully from nature. It is now in the possession of Mr. Savage, of Boston.

* When Mr. Peale brought this picture before the public, he published the following in the American Daily Advertiser, of Philadelphia:

"To THE PUBLIC.—After my return from France, in 1810, I designed and executed the equestrian portrait of Napoleon, my first experiment in large. The favorable reception of this, in public exhibition, induced me to venture on an historical subject—the story of the Roman Daughter, the last scene of which had often been painted, but not the first day's intercourse as I conceived it. Although my own gallery then stood in need of novelty and addition, I yielded to the request of some of the directors of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and sent this picture, wet from my easel, to their exhibition in 1811. Its reception by the public was flattering to my reputation; but, being my first attempt at original composition, faults were discovered, which I was impatient to correct as soon as the exhibition closed. My friends were invited to see the alterations. I showed them the changes made successively from my first ideas. Struck with this unsuspecting display of unassisted invention, Joseph Hopkinson, Esq. gave me the first intimation of a report being in circulation that I was not the author of this composition, but had copied it in France. Perhaps with too much of the pride of conscious integrity, I would not inquire who were the propagators of this misstatement; but accident having made me acquainted with Mr. Svemin as the author, my moral character, more than my reputation as an artist, required that I should receive an explanation. For this purpose, I waited on him, accompanied by Mr. Sully, in whose presence he assured me that it was the *excellence* of my picture made him *suppose* that I had copied it—that he *thought* he had seen such a picture in Gerard's painting room in Paris, but did not remember the *situation*, nor the *attitudes* of the figures, by which alone a picture can be remembered. Mr. Sully was satisfied of the incorrectness of his previous assertion, and was witness to the acknowledgment of his error. I then published a few paragraphs in the papers, in which I took occasion to speak of the encouragement of the arts in America; and, in order to bring it to the test, engaged myself to make a present of the picture of the Roman Daughter to the Pennsylvania Hospital, if any person could prove (by comparison) that I had copied it in whole, or in part, from any painting, print, or drawing whatsoever. This was done with full

The establishment of a Museum, and Gallery of Paintings, in the city of Baltimore, was now a favourite object with Mr. Peale, and he accomplished it. He continued there nine years; and besides painting many portraits, composed and executed, in large, the ascent of Elijah, and other works of magnitude. Finally, he painted his "Court of Death;" which having been exhibited throughout the United States with success, has made his name, connected with it, familiar with the public.*

Of this picture Mr. Peale says, in a letter before me, it was painted "on a canvas 24 feet long and 13 feet high, containing 23 figures of the full size. The idea of this picture was taken from Bishop Porteus's poem on Death. But instead of following the bishop, in the employment of the usual allegorical personages, I imagined a more original, impressive style of personification, at once philosophical and popular, and had the satisfaction to find, that it was equally understood and appreciated by the ignorant and the learned. It was exhibited in the principal cities during little more than a year, and produced the sum of \$8,886; thus proving it to be a successful experiment. In New-York it was recommended from the pulpits, and by the Corporation of the city, who went in a body to visit it."

confidence, that in a composition which was strictly my own original, no part of it could, even by accident, be like any thing else. For, although historical painters from Raphael to West, have always been permitted to borrow ideas, and even figures—no such advantage was taken.

"My motive at this time for reviving the recollection of these circumstances, is, that many persons, who never read the vindication, still continue under the erroneous impressions. Now, when I present myself again before the inhabitants of my native city,* with a more important original composition, I think it necessary, and the occasion is peculiarly proper, to enforce the correction of an error, not more injurious to me than to my fellow citizens who are disposed to encourage the efforts we are making to advance the arts in our country.

"Not only the picture of the Roman Daughter, but the picture of the Court of Death, shall be given up for the same charitable purpose, should any one, actuated by such excellent considerations, detect so dishonourable an imposition. If this cannot be done, then ought every lover of the arts, and every gentleman who knows the value of character, interest himself in discountenancing a groundless aspersion against an artist, who would value no acquirements nor fame that were purchased at the expense of his integrity.

"The noble arts require a more liberal encouragement in our country. They are capable of a direction the most honourable and useful. But the state of our finances, and the recent establishment of our public institutions, do not permit the purchase of expensive works, which can only be brought forth by popular encouragement, as was practised in ancient Greece; and if they are viewed with corresponding justice, zeal and patriotism, no greater reward need stimulate the exertions of the artist.

"Witness THOMAS SULLY."

"REMBRANDT PEALE."

* I have stated, *on the authority of Mr. Peale*, that he was born in Bucks county, and not in Philadelphia, as here asserted.

Thus far the author of the picture, who deserves praise for the experiment, and seems to be satisfied with the result. —He represents the causes and victims of Death, who is shrouded in mysterious obscurity. War and its effects are represented by the principal group. The figure of Pleasure is beautiful, and I recollect it as almost faultless. Intemperance was well conceived, if memory serves me ; and many of the figures, in half-tint, well executed.

From 1822 to 1829, Mr. Peale painted portraits in New-York, Boston, and Philadelphia, with checkered success, as to employment ; and then, accompanied by his son, once more visited France, and had the satisfaction of spending sixteen months in Italy, copying some of the works of the most celebrated masters. Most of these copies were purchased by Mr. Bussy, of Boston.

Mr. Peale says, “ I gratified my national and professional pride, by taking with me my Portrait of Washington ; which, in Rome, brought to my room some of the most distinguished artists, professors, and amateurs. At Florence it was exhibited, with distinction, in the Royal Academy. In London, it was visited by artists and other distinguished persons : and after my return to America, without my solicitation, it was bought by an unanimous vote of the Senate, and placed in their hall, as the picture which had united the suffrages of most of the intimate friends and relations of Washington.”

Surely this distinction, these suffrages, and a good price received for this picture, may satisfy the author of it. But as I have mentioned it elsewhere, and given my opinion that it is not a likeness of Washington, and expressed my disapprobation of the manner in which I saw it exhibited in New-York, with a poor copy from Stuart’s head of Washington, without frame, placed on the floor, beneath the highly decorated picture by Mr. Peale—I must here repeat that opinion and that disapprobation.

At the time of finishing this picture, it was announced as forthcoming at Washington. It was published in one or more of the journals that Mr. Peale had been for some time painting “ a portrait of Washington, which was said to be, in every particular, the most admirably correct representation of the *character* and *expression* of this illustrious man that has been offered to the world.”

In due time the picture is thus advertised at Washington city. After repeating the eulogies on its character and expression, it proceeds :—“ The painter had the rare advantage

of having painted an original picture of the great patriot whilst living, which he has improved by subsequent study of his subject, with such aids as he could obtain from a reference to the works of contemporaneous artists. All the surviving worthies, who knew Washington intimately, speak with enthusiasm of this fine painting, as the only true likeness they have ever seen of him : and as a work of art merely, our letters from Philadelphia describe it as unsurpassed. This painting being finished, has been brought to this city by its author, with a view to submit it to the inspection of the national representatives and others, at the seat of government ; and particularly with a view to obtain the opinions upon it of those who were compatriots and personal friends of Washington, of whom so many are at this season to be found at the seat of government."

Opinions were obtained upon the portrait by presenting a certificate to those who had known Washington, and gaining their signatures. This certificate asserted every thing the painter wished.

A certificate is, in my eyes, a proof of something deficient or amiss. A certificate can be produced with signatures of many of the best men of any country to any thing. Mr. Peale, in this certificate affair, shares equally, perhaps, with those who signed it ; many of whom have since declared, that they did not think the portrait like the original.

Thus is the sacred cause of truth trifled with, and certificates obtained from "honourable men—all honourable men," to deceive mankind, mislead opinion, and often-times to destroy health and life. Why is truth so little respected, when it is the only foundation upon which human happiness rests ? I blame Mr. Peale for degrading himself by submitting to the expedient of a certificate, but I blame the signers more.

None see the anomalies of character more than the biographer ; and if he is a faithful historian of nature, he will represent them. Mr. Peale's conduct in the above-mentioned affair stands in contradiction to his general character as a man.

We have seen that it was in 1827 that Mr. Peale's father died, and I sincerely hope left property enough to place all his children in situations that, with the talent and industry of the family, has made them independent of circumstances. In 1829, the subject of this memoir visited France and Italy, as said above, and on his return published a volume on the latter country. In this publication he has shown himself an acute observer, and, in many instances, an excellent describer ; but Italy and the eternal city is such an eternal theme, that the

veteran reader feels as if he were going over pages familiar to him, although perfectly original. Mr. Peale's observations on works of art are very valuable to the artist. In the autumn of 1832, he says, "I made my last visit to England. From Liverpool proceeding to Sheffield, where I painted a number of portraits. In the spring," (of 1833,) "I established myself in London, and divided my time between my painting room and the various galleries of pictures and the rooms of artists. Here I deliberately went over a review of the whole of my preceding studies—defined, compared, and digested their various merits and defects, which I collated with the living testimony around me, and brought my judgment to a mature conclusion as to the course I should pursue in my future practice; believing that I was demonstrating, in the work I was then executing, that I had made, as a student of nature and art, a manifest advance in the art which I had loved from my infancy, and to which I had devoted all my time and means." Long may Mr. Peale continue to advance in his art—an art in which he has held a distinguished place for many years.

Besides the usual occupations of a painter, Mr. Peale applied himself to lithographic drawing, and obtained the medal from the Franklin Institute of Boston.* I have freely expressed my opinion of what I consider errors in Mr. Peale's conduct and publications; not with a view to his injury, but to his benefit and that of others. He has, in 1834, removed to New-York, where I hope his portraits will be justly appreciated, and his success answer so his wishes.

At an early age Mr. Peale was induced to make experiments on gas light, and when Doctor Kugler succeeded in purifying gas, he being then an inhabitant of Baltimore, formed a company for lighting the city with gas, which was done in 1817. Baltimore owes to him the honour of being the first of our cities that adopted this great improvement.

The ever active mind of this gentleman leads him to exer-

* Mr. Peale has furnished me the following note respecting his study of lithography :

"I was among the first of the artists who employed this admirable method of multiplying original drawings. My first attempt in New-York was a head of Lord Byron, and a female head from a work of Titian. In 1826 I went to Boston and devoted myself for some time to lithographic studies, and executed a number of portraits and other subjects, and finally a large drawing from my portrait of Washington, for which I obtained the silver medal from the Franklin Institute at Philadelphia in 1827. Unfortunately the workmen, by some neglect, destroyed this drawing on the stone when but a few impressions were taken. I instructed one of my daughters and my son in the art, and they produced some very commendable specimens."

tions honourable to himself, and beneficial to mankind. He is now about to publish in New-York a book on the principles of drawing, with illustrations, and he shows the connection between drawing and writing, giving rules which I have seen. This work will entitle him to the gratitude of the public. The book is calculated to enable the student to instruct himself in writing by the same process and at the same time that he learns to draw. It will be eminently useful in schools of every description. The author has displayed great knowledge and much thought on the subject. The transition from drawing to writing is finely pointed out and illustrated, and the work must be extremely useful. I hope it may be adopted in our schools, and thus the ingenious author remunerated.

HENRY SARGENT—1797.

Was born in the town of Gloucester, state of Massachusetts, in the year 1770. At an early age he was instructed in the rudiments of Latin and Greek, at the celebrated Dummer Academy, (so named after Governor Dummer, who made large donations to it,) near Newburyport, in which town the father of Mr. Sargent, an eminent merchant, then lived, during the war of the revolution: and after Boston was freed from the British troops, Henry was removed from Dummer, in consequence of his father's taking up his residence in the capital of Massachusetts, and received the remainder of his education at such schools as that town then possessed. At the usual age, he was admitted into the counting house of Thomas Perkins; and that gentleman going abroad, Henry was received into his father's mercantile establishment; here he remained until the age of nineteen or twenty. Up to this period he had evinced no partiality for the study of any of the fine arts.

This is a very remarkable circumstance in the life of Mr. Sargent: in short it is unparalleled. In thus keeping his hands from chalk or charcoal, and his school books uncontaminated by pen or pencil monsters, Mr. Sargent stands alone in the history of art. The reader of this work will have remarked, that from the time of West to the present day, every painter or engraver began to scrawl, scratch, pencil, or paint as soon as he could hold any thing wherewith he could make a mark. There is reason to believe that Mr. Sargent, when a boy, evinced taste for poetry and music, notwithstanding which, the talent or faculty for imitating forms remained dormant, and the craniological bump undeveloped, almost to the age of maturity, although several fine portraits by Smy-

bert, and finer by Copley, adorned the walls of his father's house. They had been familiar objects from infancy, and "familiarity," says the proverb, "breeds contempt." Certain it is, that these familiar objects produced no effect upon the boy. He was first incited to attempt drawing by some rude sketches in common chalk, made by one of his brothers on the walls of their sleeping apartment. Success made him continue the practice. He found he could outdo his brother, and the walls were soon covered with their rival productions. Thus was the dormant desire to imitate forms aroused; but the ambition to become a painter was awakened, never to sleep again, by the following circumstance:

A house and ship painter was employed to decorate one of the ships of Henry's father, which was preparing for sea. The incipient painter, having outstripped his brother in the arts of design, determined to encounter this more formidable rival. The desire was irresistible; and seizing the opportunity of the ship painter's absence from his brushes and colours, which he had abandoned that he might gratify a more common but equally irresistible desire for dinner, young Sargent seized his tools, and produced the head of a sea nymph, to the great astonishment of the gaping sailors. The master of the paint pots "knocked under," and this essay with colours was so often repeated, and with such success, that the duties of the desk and the counting-house became uninteresting and repugnant to the student of the fine arts. Sketches of "men and things" deranged or interrupted the sober avocations of mercantile life, which it is possible the young painter's father thought were more important, and would produce more solid advantages; but after a time the old gentleman was induced to consent that Henry should try his skill with more refined and suitable materials than the paint pot and pound brush. Palette, pencil, colours, esel, and maul-stick were procured, and a room was allotted him in his father's house as an atelier, where he soon painted several portraits, and made copies of several pictures, among others was one from a mezzotinto print published by Copley, from his painting of Brook Watson, or the youth rescued from a shark.

Trumbull, in 1790, visiting Boston after his second sojourn in England, saw the young painter's work, and commended this copy so highly, that it was at once decided by his friends that he should be permitted to study the art for which he had not only shown a decided preference, but had given proof of being qualified to pursue with success.

This praise of the copy above mentioned decided the fate

of Henry Sargent, and he embarked for London in 1793, carrying letters from Trumbull to West, who received him with his usual urbanity; made him an offer of his services, —and placed his rooms, his pictures, and his casts at his disposal. Apartments were taken by Mr. Sargent in the vicinity of Mr. West; and during his whole residence in London, he always had free access to the great painter's house, and the benefit of his advice on all occasions relative to art. He likewise received the kindest and most courteous treatment from Mr. Copley, to whom he carried letters.

In London Mr. Sargent remained four years, during which he pursued such studies as are usually recommended by the Royal Academy. He would then have passed over to the continent, but the bloody contest, then in full violence, made his friends anxious for his return home, which he accordingly did in 1797. In Boston he remained for near two years, but such was the apathy then existing towards the arts, that he often was discouraged, and has said, that sometimes he regretted he had ever undertaken the profession. He, therefore, in 1799, was induced to accept of a commission offered him in the army then about to be raised, of which General Washington, who had retired from the presidency, accepted the command, but which, until called into actual service, was placed under the immediate direction of Major-General Alexander Hamilton. With this army Mr. Sargent remained until it was disbanded. The taste for military life thus acquired, distracted and drew off his attention from the arts. He received several commissions from successive governors of Massachusetts, which were particularly complimentary, as they were unsolicited and unexpected.

I well remember the finest body of light-infantry I ever saw out of regular service, going through their evolutions in the mall, and on the common of Boston, under the command of Captain Sargent.

During the last war with Great Britain, he received the appointment of aid-de-camp to the governor, with the rank of colonel, and was appointed assistant adjutant-general when the invasion of that part of our country was expected in 1814.

After the glorious termination of this war, which a second time vindicated our rights, and chastised the usurpations of England—a second time triumphantly proved that the free citizen has only to determine to conquer, and he will conquer in despite of monarchies, aristocracies, and their hirelings—Colonel Sargent received several military and civil commissions, equally honourable and equally unsolicited. He was

appointed, in behalf of Massachusetts, to attend to the surrender, under the treaty of Ghent, of certain islands in the Bay of Passamaquoddy, by his Britannic Majesty's government, to Brigadier-General Miller, and the authority of the United States. It was said, justly, in the papers of the day, that "the President could not have appointed a more proper person to have conducted this affair, than General Miller, or the Governor, on behalf of the commonwealth, one more suitable than Colonel Sargent."

At a later period Colonel Sargent was twice chosen to represent the town of Boston, in the General Court, or State Legislature, but at length he was induced to decline any re-election, by a deafness occasioned by too close proximity to a cannon which was suddenly discharged. His various public avocations having no charms for him, he again turned his attention to the arts, and set himself seriously to work upon his great picture of "The landing of the Pilgrims."

I never saw this picture, but I saw in the painter's room the small picture, the study for it, on one of my visits to Boston. This was about the year 1806, shortly after Mr. Gilbert Stuart's removal to Boston. Mr. Sargent says in a letter to me, "I became very intimate with him, and obtained much useful information from him. In our frequent walks together, the conversation of course often turned upon the subject of painting. It was his opinion (often expressed) that the art was on the decline. I never argued with him, for as he was a vain, proud man, and withal, quick tempered, I chose rather to preserve his friendship as an artist. He once had just painted a very fine portrait, and I ventured to ask him if it was not under-sized? He answered in a very peremptory manner, "No, not in the least." I was silent, but a few months after I saw him about to make a copy of the same picture, he held in his hand a small instrument, and I asked him what was the use of it? He said, "to enlarge the copy, as he thought the original too small." I imputed this acknowledgment to the lack of memory, and was again silent, not willing to interrupt the good feeling that existed between us.

The large picture, of the Landing, was finished after several years of severe application, and was destroyed in the following manner: After having been exhibited to the public, it was rolled upon a *fresh cut unseasoned* pole, around which, it continued for a number of months, during which time, the sap so completely rotted the picture, that it fell in pieces in unrolling. The part next the wood was like mud. The extreme interest the public took in this subject induced

the painter to undertake the arduous task of painting another of the same size. This the painter possesses. Colonel Sargent painted for exhibition, a large picture of Christ entering Jerusalem. I give from *Sketches of Public Characters*, the following:

"Sargent's picture of the Landing of the Pilgrims was, I speak in the past tense, for I understand that it was destroyed by some accident, much admired in its day by the descendants of the pilgrims, and spoken well of by those who did not feel any extraordinary sympathy for that race of men. The event of the landing of those few wanderers had nothing in it of very great sublimity or interest when taken by itself, unconnected with the past or the future in relation to that period. A handful of adventurers setting foot on an inhospitable shore, in an inclement season is, no doubt, a subject of sympathy, but not of wonder. The appearance of a northern sky in such a season of the year, was a fine object for the painter, and Sargent availed himself of it. He was northern-born, and had lived, for the usual months of the year, under such a sky as our forefathers first saw on their first landing, a freezing atmosphere, rocks, ground, all covered with a mantle of snow, while a low and sickly looking sun threw a few faint rays on the iron-bound, frost-bound coast. The dignity of the group was conspicuous in the picture. All they had suffered, all they were prepared to suffer, and what they hoped to effect, was well conceived and defined in the painting. The pious, providence-trusting, resigned look, was there also. A little of the soldier was still seen in Miles Standish—yea, more of it than of the saint. The females were well displayed; not with Amazonian hardihood and fearless look; but yet there was no timidity, no shrinking weakness, no dread of the savages, nor of a more appalling foe; a long and dreary winter, without house or home, or any shelter for themselves or their little ones. They stood, they looked, they went forward, as those who believe that they have a God for their protector. That painter is good for nothing who cannot impress us with the moral sublimity of virtue, and give us the majesty of religion with all her sweetness. There is a spirit of prophecy in the hearts of the good in every undertaking, which, if it has no defined views, no tongue, but only speaking looks, yet it lives and dwells in every vein, and kindles in every eye, and has full possession of the soul, as certain as the soul has an existence; and the painter of this picture had genius enough to seize the thought and make the best of it.

“The next picture, from the same artist, was *Christ entering into Jerusalem*. This was also a popular picture. It was remarkable for variety in the expression of the countenance of the hosannah-crying multitude. The face of the Saviour is wonderfully fine. An Indian chief once viewing the picture in the presence of the author of these remarks, looking steadfastly in the face of our Saviour, said, emphatically, *that is a good man*. The last and only remaining picture I know from Sargent, is the *Dinner Party*; a specimen of the extraordinary power of light and shade; to exhibit which seems the great object of the artist in this painting. Sargent formerly took several portraits which were praised for their spirit and exactness.”

The *Jerusalem* was sold for \$3000, and as much was received for the exhibition. It is probably ruined by travelling with its owner. Besides the pictures above-mentioned, Colonel Sargeant has painted “*The Christ Crucified*,” which is in the possession of the Roman Catholic Society of Boston. The *Dinner* and the *Tea Party* are beautiful and finished pictures, and are in the possession of Mr. D. L. Brown, of Boston. A large full-length of Mr. Fanneuil, belongs to the city of Boston, and hangs in the far-famed Fanneuil Hall. “*The Tailor’s News*” and “*Starved Apothecary*,” are from the same pencil.

When the “*Dinner Party*” was exhibited in New-York, the association of gentlemen, called “*The American Academy of Fine Arts*,” elected the painter an honorary member, and about the same time he received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Harvard University.

Attention to mechanical inventions and other causes connected with the study of mechanics, have, of late years, in a great degree, diverted Colonel Sargent from application to his favourite pursuit. It has always, and continues to be, the highest gratification to him to indulge in the practice of painting, but his health will not now allow of so sedentary an occupation, except at intervals.

WOOLLEY—1797.

This was an English painter, who made New-York and Philadelphia alternately his home. He painted small portraits in oil, the last of which I saw in Philadelphia. He was called the Woolley painter. His best picture was *Archy Gifford’s sign*, at Newark, a fox hunt, doubtless copied from a print.

WEAVER—1797,

Probably an Englishman. He painted portraits in oil, small size. He generally painted on tin, “inveterate” likenesses, hard as the tin and as cutting in the outline. He was one of those, who, by intemperance disgrace, as far as they can, a liberal and honourable profession. His portrait of Alexander Hamilton attracted attention from the strong likeness, and was the property of Dr. David Hosack, but he gave it in exchange to Mr. Trumbull, and, as I am informed, Mr. Trumbull destroyed it.

JOHN JOSEPH HOLLAND—1798.

This gentleman was born in London about the year 1776. At the early age of nine, he was apprenticed to Marinelli, the scene painter of the opera-house ; who, pleased with the boy, taught him both the theory and practice of scene-painting, made him a good water-colour draftsman, and architect. He married very young ; and Mr. Wignell found him at the opera-house as a scene-painter, shortly after the termination of his apprenticeship, and engaged him for the Philadelphia theatre.

I knew Mr. Holland for years, and ever found him a warm-hearted, generous, unsuspecting man. Of the world, at the time of his coming to America, he knew nothing, out of the sphere of his immediate existence in London. Holland has in after time, often laughed at his profound ignorance of the country to which he was emigrating. Not having an opportunity of consulting Wignell on the subject, he brought out his household and kitchen furniture with him, fully persuaded that such articles, except of inferior quality, and at enormous prices, could not be procured in the savage country he was going to. The ship arrived at New-York, in the autumn of 1796, and was moored at a wharf in the East river, late in the evening. Holland went ashore to reconnoitre, and happened to see neither negroes nor Indians. The ship was at the foot of Wall-street ; and the young cockney determining to keep on a line which he could retrace, proceeded up that avenue. All was matter of astonishment to him. He saw men who looked like Englishmen. The street was well lighted with lamps. He walked on good flag-stone pavement. He saw lofty edifices on each side of him ; and finally found in front of him a handsome gothic or half-gothic church. This

church being a land-mark, he ventured to turn a corner and walk up Broad-way, where the shops still blazed, and the broad pavements resounded with the feet of passengers ;—he arrived at another church, and saw, amazed, the lofty Roman Ionic columns of St. Paul's. He could go no further. The desire to communicate the results of this expedition into foreign parts, to his equally interested partner on ship board, caused him rapidly to retrace his way with wondering and delight ; that he might congratulate his wife upon their arrival at a land of civilization.

Mr. Holland after residing several years in Philadelphia, was engaged by Mr. Thomas A. Cooper, who had leased the New-York theatre, to rebuild that edifice internally ; which he did to the entire satisfaction of the proprietors. In New-York he lost his wife, and married a second time, to a woman of superior talents ; the daughter of Mr. Jackson, of Staten Island. He died still a young man, and left no children. He was a man of taste in the arts ; and his landscapes in water-colour had great truth and force. He never attempted oil. Two of his pupils, Mr. Hugh Reinagle, and Mr. John Evers, have been distinguished as scene-painters, and have produced many landscapes of merit both in water and oil.

Though short in stature, Mr. Holland was well formed, active, and athletic. In his personal appearance, always extremely neat. When he entered the work-shop, he uniformly changed his dress ; and both by precept and example, forwarded the business of his employers with wonderful dispatch. Streets, chambers, temples or forests, grew under his hand as by magic.

During the last war with England Mr. Holland shouldered his musket, and did duty as a soldier. He likewise at that time made drawings of the fortifications which were thrown up to defend the city, both on Manhattan and Long Islands. His faults (for he had faults) were the result of accidental circumstances, his virtues were his own.

M. PIGALLE—1797.

A French artist of this name, designed and etched some plates in New-York, about this time, " particularly," says my correspondent, Alexander Anderson, Esq. the Bewick of America, " a fine emblematic eagle, for the title-page of Tiebout's American battles.' "

DAVID EDWIN—1798.

This eminent artist was the first good engraver of the human countenance, that appeared in this country. His portraits from Stuart, in the stippling style, are unrivalled to this day.

He is an Englishman, and born at Bath, in the month of December 1776. His father, John Edwin, the celebrated comedian, was the delight of the citizens of London, in my young days; and the support of O'Keefe's comedies and farces, as Lewis was afterward of those of F. Reynolds. John Edwin was, however, I have reason to believe, a better actor than a father. David was articled to Jossi, a Dutch engraver, who went to England to study a particular branch of the art, not practised in Holland. He was a thorough bred artist, and "the most correct draughtsman of the human form," says his pupil, "I ever saw."

When David Edwin was twenty years of age, in the year 1796, Mynhere Jossi returned to Holland, and took his apprentice with him. Their place of destination was Amsterdam; but as the republican French were in possession of the country, the travellers entered Holland by the way of Embden. The Hollanders were at that time enamoured with the new system of French democracy; and John Bull was out of favour. Edwin found that his English face and English dress were insuperable obstacles to all familiarity or friendly intercourse with the Dutch. He observed that most of his fellow passengers in the boat, had taken off their hats and wigs; substituting in the place of both the Dutch striped-cap; he therefore doffed his hat, and mounted in its place a red woollen cap, which he had purchased before leaving London, as a *companion de voyage*, and a warm friend for the night. Unexpectedly it proved a most useful friend by day; for no sooner had he appeared in his new costume, than he heard from different parts of the boat the exclamation of "Bonnet rouge! Bonnet rouge!" and he was hailed as a true *sans culotte*, with the utmost cordiality by those who had before assiduously shunned him.

The young Englishman did not agree as well with his instructor after arriving at Amsterdam, as he had done in his native land; and before the term of his apprenticeship had fully arrived, they separated. Edwin at one-and-twenty years of age, found himself in a foreign country without friends or money, and looked anxiously towards the land of his birth. There was, however, no direct communication with England, and he determined to make his way from Am-

sterdam, to some port from whence he might find a passage to any part of Great Britain ; not despairing of finding some mode by which to reach London. But he was doomed never to see his native country again.

A ship bound to Philadelphia was in the harbour, and the young engraver entered himself under the American flag, to work his passage as a sailor before the mast, to the country which was destined to be his future home ; a country where at that time, 1797, the art he was master of was in its infancy. He accordingly embarked from Amsterdam, and assisted, as well as hands used to *points* and *gravers* and not to ropes could do, in navigating the American to *Havre*, and finally across the Atlantic, and up the Delaware to the place of his destination. It was in the month of December 1797, that David Edwin landed in Philadelphia, after being near five months on board ship as a fore-mast-man, and he made his entré upon this new scene in a new world, in his tarry round-about, and equally tarry trowsers ; trudging after the captain through the streets of Penn's city, with the ship's letter-bag on his shoulder, on the way to the post-office.

The duties appertaining to the voyage having been discharged, the engraver prepared to cast his sea-skin, and appear in his proper character. His sailors dress he sold to one of his messmates, and with the aid of Delaware river water and Philadelphia soap, with a decent suit of London landmen's-clothes from his trunk or chest, he bade adieu to the ship, to seek his fortune on the shores of a new world. He had heard that his countryman, Mr. T. B. Freeman resided in Philadelphia, and carried on his business as a publisher ; and he waited upon him—stated his circumstances—his profession—his well known name, (well known to Englishmen from his father's celebrity)—and solicited employment. He was well received ; in fact he was such a person as was wanted in America, especially in Philadelphia where the book publishing business was in greater forwardness than in the more commercial metropolis of New-York.

Mr. Benjamin Carr, mentioned by me in the History of the American Theatre, was a friend of Mr. Freeman's, who was then about publishing a collection of Scotch airs selected by Carr ; and Edwin was employed to engrave a title page. This was his first work in America ; and at the time of commencing it he was destitute of the necessary tools, and could procure none in Philadelphia ; the cause is not stated by my informant, certainly there were at that time several engravers in the city, and it would appear that some of them might have

helped a brother in this state of destitution, as it regards tools. The engraver accidentally found in his seaman's chest, a graver which had been thrown into it at Amsterdam and forgotten. The shank of this tool, or that part which is inserted into the handle, he shaped as well as he could to his purpose, and commenced etching his plate therewith. As he proceeded with his work, he reversed the tool, tied a rag as a substitute for the handle, round the end he used as an etching point, and with this second contrivance finished the plate.

An engraver, at the time of Mr. Edwin's arrival in Philadelphia, had much to struggle with. He says in a letter before me, "copperplates were finished rough from the hammer; no tools to be purchased, he (the engraver) had to depend upon his own ingenuity to fabricate them for himself, or in directing others qualified for the work; but worse than all was the slovenly style in which printing was executed. Often have I in extreme cold weather, waited hours for a proof, till the paper, oil, and even the roller could be thawed. The work shop of the principal printer in Philadelphia, was little better than a shell, and open to the winds. I once insisted that the printer should have the plank of his press planed and leveled, as it was impossible in the state it was now in to take off a tolerable impression; and the plate I wished printed had cost me much trouble in the execution; the printer resisted all my arguments for a long time, being himself perfectly satisfied with the state of his press: at length, and only in consideration of my paying the expense, it was that he gave his consent."

I have transcribed Mr. Edwin's statement of the rude imperfections attendant upon engraving and copper-plate printing in Philadelphia in 1797. In New-York, before that period, there were difficulties similar, no doubt; but as early as 1790, the writer, under the direction of Mr. Peter R. Maverick, found no difficulty in procuring tools for etching and engraving, and some prepared plates; and etched and scratched until he was satisfied that engraving required more skill, time, and patience, than he had to bestow upon it. Mr. Maverick was the best engraver then in New-York; his competitors were indeed few and feeble. He was his own printer, and worked off his own proofs very comfortably, at his own press, in a comfortable work-shop. In his printing he had an assistant. Mr. Edwin goes on to say, "Mr. Edward Savage, a portrait painter, was the only publisher of prints at that time. He published prints from pictures of his own painting, being sometimes painter, engraver, and printer."

Edwin engaged at one time with Savage, and came on to

New-York, but how long he worked for him, or when he returned to Philadelphia, I do not know ; probably he was in New-York a very short time.

Mr. Edwin says, " At the time of my arrival in Philadelphia Dobson was publishing an edition of the Encyclopedia. It was thought a rash undertaking ; and General Washington, on being asked to subscribe to the work, declared, that ' he thought Mr. Dobson a bold man.' " Now, as I was a subscriber to Dobson's work, I doubt not that Washington gave it every encouragement, being so much more able. The plates, at the time Edwin speaks of, were done by Thackara and Valence, assisted by Lawson. Edwin, for many years, had all the portrait engraving in the United States.

" About the year 1801," he says, " I had the happiness of forming an acquaintance with Mr. Gilbert Stuart." I think he might have dated his happiness some years earlier, and been within the bounds of truth. " It took place on my undertaking to engrave a portrait of Dr. Smith, (of the Pennsylvania University) from Mr. Stuart's painting. The first meeting I had with the Doctor on the subject of the plate that was to be engraved, I shall not readily forget. The Doctor had been a school-master ; and although ignorant of the art of engraving, undertook to examine me on my capabilities.—He was old, hasty, and very irritable. He began in a broad Scotch dialect, by asking me if I could draw. But when we came to the price of the plate, I thought the poor Doctor would have gone distracted. He ran out and in the room, throwing at me angry and reproachful glances ; and ended with the determination of paying me only half of my demand, which I accepted, considering the connection I should form with Mr. Stuart, by undertaking the work of more value to me than any sum the Doctor could pay me for the plate."

At the commencement of the last war between America and Great Britain, Mr. Edwin informs me that there was no town of any consequence, from Maine to Louisiana, both inclusive, whose citizens were not in his debt for work done. He says, " I lost it nearly all ; which, with a sickness, occasioned by an over-application to my business, caused in me a temporary disgust to my profession. I applied to Mr. T. B. Freeman, who, with his usual humanity, employed me as a clerk in his auction store. But, as they say, an old coachman loves the smack of the whip, so I, at most of my leisure hours, undertook small jobs in the engraving way : that of most consequence was my last—the last I ever shall engrave—the head of, I am proud to say, my friend and patron, G. Stuart, painted by Mr. John Neagle.

“Mr. T. B. Freeman meeting with difficulties in his business, I found myself, in the spring of 1831, of no further use to him, and quitted my station in his counting-house. I then made some efforts to recommence engraving, but could get no publisher to trust me with a plate. In the winter of that same year I was seized with influenza, (at that time a general complaint) which affected my head severely, and took from me the sight of one of my eyes, leaving me a prey to melancholy and distress.”

Such is the account I received from this once excellent engraver; written in the month of April, 1833, at the age of 57. —A poor, broken down, and prematurely old artist. In the month of June I visited Mr. Edwin, in company with my friend, Mr. Neagle; at which time he appeared in general good health and cheerful. An attempt was made to provide for his age, by procuring for him the situation of keeper of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, when Mr. Thackara retired from the situation, but his friends did not succeed.

Since writing the above it has given me much pleasure to learn, that by a gift from Mrs. Francis, (once of the profession of which Mr. Edwin's father was an ornament, and an old acquaintance of both Mr. and Mrs. Edwin) the old age of the engraver is amply provided for.

JAMES SHARPLESS—1798.

This gentleman was an Englishman; and being of a Roman Catholic family, was educated in France, and intended, like John Kemble, for the priesthood; but, like John, he preferred the fine arts. He married before coming to this country; and on the first attempted passage was taken by the French, and, with his wife and three children, carried to France, and there kept as prisoners for some months. When liberated he made a more successful effort, and landed in New York about 1798.

He painted in oil; and I have seen a composition of his, wherein several of Doctor Darwin's family were portrayed: but his successful practice in this country was in crayons, or pastils, which he manufactured for himself; and suited, in size, to the diminutive dimensions of his portraits, which were generally *en profile*, and, when so, strikingly like.

He visited all the cities and towns of the United States, carrying letters to persons distinguished, either military, civil, or literary, with a request to paint their portraits for his collection. This being granted, and the portrait finished in about two hours, the likeness generally induced an order for a copy,

and brought as sitters all who saw it. His price for the profile was \$15; and for the full-face (never so good) \$20.

He painted immense numbers, and most of them very valuable, for characteristic portraiture. His head quarters was New-York; and he generally travelled in a four-wheeled carriage of his own contrivance, which carried the whole family and all his implements, and was drawn by one large horse.—He was a plain, well-disposed man, and accumulated property by honest industry, and uncommon facility with his materials.

Previous to the establishment of his safe and methodical way of travelling, I witnessed a scene connected with this gentleman's itinerary movements which made a deep impression on me. I had joined the stage waggon, the usual travelling machine of those days, and with Mr. and Mrs. Sharpless, with their three children, (two boys and a girl) rode to Middletown, Connecticut, enjoying the picturesque beauties of the route with more zest, as my adult companions were capable of appreciating them. We stopped at the inn door, in the flourishing village of Middletown, about mid-day and in summer. I jumped out of the vehicle, to inquire for my friends of the Alsop family; and I soon saw the stage, with the horses at full run and no driver, pass me with the rapidity of lightning, the little girl alone in the carriage, and the distracted parents following, with outstretched arms and unavailing screams. On dashed the frightened horses with their light load, she perhaps unconscious of her danger; and soon deviating from the road, they struck the carriage against a post, overturned it with an awful crash, and, leaving it, pursued their race. All within sight of the accident ran to the spot with the distracted father and mother, looking to draw from the ruin the lacerated corpse of the child: when, on taking out the little creature, she was found perfectly unhurt, and restored to her parents as she had been left by them and the driver of the team to the mercy of four horses without guide or governor. I have travelled a great deal since then, but never saw a driver leave his horses without due security, but I thought of Middletown and the Sharplesses.

Mr. Sharpless was a man of science and a mechanician, as well as a painter. In the first volume of the Hosack and Francis' Medical and Philosophical Register will be found a paper on steam carriages, confirming this character.

Mr. Sharpless had acquired property without meanness, and looked to the enjoyment of easy circumstances in old age, when he died suddenly, at the age of 60, in New-York, of an ossification of the heart, and was buried in the cemetery of the Roman Catholic chapel in Barclay-street. His widow, her daughter, and youngest son, returned to England, and

long resided near Bath, after selling the *distinguished heads* (among which I had the honour to be numbered) at public auction.

The two sons both practised their father's art in America: James, the younger, presented me with a copy of my friend Elihu E. Smith's portrait before leaving the country. Felix resided and died in North Carolina.

CHAPTER V.

Jarvis—born in England—brought a child to America—The boy left behind and the boy with strange names—Jarvis dabbles in paint—put apprentice to Savage, and taught engraving by Edwin—at New-York—sets up as an engraver—commences portrait painter—partnership with Wood—studies anatomy, craniology, and modelling—his kindness to Sully—Jarvis at Baltimore—Charleston, S. C.—Strange mode of living—Compares himself to Morland—A dinner party—Bishop Moore and Jarvis—Great success at New Orleans—Jarvis an inimitable story teller—Stories told of him and by him—His activity and benevolence during seasons of pestilence.

JOHN WESLEY JARVIS—1798.

WAS the best portrait painter in the city of New-York for many years. He was, like many of our artists who are strictly American, born in England. The nephew of the great lawgiver of Methodism, the place of his birth was South Shields, on the Tyne, and the time, the year 1780. His father emigrating to America, left him with his uncle until he was five years of age. Had he remained longer under the roof of that extraordinary man, even a few years, when the first, best impressions are made, it might have been well for the embryo painter. He might have been a preacher, and if so, one of the most popular in America. Or he might have been introduced to a guide, who would have made his talents a blessing to himself and the world. Even at the early age of five some impression must have been made upon the boy by the orderly mode of life he saw practised among those around him; an order and regularity which he in after life seemed to mock by the arrangements or disarrangements of his own ever shifting places of abode.

Jarvis's father having taken up his residence in Philadelphia, the child was conveyed to that city, and there received his second education; for even at five years of age, the first must have been impressed upon the tender mind of his infancy. Was not the boy's conduct in the following transaction guided as his mind had been moulded in early childhood? Or was it the unsophisticated workings of that inclination to good which we receive from the Creator, that prompted his tongue and his action?

While John was yet an urchin, "with shining morning face, creeping like snail unwillingly to school," and munching a huge piece of bread and butter, which he had demanded after breakfast, more to prolong the time before he must resign his liberty to the schoolmaster's despotism, than because he wanted food—on his way to the dreaded mansion, he passed an unoccupied building in Water-street, and his attention was arrested by sobs coming from the house to which he was opposite, and which had been partly torn down, and so left for the accommodation of the proprietor (until he saw the best time for re-building) and of any vagrant who wanted shelter. Having ascertained the quarter from whence the signs of distress came, John Wesley, still munching his luncheon, unconsciously overloading his stomach, (if a child's stomach can be overloaded,) entered the deserted place with feelings of curiosity, if not humanity, (perhaps mixed, as most of our motives are) but the latter soon prevailed, when he saw a little fellow, younger than himself, seated on the broken floor and crying bitterly. "What's the matter, little boy?" said the young Englishman, suspending the operation of his masticators. The tone of sympathy increased the sobs of the forlorn child. "Don't cry! tell me what's the matter?" "I've lost my father, and I'm hungry." The idea of being hungry, especially as that was the last word, had more powerful influence on the feelings of the commiserating boy than the loss of a father. "Hungry," he cried, "why have you had no breakfast?" "I have not had any thing to eat since I lost my father," sobbed the little sufferer. "When was that?" "Yesterday morning. He went to sea in the Sally while I was playing up at the head of the wharf." "Where's your mother?" "Mother's dead. I slept here last night. I'm very hungry." "Here, take this, and I'll get you more."

The little urchin fell to work upon the remains of the bread and butter, and his friend sat down by his side comforting him, and now and then asking him a question. Jarvis saw the bread and butter, seasoned with tears, demolished, and then said, "Come, I've got a father—he'll take care of you—come with me." And willingly forgetting school, he took the little fellow's hand and trudged back to his home, to place him under the protection of one he knew from experience could give him bread and butter. The father of John soon found out the owners of the ship Sally, and they received and took care of the little orphan until the return of his father.

It appeared that the father of the boy was mate of a ship bound to Europe, and intended taking this motherless child

with him. He had made every arrangement, and, that the boy might be out of "*harms way*," had ordered him to keep in his state room, where he thought him safe stowed away at the time the ship sailed; meanwhile the boy had slyly stolen on shore and joined in play, just without sight of the vessel, and when he looked to get back again, lo! she was gone.

With the father hours had passed in attending to his arduous duties before he thought of liberating his little prisoner; and we must imagine his feelings when the child was not to be found. The boy had been seen to go on shore. That quieted one of the mate's fears. The captain, a brutal man, would not put back—said the owners would take care of the boy—he would lose wind and tide—and the mate submitted. But when the ship had cleared the river and the capes of Delaware, and the pilot was about returning, the father of the lost boy threw his sea-chest and himself into the pilot boat and returned in search of his child. The owners commended his desertion, and found him another berth for himself and the little runaway.

We may imagine the feelings of the mate on his return, when he found his boy safe—and his gratitude to little John Wesley.

Such were the feelings—such the actions prompted by nature, before the world, or the miscalled pleasures of the world, perverted the heart or the instinct. Before I proceed regularly with the biography of John Wesley Jarvis, I will as a contrast to the above, repeat a story which Jarvis, when a man, often told of himself, as I am informed. Being on a party of pleasure in the neighbourhood of New-York, his attention was attracted to a sturdy boy who was playing near him, perfectly unmindful and independent of Jarvis and his companions, their wine, their cigars, or their bursts of merriment. The painter admired the boy, and with his usual playful manner and laughing eyes, addressed the child, and at the same time called the notice of the company to him. "What's your name, my man?" "My name's John, and I'm not your man." "That's a fine fellow—John? a very good name. It's my name too. Have you any other name?" "Yes, I have." "That's right! what is it?" "Wesley." "Wesley! John Wesley! that's my name too. Have you any more names?" "Yes, I have." "So much the better—the more the merrier. What's your other name?" "Jarvis." "That's odd enough—that's my name too. Who's your father?" "Jarvis, the painter—and mother says he is a very bad man."

I must go back to Philadelphia and the days of the painter's childhood. Jarvis has said, "In my schoolboy days the painters in Philadelphia were Clark, a miniature painter—Gal-

agher, a painter of portraits and signs, he was a German who, with his hat over one eye, was more *au fait* at walking Chesnut-street, than at either face or sign painting—then there was Jeremiah Paul, who painted better and would hop farther than any of them—another, who painted red lions and black bears, as well as beaux or belles, was old Mr. Pratt, and the last that I remember of that day was Rutter, an honest sign painter, who never pretended or aspired to paint the human face divine, except to hang on the outside of a house: these worthies, when work was plenty—flags and fire-buckets, engines and eagles in demand—used to work in partnership, and I, between school hours, worked for them all, delighted to have the command of a brush and a paint pot. Such was my introduction to the ‘fine arts’ and their professors.

“About this time I first saw Stuart, who occasionally employed Paul to letter a book—for example, the books in the portrait of Washington, which Jerry thought it no dishonour to execute: the two great men, however, quarrelled, and Paul threatened to slap Stuart’s face—trusting, I presume, to being able to hop out of the way of his arm. Mr. Pratt was at this time, say 1790, an old man, and as he encouraged my visits, I frequently passed my out-of-school hours at his shop, making figures of what passed for men and things by dint of daubing on my part, and imagination on the part of the beholder.

“Dr. Rush, seeing my propensity to have a hand in the manufactory of monsters, the many-coloured offspring of this combination of genius, persuaded my father, as the time had arrived when I must learn something besides *learning*, or expect to starve with the Philadelphia market at my elbow, to make a painter of me. But I did not like the prospect of making one in a partnership of Paul, Pratt, Rutter, and Gallagher; and as I saw in the prints displayed at the shop windows, something much more perfect, and more to my taste, I preferred being an engraver. To this my father assented, and Savage being at that time the publisher of prints, some of which with his name to them I then admired, I was bound apprentice to the most ignorant beast that ever imposed upon the public. He painted what he called fancy pieces and historical subjects, and they were published as being designed and engraved by him, though his painting was execrable, and he knew nothing of engraving. He was not qualified to teach me any art but that of deception. There he was a master—at drawing or painting I was *his* master. Fortunately, as he could neither draw nor engrave, it was necessary for him to

employ one who could, and who did not wish the honour of having his name affixed to the fancies of the Savage.

"Mr. David Edwin had arrived in America with more skill than money, and Savage engaged him to engrave for him. Not long after this my master removed to New-York, and took Edwin with him. I followed of course. From Mr. Edwin I learned to draw and to engrave, and we worked for the fame and profit of the *great Savage*. Yet I had no intention of becoming a portrait painter. Edwin returned to Philadelphia, and soon, by engraving some of Stuart's portraits, became known and extensively employed. I made all my master's pictures, engraved them, printed them, and delivered them to customers. I remained with him until my time of service expired, and, 'bating some pranks and unlucky tricks, I served him faithfully.

"I began to engrave on my own account; but Edwin visiting New-York, asked me to go and see a great portrait painter, not long since arrived, and full of employment—with of course his pockets full of money. I went to the painting room of Mr. Martin, and found him overwhelmed with business. 'This,' said Edwin, 'is the best portrait painter in New-York.' 'If that is the case,' said I, 'I will be the best portrait painter in New-York to-morrow, for I can paint better than Mr. Martin.' And I have been at it ever since."

I reminded Jarvis of a portrait of Hogg, the comedian, very like, but flat and dingy, which I had seen when honest John Hogg kept a porter house in Nassau-street. "That was one of my first," said Jarvis, "and my old friend Gallagher, being then in New-York, helped me. I was the best painter, because others were worse than bad—so *bad* was the best. There was a man of the name of Buddington, who shared in face making; but I beat him at it."

My first recollections of Mr. Jarvis, go no further back than about 1805-6. He had in conjunction with Mr. Joseph Wood for some time occupied rooms in Park-row, between the theatre and Beekman-street; here, he says, he taught Wood to draw "from the round," and as Wood applied himself particularly to miniature painting, he seized an accidental opportunity of introducing him to Malbone; and *his* instruction made Wood an artist. Malbone came into the painting-room of Jarvis with some ladies, to see the pictures, and Jarvis having before seen him, entered into conversation, and took an opportunity to call in Wood, and introduce him as one wishing instruction in miniature painting. This led to the offer on Malbone's part to impart any knowledge he possessed; and

to his instructing both Jarvis and Wood, in his mode of proceeding, from the preparation of ivory to the finishing the picture, and they both became painters of miniature.

Mr. Jarvis tells me that about this time he invented a machine for drawing profiles on glass. The outline being rapidly drawn on one side the glass, was blacked as rapidly on the other ; and for each of these, he and Wood (both worked at it, and occasionally an assistant, hired by the day) had a dollar—they likewise made the profiles on gold leaf, shadowing a little by hatching—for each of these they had five dollars, and frequently shared between them a hundred dollars a day. This was of course while the thing was a novelty. These were piping times—and what with Jarvis's humour, Wood's fiddling and fluting—and the painting executed by each, they had a busy and merry time of it. But I fear "*merry and wise*," was never the maxim which guided either.

The artists indulged in the excitements, and experienced the perplexities of *mysterious marriages* ; and it is probable that these perplexities kept both poor, and confined them to the society of young men, instead of that respectable communion with ladies, and the refined circles of the city, which Malbone enjoyed : and I have reason to think, that these mysteries and perplexities caused the dissolution of the partnership of Jarvis and Wood on no friendly terms.

I remember Mr. Jarvis in a painting-room in Broadway, nearly opposite the City Hotel, fully occupied in painting profile portraits on Bristol-board at five dollars each ; very like and very pretty. Portraits in oil, or miniatures on ivory, were done if required.

Those studies which are necessary to the formation of a good painter, were not neglected by Jarvis. He studied anatomy with Dr. John Augustine Smith ; and when my friend Dr. John W. Francis returned from Europe, in the year 1816, bringing with him the splendid edition of Gall and Spurzheim, whose work my friend was warmly interested in, he showed it to Jarvis—Jarvis asked the favour of studying the book. He kept the volume many months. "When I afterwards saw him," says Dr. Francis, "he remarked, 'this book of Spurzheim's elevates our art to a science : it has principles of value to the artist. If I have any merit as a portrait-painter, so be it ; I may have depicted Lavater : but Spurzheim renders the artist the phrenological delineator. Look at even Houbraken's heads ; see the portraits in the Spectator : every forehead is of the same height—every pericranium of the same rotundity—every wig of the same form and dimensions.'" Jarvis may

probably be considered the first painter in this country who applied phrenological science to the principles of the art of portrait painting.

Jarvis studied Gall and Spurzheim assiduously. He thought he saw in the science great advantage to the painter, and entered into the views of the phrenologists most enthusiastically. He likewise studied modelling in clay, and a head of Thomas Paine, who wrote "*Common Sense*," and played the fool, is now in the library of the Historical Society, modelled by Jarvis. These men were at one time intimates and house-mates,—how much the painter profited by the precepts and example of Tom Paine, in the latter stage of his existence, the reader may judge. He could not but admire his genius; and few things are more dangerous than admiration of a misled man of uncommon talents.

Baltimore was the field in which our painter reaped a rich harvest for more than one year. He left his family in New-York. I remember that in returning from Philadelphia, I joined Jarvis in the Raritan steamboat, and he told me he came from Baltimore, and should return again; but it being late in April, he came on to New-York to see to the moving of his family on the first of May, according to the custom of the place.

Jarvis could not, or would not see the merit of Stuart. He occasionally had commissions to copy portraits by Stuart, and it appeared to me, that with all his cleverness, he could not imitate Stuart's colouring. I saw him at work upon a copy of Judge Benson, and remarked the difference of tone. "I will give the colour of nature," said Jarvis, "that's not nature," pointing to the original. I have seen a letter of his, in which, speaking of Stuart's pictures, he says, "I should like to set my name down amongst those who do not think him so great, as some say he is."

In the autumn of 1807, Mr. Sully's business in New-York had so slackened, that he offered himself to Jarvis as an assistant,—the latter having then the run. Jarvis said it was a great shame, that such a man should want to work as his assistant; but he gave Sully employment, and paid him liberally.

Mr. Sully once told me, that calling on Jarvis, he was shown into his room, and left to wait some minutes before he entered. He saw a book on the table amidst palettes, brushes, tumblers, candlesticks and other heterogeneous affairs, and on opening it, he found a life of Morland. When Jarvis came into the room, Sully sat with his hand on the book, which lay

open on the table. "Do you know why I like that book?" said Jarvis. "I suppose because it is the life of a painter." was the reply. "Not merely that," rejoined the other, "it is because I think he was like myself."

What reflections does such a remark suggest! That a man could possibly derive pleasure from contemplating such an image as the life and character of Morland presents, and at the same time considering it as a likeness of himself, is incomprehensible. My readers probably know that Morland was a greater brute than the pigs he delighted to portray: but Jarvis was a man of far superior character, both for intellect and feeling, than Morland.

The last anecdote reminds me of the usual appearance of this eccentric man's painting room. Esels, palettes, some fresh set and others with dry paint on them, brushes, clean or otherwise, pictures finished, or half finished, or just begun, a table in the centre of the room with glasses, bottles, decanters, empty or half full, chalk, and scraps of paper, with or without sketches, and in the midst, perhaps, a lady's hat and shawl. Once, in addition to all this, when I entered his room at his request, I found his wife with her infant and a cradle, with all the etceteras of a nursery. This was not a *mysterious wife*, but a delicate and ladylike woman, before marriage Miss —, and used to those comforts which result from order, and may be obtained at much less expense both of money and of time, than the *discomforts* arising from confusion, carelessness, waste, and extravagance. Besides the above mentioned mass of heterogeneous materials, I saw a side-table with a set of musical glasses, on which he gave me a tune with great adroitness. With the utmost profusion in lavishing money, there appeared to be in Jarvis no notion of order or comfort, and much less of elegance; on the contrary, all around him evinced, if not a studied, at least an overwhelming confusion—a chaos *hastening to destruction*.

Mr. Jarvis was fond of notoriety from almost any source, and probably thought it aided him in his profession. His dress was generally unique. His long coat, trimmed with furs like a Russian prince or potentate from the north pole, must be remembered by many; and his two enormous dogs, which accompanied him through the streets, and often carried home his market basket, will be remembered by all who were children in New-York at the time.

We shall see that later in life the painter visited the cities further south than Baltimore; and by his humour, his convivial talents, his story-telling, and his untiring capability of remaining at the table, as well as by his talents as an artist

became the favoured guest of the proverbially hospitable south. Generally in New-York in the summer, he received his southern friends in their annual passage to and from the springs and the Canadas, and was happy to return, in his way, their dinners and suppers. This was done with the same profusion and confusion as he ordered other affairs. One of these dinners, as described to me by one of the guests, will serve to elucidate his character, and I will attempt to repeat the description.

Some southerners having arrived, to whom he wished to return civilities and do honour, the painter invited several gentlemen of note to meet them. This was before his marriage with the lady above named. He then had his rooms in Wall-street, and Pierre Van Wyke, the recorder of the city, had his office below, in the same house. With Van Wyke, as with most of the gentlemen of the city at that time, he was intimate; and among others Van Wyke and G. C. Verplank were invited to meet the strangers. They sat down to a table profusely covered with every good and costly viand the market could afford; venison, pheasants, and canvass-back ducks tempted the appetite, although knives with broken handles, and forks with one prong made the operations of carving and eating somewhat awkward and difficult, and excited no little surprise among the guests who were not aware of the painter's habits. Wine was as plenty and of as great variety as the meats, and the wine glasses of various sizes, but principally of the largest calibre and most profound depth, such as would not allow of the repetition of Sam Foote's pun—however old the liquor—"Your glass of wine is very little of its age," would not apply here. The mode of opening a bottle (decanters there were none) was by breaking off the top of the cork and thrusting the remainder down the neck with a greasy fork—a cork-screw would have smacked too much of order.

"Jarvis," said the recorder, "I want some small drink—here's nothing but wine." "Give the recorder the brandy bottle!" "No, no, give me some small beer, or some water." "We don't know such things—there is porter and ale." "Some ale, then." "Tom! give the recorder some ale." After a pause, Van Wyke says, "Jarvis, where is this ale of yours?" "Tom! why don't you give the recorder some ale?" "There's no tumbler, sir." "No tumbler!" "No, sir." "Well, throw the soap out of my shaving cup."

In the course of Mr. Jarvis's very extensive practice, he painted the portrait of Bishop Benjamin Moore, of New-York; and that eminently worthy gentleman used to tell of

one of Jarvis's quick and humorous thoughts with great glee. During one of the sittings, religion became the subject of conversation, and the bishop asked Jarvis some questions relative to his belief or his practice. The painter, with an arch look, but as if intent upon catching the likeness of the sitter, waved his hand and said, "Turn your face more that way, and *shut your mouth.*"

In the year 1808, (or 9,) Mr. Jarvis married the lady mentioned in a preceding page, and I believe about the same time raised his prices to \$100 for a head, and \$150 for head and hands. Some time before, I find by a letter of John Randolph, of Roanoke, that he paid Jarvis for his portrait \$80. The size is not mentioned. It may be presumed that raising the price diminished the number of sitters in New-York; be that as it may, the painter, in the autumn of 1810, visited Charleston, South Carolina, where he found no objection to his prices, and a welcome reception given to his inexhaustible fund of table entertainment.

In or about the year 1814, Mr. Jarvis had possession, I presume by purchase, of Wertmüller's Danae; and exhibited it in the same house in which he painted, in Murray-street, near Broadway. Here Henry Inman became his pupil, or apprentice: but Jarvis had, soon after, better accommodations at the old Bowling-green house, built for the president of the United States at the adoption of the federal constitution—afterward assigned to the governor of the state, and for a time occupied by Governor George Clinton; but at the time of which we speak, divided between the collector of the customs, Jarvis, and the gods. The lower part of the building was the custom house, and in the upper the casts sent from Paris by Chancellor Livingston were deposited, and there Jarvis had his painting room. This was a good opportunity for the study of the antique, and no doubt was useful to the painter and his pupils. In the summer of 1813, Mr. Jarvis painted in Baltimore, and his pictures exhibited in Philadelphia are catalogued as of Jarvis of Baltimore.

When he went, for the first time, to New Orleans, he took Henry Inman with him. To use his own words—"My purse and pockets were empty. I spent 3000 dollars in six months, and brought 3000 to New-York. The next winter I did the same."

He used to receive six sitters a day. A sitting occupied an hour. The picture was then handed to Henry Inman, who painted upon the back ground and drapery under the master's directions. Thus six portraits were finished each week.

This was said in the summer of 1834, after having passed the previous winter at the same place, and returned a paralytic. The organs of speech which once kept the table in a roar, were no longer at the command of the enfeebled mind and imperfect memory, and could only by painful effort be brought to give sluggish utterance to disjointed language. He said he had not painted while at New-Orleans last winter; he could not get a room to suit him; there were none but three-story rooms to be had, and ladies would not go up in the garret. "I roomed with Hill, who plays the Yankee characters; I used to go to the theatre every night through the mud. One night I fell down in the mud, and I lamed my arm; I could not get up again; and there I lay till three watchmen picked me up; one of them gave me my knife and I walked off. 'Why he is not drunk,' says one to t'other." Mr. Jarvis has often and habitually shown his care for, and love of his fellow creatures; he now knows that it is man's duty to care for his own prosperity—to love himself, that the love to his neighbour may be efficient. To preserve the gifts bestowed upon us is a duty, which if not performed, brings repentance. In a letter before me he thus speaks of the place where a few years ago every house was open to him, and he spent his thousands in a few months, and brought away thousands in his pocket. "New-Orleans is more disagreeable than ever; I say nothing about the mud; but a lodging was not to be had. I did not know what to do. I thought I would have to cut my throat, get drunk, or sleep with a negro. But now I have a room to sleep in—they call it boarding—the weather has been decent these few days, so I went to market to see if there was any thing in it. I saw some beef, alias carrion, a few pokes, *an owl*, some crows, a few toad stools, and a smoked dog." But with a constitution of uncommon strength, and uninterrupted health, it took years to produce this wreck—years, passed, as it would appear to some, in pleasure—to others in a mad pursuit of misery.

But it was immediately after Jarvis's two *first* visits to New-Orleans that he painted those full-length portraits of military and naval heroes which will keep him in public remembrance for a short-lived immortality, by their situation in the City Hall of New-York, and their great merit. These pictures, by being the most difficult works he ever executed, tested the knowledge he had obtained by his exertions amidst apparent inattention to study and real waste of nature's gifts in dissipation. They are historical portraits, painted with skill and force—real representations of men and character; throwing

most of the pictures painted for the city of New-York previously, far in the back-ground. In the year 1812 I remember meeting Jarvis in that room, afterward enriched by his pencil, and *even then* he anticipated painting full-lengths for the corporation of the city. The pictures then in the room were the governors of the state painted by Trumbull. "One of these days," said Jarvis, "you and I will be employed in painting for this room." "You may," I replied, "but there are no miniatures wanted." This was some time before I attempted to recover my oil-brush. "We shall see," was Jarvis's rejoinder. He did see; and performed the task he was called to very much to his credit; although it is little to the credit of the *then* rulers of the city, that no specimen of Stuart's unrivalled pencil is to be found on the walls of its public hall.

After the war was over, and no more heroes were to be made by the cannon's mouth or the pencil's point, Jarvis continued to visit the south in the winter and return north in the summer, like the Carolinians and the snipe and woodcock. Having returned to New-York from Charleston or New-Orleans, he met an old acquaintance in the street and saluted him with the usual "How d'ye do?" The reply was, "Very well, I'm always well; and how are you?" "*Well?*" cried Jarvis; "*Well!* I have not heard such an answer to that question for many a month. We don't talk so in the south." "Why, what do they say there to a 'how are you?'" "Rather better to day than I was yesterday; but not so well as I was last Wednesday."

To sing a good song is the bane of many a good fellow, and the merry story-teller frequently makes his home a house of mourning, while he sinks an object of pity to a premature grave. It is an old Joe Miller joke that the fiddle of the company is hung behind the street-door when the master visits his family; but I am afraid it is too true to be considered a joke.

I will endeavour to give the reader a faint idea of some of the stories which made the highly-gifted man we are considering a Yorick at the convivial board. Not that I can give his words or convey any notion of his peculiar manner—a manner which gave point to a remark which, from another, might pass unnoticed.

In the year 1826 I met him in the Park on a rejoicing day. "When I see *our folks* at such times as this," said he, "it puts me in mind of the story of the young man from the interior, who, coming to New-York, went on board one of our frigates, and it happened while he was there a salute was fired

by the ship. 'By God!' he exclaimed, 'we are a great people!'"

An artist, now of high standing, told me that some years ago, as he was travelling in the stage to the seat of government, his attention was attracted to a fellow passenger by the utter want of decency in his appearance and conduct. His mouth was in a disgustingly filthy condition from his chewing a piece of a cigar, while streams of yellow saliva issued from the corners, descending upon and staining his shirt. During the ride this filthy figure took a miniature from his pocket and showed it to the young artist, asking his opinion. He praised it, but remarked something he thought wrong. "Aha! you are an artist." The young man felt that he ought not to accept the title and evaded giving an answer, but asked who painted the picture? "I did," and after a time his dirty companion announced himself as Jarvis. After arriving at Washington he met him at a ball, and was introduced to him. He was now dressed in black, and appeared like a gentleman.—"I observed," said the young man, "that he was well known to many, but always addressed with a familiarity little allied to respect."

Some of his humour was what is called manual; not precisely that refined wit which removes the chair from the expectant sitter and displays him prostrate for the delight of an enlightened company; but preserving so much of the character that one friend is exposed in his peculiarities or weaknesses for the amusement of other friends.

It will appear strange to many, and I confess that it appears strange to me, although the fact has been long known, that men of the first standing in our society, rich men, elderly men, with families at home, should habitually meet at a porter-house to drink beer or brandy, and seek amusement in the babble that beer and brandy generate. At a certain porter-house in New-York Jarvis frequently appeared, and met several men much older than himself, with others, and amused one part of the company by *playing off* another. Three or four of these worthies had hobbies which they delighted to ride. A cashier of a bank made astronomy his study—a rich merchant directed the movements of the European armies—an old ship-captain quoted poetry by the yard, and other prozers had nags equally unsuited for their bestriding. Jarvis's joke was to sit by the astronomer and drink and smoke until he had got him among the stars; then steal off unperceived, and set the merchant to moving armies, and the captain to moving heaven and earth with divine poesy, and thus, having got all the talkers

involved in words and smoke, he would move to a convenient distance, and with those who were in the secret, enjoy the confusion of tongues and subjects, each smoking his cigar very seriously, and occasionally putting in a question to keep up the motion of the hobby riders.

It is said, that on seeing a tall, melancholy looking Frenchman walking very solemnly down Broadway, with a very large cigar box under his arm, Jarvis placed himself immediately behind, imitated his funereal step; and as he saw an acquaintance likely to join in the fun, he would by signs bring him to follow in the train; until he got up a string of some length, walking in solemn procession. The bearer of the box, on turning a corner, looked round and saw that he had a suite of attendants, of whose motives he could form no notion. He stopped—the procession stopped. “Gentlemens, vat you mean? Vat you mean, gentlemens?” Jarvis answered, “Seeing that you were a foreigner, sir, and no friends to assist you at the burial of your child, we thought to show our respect by attending the funeral.”

While residing at the hospitable mansion of a southern planter, the owner being for some days absent, the painter played the following freak. The house stood a little way from the road; a gate being in front, and near it a large dog kennel, which had not for years had an inhabitant. Jarvis took paints and brush, and wrote on this dog-house, in front and on the sides, “Take care of the dog.” It was then his amusement to see the passing neighbours or travellers approach, and suddenly stop—read the inscription, and cautiously cross to the other side of the road. If a horseman came cantering up, the speed was checked and the road crossed, or a spur given to the steed, and a quickened pace insured.—Those who wished to come to the house avoided the gate, and took a back way—“Take care of the dog,” changed the course of the whole county. At length the owner of the plantation returned; and, startled as the rest had been, avoided the gate. “Why, Jarvis, what have you got in the dog-kennel?” “A dog, to be sure! come and see.” They went—and the painter took out of the dog-house a puppy which had not yet seen the light. “Poor little fellow!” said Jarvis, “don’t you think it is necessary to *take care* of him?”

At Charleston, South Carolina, where he long continued a great favourite, on one occasion, at a large dinner party, after the wine had circulated freely, and had banished form; and from some of the convivialists, not only form but discretion; it was proposed that the company should club, and make up

a sum, which should be the prize to the man who told the greatest and most palpable *lie*. This was readily agreed to, and the prize sum deposited. The president began—and the monkey's tail, of a mile in length, was nothing to what he had seen in his travels. Lie followed lie; and as it is easy to heap absurdity upon absurdity, and extravagance on enormous exaggeration; and as easy to excite laughter and command applause, where champagne has been enthroned in the seat of judgment—each lie was hailed with shouts of approbation and bursts of merriment. One of the company, who sat next to Jarvis, had exceeded all the competitors, and unanimous admiration seemed to insure to him the prize. The *lie* was so monstrous and so palpable, that it was thought wit or ingenuity could not equal it. Still something was expected from the famous story-teller, and every eye was turned on the painter. He appeared to be very serious; and placing his hand on his breast and bowing his head, he gravely said, “Gentlemen, I assure you that I fully and unequivocally believe every word the last gentleman has uttered.” A burst of applause followed, and the prize was adjudged to Jarvis.

But of Jarvis's stories it is very difficult to give an idea.—He introduced them well and pointed them happily. Beside that his hearers were generally, if not excited by wine, or whiskey punch, at least divested of all worldly care for the moment, and ready for frolic and fun. Few *readers* are in this state. However, I shall endeavour to tell two or three of those stories in sober black and white, which have amused the companions of the painter at the board, or the auditors of Mathews in the theatre; for the comedian derived some of his best extravaganzas from the Yankee painter. Mathews told the following to the writer in private company, and he repeated it to Hacket at Utica, before he made the stage his profession. Hacket has since dramatized it, with what success I know not; but as the incident is very simple, I should think it was not sufficiently dramatic for the theatre.

“An old French gentleman, who resided at Charleston, as a place of refuge from the horrors of the Parisian revolution and massacres, anxiously awaited a letter from his only child, a daughter, left in Paris. This gentleman's name was *Mallet*, which, as my readers know, is by the French pronounced *Mallai*. The interest, or the humour of the story of Monsieur Mallet, rests altogether on the different modes of pronouncing the name by French or Englishmen. The emigrant is supposed to be a man of rank, with the courteous manners of a noble of the old school, and all the national vivacity, with the

irritability of the pampered aristocracy of the monarchical regime. He goes to the post-office, with the anxious feelings of a parent, who had been obliged to leave his child exposed to dangers from which he had fled; and he knocks at the window where inquiries for letters are made. The clerk opens the little door which supplies the place of a pane of glass, and presents his face as ready to answer questions. "Sair, if you please, sair, have you any lettaire for Monsieur Mallai?"—The clerk looks among the M's, and then answers respectfully, "None, sir." "Mon Dieu! is it possible? It is ver strange, sair. It is now more dan six mont dat I hear noting from my shilde, my daughter, sair." "None, sir;" and the little door is shut. Monsieur Mallet bows and walks away. Again and again Monsieur Mallet appears, and knocks, and asks for a letter for Monsieur Mallai, and receives the same answer, "None, sir." At length, having received the usual answer, he makes request for search, with the utmost politeness. "I pray you, sair, be so good look again; perhaps it is mislaid: it is now more dan six monts since I hear noting of my daughter, who is in Paris, and exposed, sair, for my sake, for de sake of her fader, to all de ferocity of de Jacobin regicide faction, and de fury——" "I have looked—there is no letter for you." "Oh! mon Dieu! she must have been sacrificed! My dear sair!——" The door is shut. The poor old gentleman walks sorrowfully away. This goes on, with every variation that the good teller of good stories can invent.

At length when Monsieur Mallet is sitting at the café and reading the newspapers, he sees a long list of letters advertised by the post-office, as uncalled for. Eagerly, though hopelessly, he looks over the columns, and to his astonishment he sees a letter noticed for Monsieur Mallet, as one that had not been asked for. His blood both natural and aristocratical boils with rage. He seizes the newspaper and hastens to the post-office, determined to convict the postmaster or clerk. He has the evidence of their guilt and falsehood in his pocket. He knocks as usual, and assumes a look of more than usual courtesy. The clerk appears, with no very pleasant aspect. "So, sair, I suppose dare is no lettaire for Monsieur Mallai—ha?" "There is no arrival since you were here this morning." "And dare is noting for Monsieur Mallai—ha?" "Nothing." "No lettaire?" "I tell you none." "A ha! None!" His rage breaking out by degrees. "None! You will please to look again, sair!" "I have looked again and again, and I tell you there is none." "Stop sair, don't you shut dat leetle door in my face!—Dare is no lettaire for Mon-

sieur Mallai? "Now sair," producing the newspaper, "for vat you tell me mont after mont dat dare is *none! none!* I will show you, sair, look at dis paper, sair; is dis from your post-offeece?" "To be sure it is." "Aha! It is; den look dare, dare is a lettaire for Monsieur Mallai! dare sair, dare!" striking the paper with his finger and trembling with rage. "It may be *there*, but there is none *here*." "Vat sair, you deny your own advertisement? Look dare sair, look dare!" and he gives the paper and points to the name. "O, for Mr. Mallet; yes, here has been a letter for Mr. Mallet this three months, it has never been inquired for, there it is." The enraged noble takes the letter. "Mon Dieu! tree mont, and I suffaire, you scoundrel! you dam post-offeece! I come every day and ask for it dis tree, four mont." "You *never* asked for it!"

An altercation takes place; the enraged father forgets what it is that he holds in his hand; the insult to his dignity by the denial of his assertion, drives from his mind all other images—the daughter—the precious letter is not thought of, and as he raves he tears the document, which he had so long yearned for, into pieces, and scatters the fragments, when reduced to the smallest size, in every direction to the winds. He is brought to his senses by a demand for the postage. He looks for the letter—he feels his pocket—he is soon convinced that the intelligence from his daughter, so long and anxiously sought, has been irretrievably lost by the indulgence of rage at its detention. If there is any moral to the tale it is, that the indulgence of passion inevitably leads to misery and repentance.

This post-office story suggests another, which I will tell, though not one of Jarvis's. An English merchant, whose name was unfortunately adapted to the addition of that aspirate which causes such murder of the king of England's language, for in that country the language is the king's, although they may have imported him from Germany or Holland, where he never heard it spoken. Thus the cockney who talks of *hatmospheric hair* is said to murder the king's English. So our English trader, whose name was Ogton, always called himself by the degrading appellation of Hogtown, following the London practice of adding an *h* in speaking, when it was necessarily omitted in writing.

In the earlier times of his residence in America, and before the clerks of the post-office knew his person or he had clerks to send for his despatches, he called day after day to inquire if there were "any letters for John Hogtown?" and the inva-

riable reply was, "None, sir." "Very strange," said he, and he began to feel as uneasy about his goods and bills of exchange as Monsieur Mallet about his daughter. One day after the usual question of "Any letters for John Hogtown?" His eye followed the clerk and he observed that he was looking among the letters beginning with *H*. "Olooh!" cried honest John, "what are you doing there? I said John Hogtown." "I know it sir, and I am looking for John Hogtown. There is nothing for you sir." "Nay, nay!" shouted John, "don't look among the *haitchcs*, look among the *hoecs*." And among the *O*'s, John Ogton's letters had been accumulating for months. We can scarcely conceive a more efficacious lesson to mend a merchant's cacophony.

Another story, which Mathews dressed up for John Bull, originated with Jarvis. From a friend I have what I suppose to be the original scene. My friend was passing the painter's room, when he suddenly threw up the windows and called him in, saying, "I have something for your criticism, that you will be pleased with." He entered, expecting to see a picture, or some other specimen of the fine arts, but nothing of the kind was produced—he was, however, introduced with a great deal of ceremony as Monsieur B—, "celebrated for his accurate knowledge of the English language, and intimate critical acquaintance with its poetry—particularly Shakespeare." Mr. A—, as I shall call my friend, began to understand Jarvis's object in calling him in.—After a little preliminary conversation, Jarvis said, "I hope, Monsieur B—, you still retain your love of the drama?" "O certainly, sir, wid my life I renounce it." "Mr. A—, did you ever hear Monsieur recite?" "Never." "Your recitations from Racine, Monsieur—will you oblige us?"

The polite and vain Frenchman was easily prevailed upon to roll out several long speeches, from Racine and Corneille with much gesticulation and many a well-rounded *R*. This was only to introduce the main subject of entertainment. "Monsieur B— is not only remarkable, as you hear, for his very extraordinary recitations from the poets of his native land, but for his perfect conquest over the difficulties of the English language, in the most difficult of all our poets—Shakspeare. He has studied Hamlet and Macbeth thorough—and if he would oblige us—do Monsieur B—, do give us 'To be, or not to be.' " "Sur, the language is too difficult—I make great efforts to be sure, but still the foreigner is to be detected." This gentleman's peculiarities were in extreme

precision and double efforts with the *th* and the other shibboleths of English. The unsuspecting and vain man is soon induced to give Hamlet's soliloquy, the *th* forced out as from a pop-gun, and some of the words irresistibly comic. "But, Monsieur B—, you are particularly great in Macbeth—that 'if it were done, when it is done,' and, 'peep through the blanket,'—come, let us have Macbeth." Then followed Macbeth's soliloquies in the same style. All this was ludicrous enough, but upon this foundation Jarvis raised a superstructure, which he carried as high as the zest with which it was received by his companions, his own feelings, or other circumstances prompted or warranted. The unfortunate Monsieur B— was imitated and caricatured with most laugh-provoking effect; but to add to the treat, he was made not only to recite, but to comment and criticize. "If it were done," "peep through the blanket," and, "catch with the sursease, success," gave a rich field for the imaginary critic's commentaries—then he would expose, and overthrow Voltaire's criticisms, and give as examples of the true sublime in tragedy, the scene of the witches in Macbeth.

"Huen shall we ththree meet aggen?" but, "mounched, and mounched, and mounched," was a delicious feast for the critic—and "rump fed rronion," gave an opportunity to show that the English witch was a true John Bull, and fed upon the "rump of the beef," "thither in a sieve I'll sail and like a rat without a tail, I'll do—I'll do—I'll do," being recited in burlesque imitation, gives an opportunity for comment and criticism, something in this manner. "You see not only how true to nature, but to the science of navigation all this is. If the rat had a tail, he could steer the sieve as the sailor steer his ship by the rudder; but if he have no tail, he cannot command the navigation, that is the course of the sieve; and it will run round—and round—and round—that is what the witch say—'I'll do—I'll do—I'll do!'"—But how can the humour of the story-teller be represented by the writer—or how can I dispose my reader to receive a story dressed in cold black and white—in formal type—with the same hilarity which attends upon the table, and the warm and warming rosy wine? The reader has perceived the want of these magical auxiliaries in the above. But all Jarvis's stories did not want the aid of the bottle to give them zest. I remember meeting him when soberly walking in the Mall, at Boston, and he gave as a travelling incident connected with his journey from New-York, the following narrative, which if I mistake not, does not require the powers of the goblet to support it.

“We had for companions in the stage four travellers like ourselves, and two of them luckily proved characters. General Q—, who is a most dignified personage, and so self-important as to be unapproachable, and a sprightly little French gentleman who had no hesitation in approaching any one. He had seen enough of the world to know how to make himself agreeable, and he had all the ‘dispositions in the world’ to do so. The foreign gentleman soon addressed the American general with ‘*Wer fine weddair, sair!*’ The great man drew himself to his greatest height—not less than six feet two—and answered by something like a sound you may have heard from a pigpen, a kind of ‘humph.’ By and by the French gentleman took out his snuff box, gave it a lively tap, and presented this link in the social system to the military hero, who drew back without even deigning a bow of thanks. The box was handed round, and Henry and I took each a pinch and entered into conversation with the owner; who, as if he was determined not to be repulsed by the ill-breeding of the self-sufficient yankee general, (who, by the by, came from south of the Delaware, again with great suavity of manner took the opportunity which a jolt gave, to remark on the state of the roads; but he only received a still more repulsive ‘humph.’ The Frenchman then turned his back upon the warrior, and without appearing to notice his insolence, entered again into familiar chat with less dignified companions of the voyage, but from that time he began to show marked contempt for the general.

“At the end of the day’s journey, we were all shown into the room appropriated to travellers who journey by the stage; but the general, as if his dignity had been offended by such democratic treatment, after a minute or two of surly silence, called loudly for the waiter. Instantly the Frenchmen echoed him—‘*Vaitaire?*’ The general looked at the little man and seated himself. The little man looked at the great general, and took his seat also. The waiter, an Irishman, entered and stood between the incipient belligerents, looking unutterable mis-intelligence. ‘Bring me a pair of slippers!’ said the man of insulted dignity. ‘Bring a me *two* pair sleepaire!’ shouted Monsieur. The general looked ten thousand contempts. Pat stood like Francis between fat Jack and lean Hal. ‘Give me a candle, sir!’ said the *militaire*. ‘Bring a me, sair, *two* can-daille!’ shouted the foreigner. Pat was immovable—an image of confusion worse confounded. ‘Quick, sir,’ said the general, ‘show me to a bed.’ ‘Queek, sair,’ was the echo, ‘show me to *two* beds.’

“The general kept up his dignity by retiring from the contest, and the next day proceeded in a private carriage.

“‘Now if I know the maining of this, I’ll be bothered!’ said Pat.” It means that common courtesy when travelling smooths the road better than macadamizing.

I dramatized this story in a farce called “A trip to Niagara,” and with effect. I will attempt one more of Jarvis’s stories; which, as I did not hear it from him, the reader may imagine to be in Jarvis’s language or in mine, as seems most agreeable to his notions of verisimilitude.

“Some years ago, when it fell out that in the fall of the year the yellow fever visited New-York before the ‘yellow leaf’ appeared in the country, I took refuge at a farmer’s house on Long Island, where I saved *my* bacon and eat *his*. He had an empty building about half a mile off, which I hired for my painting room, and thither conveyed my unfinished pictures, my paints, brushes, oils, and varnishes, and took my seat, palette, and maul-stick in hand by my esel. No one came to see me, for I had nothing to eat or drink at this place, and the only living creature that patronized me was a cat. I thought at first that she was one of the farmer’s family; but soon found that puss was a fixture in my painting establishment, and never moved any distance from the door, that is, not out of doors, generally sleeping near my esel, (as soon as she found that I was a quiet, inoffensive creature like herself,) and every day, about a certain hour, walked lazily up stairs to the garret. I say lazily, for she was too fat to move otherwise. The plump and sleek condition of this cat, caused a concatenation of conjectures to pass through my mind with the force of projectiles from a catapult—in short, my thoughts were like a *cataclysm*, and overwhelmed me like a *cataract*: to give you a *catalogue* of them is impossible. The question was, ‘how could this *cat*-creature keep up fat and flesh in a place where there was nothing to eat?’ This worried me thin. I could not paint for thinking of this fat cat. It was a secret worth the philosopher’s stone. It was the *catholicon*. If a man could live, and live fat, without eating, he might laugh at fortune and defy death. I could not make it out; and it was in vain to *catechize* the cat. Her answers, though not *catechistical*, were as far from the purpose as if they were. To *catch* the cat napping was no difficulty, for except when she took her walk up stairs, she was as stationary as a *cathead*. ‘The mystery must be in the garret, and I’ll dog the cat but I’ll find who *caters* for her.’ So thought I.

“Accordingly, the next time puss stretched herself after the usual nap, I put down palette, pencils, and maul stick, and prepared not only to follow the cat but the *catenation*, (if I could but discover it) until the *catastrophe* should be established *categorically*. Up went puss and up went I, as silent as *catgut* dissevered from horse hair. I took off my new boots, for they squeaked like *catcalls*. I tried to avoid being seen. I kept out of the line of direct vision, and there was nothing that could discover me *catoptrically*.

I saw puss very deliberately sit down and lick the bottom of her feet. “If that’s necessary,” thinks I, “I can’t do it.”—Puss having performed this leading operation with as much gout as if the soles of her feet were *cates*, or as a gourmand would lick his lips when sauced with *catsup*, she got up and traversed the centre of the room, backwards and forwards, as if confined within a circle. Looking sharply at the spot on the floor which seemed to confine her, as a *caterpillar* would be if surrounded by a ring of molasses, I saw that it was covered with small seed. This I knew would, with the saliva, form a *cataplasm*. My curiosity was now intense. The cat, having satisfied herself that all was ready for the next step, approached a window, always open, because broken half out, and making one spring, vanished. There was no light, as you perceive, thrown upon the subject by the window; but I would not lose sight of my *cater-cousin* and prospect of immortality thus. I came from the hole, as dark as a *catacomb*, where I had been ensconced, and on tiptoe went to another broken window, all the time expecting to hear a *caterwauling* on the house-top—but no, all was silent as *Cataline*. I looked out and saw puss in the gutter—on her back—her legs stiff and fixed upright as if she had been struck by *catalepsis*. In short, my teacher of a way to live forever, appeared dead and stark as a fried *catfish*. I was not long at my window before a little chipping-bird alighted on the roof, and came hopping towards puss. The little rogue shyed for a while, then started, and was winging its flight over the cat’s feet, when seeing the seed, he wheeled round, closed his wings, and descended on her forepaw. No sooner did his beak touch the bait, but the trap closed on his head—he struggled—gave a faint stream—and I saw in the *catastrophe* a *categorical* answer to all my doubts, and an end to my vision of life without eating.

“Thus you see she contrived to *cater* for herself by becoming a *cat-erect* though on her back, and every bird she made a shift to *catch* was an addition to the string of *catastrophes* on

which she feasted. I found that all the difference between puss's way of living and mine, was that she killed and dressed her own tid-bits — she 'killed her own mutton.'

"My only consolation for this overthrow of all my hopes of being a second St. Leon, was to sit down and draw up a statement of this case, which I entitled *Catology*. This document is deposited among the archives of the New-York Philosophical Society; and ensures me one kind of immortality, though I have been disappointed in that which I confess is more to my way of thinking."

The habit of entertaining boon companions, and "setting the table in a roar," unfits a man for domestic comfort. Mr. Jarvis's marriage was not a happy one. A separation took place, and the mother withheld her children from their father. Legal interference made this unhappy state of things public, and made the painter more and more reckless of the world's opinion, and apparently regardless of his own welfare.

It was about four years ago, i. e. 1830, that I met Mr. Jarvis in Broadway. I had not seen him for many months. He reproached me for not having called upon him. I told him I did not know where he lived. "Come with me and I will show you." Although it was not yet noon, I perceived that it was late in the day with Jarvis.

We turned down Vesey-street, and walked towards his quarters; and by the way he expatiated largely upon a plan he had for painting two large pictures for exhibition. "In one," said he, "I show the effects of bad habits, and strong liquors. I will paint a farm-house with every thing around it going or gone to ruin: fences down—gates broken or unhinged—windows shattered, and old hats and petticoats for panes of glass—the man of the house in rags and bloated, reeling home from a tavern—his wife sallow, dispirited and sick—the children neglected, filthy, and crying for bread. In the other picture I will exhibit the effects of industry and temperance, on another farm-house and its inmates. The house and fences neat and painted white;—all serene around, and in the distance a golden harvest. The white house, shaded by luxuriant fruit trees, the man full of health and vigour, having returned from the field, has his blooming children around him, and is plucking cherries for them, while his wife, full of health and smiling with content, looks at him she loves, and invites him in to his meal. In short, such a place as the abode of temperance must be."

By this time we had arrived at the abode of the artist, who

could conceive and describe these scenes, and a commentary on the text was given. In the front room was an esel, a palette and brushes, with the paint dried upon them. Two or three bad unfinished portraits on the floor, confused furniture in scant quantity, and a little dirty boy. The painter threw open a door, and invited me into a back apartment. It was small, and on one side was a bed, and on the other a pile of wood. Opposite to the door was a kind of cupboard. The centre of the room was occupied by a table with bottles and glasses. He opened the cupboard, and took out a decanter of brandy, a pitcher of water, and two tumblers, for which he found room on the table. "Come," said he, drink?" "No," I replied, "I belong to the white house." "Well, well," said he, filling a tumbler more than half full of brandy, "if you will not drink, you shall see me drink," and adding some water, swallowed the whole. The result of such conduct has been seen. At the age of fifty-four, an age at which men, with half the vigour that he had been blessed with by nature, are strong in body, and more strong in mind than at earlier periods, his mind and body are destroyed. The excellent artist cannot paint—the tongue which delighted the hearer is paralyzed—the memory which furnished ideas for a rich imagination to combine, is no more. With a frame of iron, and constitution of steel—with a mind to contrive, and hand to execute—nature had endowed this extraordinary man; but the good gifts were misused, the blessing of health and strength counteracted by poisons, and the name of John Wesley Jarvis, a man of great talents and kind disposition, can only be used "to point a moral or adorn a tale."

Mr. Jarvis was never a hypocrite nor a sycophant. His manners were not what are styled courteous, but they were always frank. In prosperity and adversity he met the first and best of the land as an equal. He did not disparage the works of other artists, either by words or by smiles which conveyed a sneer of contempt. Stuart alone he made war on—but it was open war on one who could defend himself. I never knew him to refuse his advice or assistance to an artist. To me he was always friendly, as an artist and a man. The depreciation of his powers have been long gradually more and more apparent, and it is due to truth that the cause should be pointed out, and particularly due to every professor of the fine arts.

I shall conclude my account of Jarvis with an extract from a communication concerning him from Dr Francis:

"Dr. Syntax never with more avidity sought after the sublime and picturesque, than did Jarvis after the scenes of many-coloured life; whether his subject was the author of

Common Sense or the notorious Baron Von Hoffman. His stories, particularly those connected with his southern tours, abounded in motley scenes and ludicrous occurrences; there was no lacking of hair-breadth escapes, whether the incidents involved the collisions of intellect, or sprung from alligators and rattlesnakes. His humour won the admiration of every hearer, and he is recognised as the master of anecdote. But he deserves to be remembered on other accounts," continues Dr. F., "his corporeal intrepidity and reckless indifference of consequences. I believe there have been not a few of the faculty who have exercised, with public advantage, their professional duties among us for a series of years, who never became as familiar with the terrific scenes of yellow fever and of malignant cholera as Jarvis did. He seemed to have a singular desire to become personally acquainted with the details connected with such occurrences; and a death-bed scene, with all its appalling circumstances, in a disorder of a formidable character, was sought after by him with the solicitude of the inquirer after fresh news. Nor was this wholly an idle curiosity. Jarvis often freely gave of his limited stores to the indigent, and he listened with a fellow feeling to the recitals of the profuse liberality with which that opulent merchant of our city, the late Thomas H. Smith,* supplied daily the wants of the afflicted and necessitous sufferer during the pestilence of 1822.

"We are indebted to Jarvis for probably the best, if not the only good drawing of the morbid effects of cholera on the human body while it existed here in 1832. During that season of dismay and danger our professional artists declined visiting the cholera hospitals, and were reluctant to delineate when the subject was brought to them. But it afforded a new topic for the consideration of Jarvis, and perhaps also for the better display of his anatomical attainments, he with promptitude discharged the task. When making a drawing from the lifeless and morbid organs of digestion, to one who inquired if he were not apprehensive of danger while thus employed, he put the interrogatory, 'Pray what part of the system is affected by the cholera?' 'The digestive organs,' was the reply. 'Oh no, then,' said Jarvis, 'for now you see I am doubly armed—I am furnished with two sets.'"

* This distinguished merchant was proverbially known as a man of unbounded liberality in the days of his adversity as well as of prosperity. During the prevalence of the yellow fever in 1822, he almost daily visited the abodes of sickness in different parts of New-York, and he often appropriated, of his own private funds, some fifty, one hundred, or more dollars in the course of the day, to the relief of the afflicted sufferers.

CHAPTER VI.

Joseph Wood—works as a silversmith—paints—joins Jarvis—removes to Philadelphia—to Washington—death—B. H. Latrobe—Sully—birth and early life—Difficulties in youth—Sully commences painting at Norfolk—removes to New York—visit to Stuart at Boston.

JOSEPH WOOD—1798.

MR. WOOD was born at Clarkstown, Orange county, state of New-York. His father was a respectable farmer, and wished his son to follow in his steps.

When Joseph was fifteen years of age he had gleaned some tidings of painters and their high estate, and feeling confident in his powers with the pencil, he determined to seek his fortune in New York.

He was attracted by some miniature pictures in the window of a silversmith's shop. He offered himself to this silversmith as an apprentice, and was received. These miniatures seem to have decided his future employment; for being permitted to attempt to make a copy of one, he so far succeeded as to encourage him in the hope of becoming a miniature painter. Working as a silversmith and attempting to paint, occupied the youth for some years, at the end of which, Wood had become acquainted with the eccentric John Wesley Jarvis.

Jarvis and Wood for a time carried on business together, having rooms near the Park Theatre. Their principal occupation was in profile likenesses, but by degrees Jarvis had employment in oil portraits, and Wood having improved, got work in miniature.

Wood's biographer says, in the Portfolio, Malbone gave him instruction, and "While he (Malbone) lived, was Wood's best friend, and when he died, he left him an example in his life, and a pattern in his works."

The friends, Jarvis and Wood, separated. Wood had for a long time his painting rooms in Broadway, and executed work enough to have secured a fortune. Such was his rapidity, that he has often finished a portrait in one day.

Mr. Wood, about the year 1806-7, removed to Philadelphia, and from thence to Washington, the seat of government, where he died at the age of fifty-four.

BENJAMIN HENRY LATROBE—1796.

Was a native of England, the youngest son of the Reverend Benjamin Latrobe, an English Moravian clergyman, and

Anna Margaret Antes, the daughter of a gentleman of Pennsylvania. The childhood of Benjamin Henry, which was passed under the age of eleven, at school in Yorkshire, gave indications of his future eminence as a draughtsman and architect, for even then he made drawings, generally original, from buildings which attracted his attention. From Yorkshire, he was sent to a Moravian seminary in Saxony, and thence to the University at Leipsic. In 1785, after three years of intense study, Mr. Latrobe left Leipsic, for the purpose of travelling, but was tempted to enter the army of the King of Prussia, and served as an officer for one campaign. He then made the tour of Europe, and studied the works of the masters in the art which he loved. On his return to England, he studied architecture and civil engineering, and immediately distinguished himself.

In 1790 he married Miss Lydia Sellen, and was appointed surveyor of the public offices in the City of London. He lost his wife in 1793, and that event, and the part he took in the great political divisions of the day, induced him to think of the United States as the future field for the exertion of his abilities, and as the country of his choice. In November 1795 he embarked, and after a passage of nearly four months, arrived at Norfolk in March 1796. Delighted with Virginia he remained in Norfolk and Richmond, until November 1798. In this interval among other professional exercises, he planned and built the penitentiary at Richmond, and examined and reported on the dismal Swamp Canal.

In 1798, on a visit to Philadelphia, when in company with the President of the bank of Pennsylvania the conversation turned upon the banking house then proposed to be built. Mr. Latrobe made a sketch of a design, while the conversation was going on, and left it with the president, without thought of the future.

In July 1798, he received a notice that his plan for the Bank of Pennsylvania was adopted, and a request to furnish instructions for the workmen. It is needless to speak of the universal approbation which this beautiful edifice has received. To superintend its erection, Mr. Latrobe removed to Philadelphia, and soon after undertook the water works which he triumphantly executed. At this period he married Miss Mary Hazlehurst. He was, in 1799, engaged in making surveys relative to a canal for uniting the waters of the Chesapeake and Delaware Bays; his report was adopted, and the work begun, but was not finished, as the subscribers did not pay up their shares. These waters have been united by a more expensive route. In 1803,

Mr. Latrobe was called to Washington by Mr. Jefferson, to complete the works begun under former administrations, and was appointed surveyor of the public buildings. Little had been done for the buildings, until Mr. Jefferson in 1803 by his influence, caused the determination in Congress to proceed to their completion, and by him Mr. Latrobe was selected to carry the resolution into effect. To finish upon another's plan, and in conflict with the interests of all who had preceded him, raised difficulties in the way of Latrobe, and he was met by opposition at every step, and assailed by misrepresentation from every quarter. But the President duly appreciated his merit, and gave him his undeviating support.

In 1808, Mr. Latrobe commenced the South wing of the Capitol, the exterior of which, of course, had to conform to the north wing, as designed by Dr. Thornton, but the interior was finished on Latrobe's plan. The navy yard being also under Mr. Latrobe's direction, he planned and erected the buildings and machinery connected therewith. In 1809, he surveyed and superintended a canal which passes through the city, uniting the main stream of the Potomac with the eastern branch. This construction reflects honour on Mr. Latrobe's skill and ingenuity.

In 1811, the south wing of the Capitol was finished ; but the approaching war caused the suspension of the public work. Mr. Latrobe has been praised for what has been termed, a new order of architecture. In the small vestibule of the east entrance of the north wing of the Capitol, the vaulted roof is supported by columns representing the stalk of the Indian corn with its fruit. The column being the stalks bound together, and the capital, the ears of corn with the husk open. In 1813 Mr. Latrobe resigned his situation at Washington ; his reasons will appear in note A, appendix. Freed from the service of the United States, Mr. Latrobe devoted his attention to the great object of supplying the city of New Orleans with water on a plan similar to that which had been so successful at Philadelphia. This work had been proposed to Latrobe in 1809 by Mr. Jefferson, and the plan matured by consultation with Governor Claiborne. The engines were to be made at Washington, and sent by sea to New Orleans, where Mr. Latrobe sent his eldest son and pupil to receive them and construct the work ; the war of 1812 rendered this dangerous, and the architect removed to Pittsburg, to carry on the work, and transport the materials by river communication. With this project was combined another in conjunction with Robert Fulton ; and Latrobe became agent of the Ohio

Steam Boat Company. In this undertaking he was unfortunate ; misunderstandings arose between him and Fulton, afterwards amicably explained, but in the mean time Latrobe was ruined ; his spirits sunk, for the first time in his life, and he abandoned himself to a state of profound despondency. Not only was he disappointed by the failure of efforts for steam navigation, but in the great project respecting New Orleans.

In this state the peace of 1814 found Mr. Latrobe, but to his mind it brought no consolation. Mrs. Latrobe, however, had seen by the papers that a law had passed for rebuilding those edifices, which a barbaric enemy, in an irruption for the purposes of destruction, had laid in ruins. Unknown to her husband she wrote to his former friends, stating his situation, and asking their influence for his reappointment to his former office. She had the gratification of carrying to her husband the answer, that the subject had been already under consideration, and there never had been a moment's hesitation as to his being appointed to rebuild the Capitol. A letter from Mr. Latrobe (Note B) in answer to one from Mr. Jefferson, will be found in the appendix, and is one of the most impressive documents relative to the destruction of Washington city, that has yet met the public eye.

In 1817, Mr. Latrobe received the intelligence of the death of his eldest son, Henry S. B. Latrobe, whose life was sacrificed to the New Orleans Water Works, as was ultimately that of his father. In 1818, Mr. Latrobe finding himself uncomfortably situated under the direction of a commissioner appointed by Congress, who was ignorant of science or art, and could not appreciate an artist, resigned and removed to Baltimore. He had, however, left specimens of his taste and skill by the erection of St. John's church, and Christ's church at Alexandria, as well as many private dwellings. In Baltimore he was employed to plan and erect the Roman Catholic cathedral, the greatest monument to his architectural fame, though not, perhaps, so perfect as the bank of Pennsylvania above mentioned. The exterior of the cathedral still wants one of its towers to lighten the dome by contrast. He likewise designed the Baltimore Exchange. Mr. Latrobe after quitting the public employ again, turned his attention to the New Orleans Water Works, and to complete them, removed to that city. He had the prospect of completing this great undertaking and making a fortune for his family, when the same cruel disease of the climate, which had deprived him of his son, robbed the world of his valuable life.

The character of Mr. Latrobe's architecture is simplicity and perfect proportion. The Grecian model had his preference, and the book he most frequently consulted was Stuart's Athens. The uncommon facility with which he used the pen and pencil gave him great advantages, and his profound knowledge, rendered his sketches perfect models for the workmen.

Mr. Latrobe was above the middle height, and his early military campaign had impressed itself upon his manner and carriage. He was a profound mathematician, and a skilful linguist, ancient and modern. He was a scientific musician, and well versed in the natural sciences of geology, entymology and botany. He never left home without his sketch-book, and his family possess drawings of scenery accumulated in his journies. His career in the United States, though a proud one for his children, was rendered painful to himself, and was finally cut short when it would have resulted in fortune for them, as well as fame to him, which was already secured. This country has felt, and must continue to feel the benefit of his exertions, not only personal, but through his pupils, Mills, Strickland and Small, and those to whom his example and instructions must *descend*.

THOMAS SULLY—1799.

This gentleman, who has long stood at the head of his profession as a portrait painter, and whose designs, in fancy subjects, all partake of the elegant correctness of his character, and the rich store of knowledge he has accumulated, was not born in America; but is one of the many artists who have been brought in childhood to a country whose institutions or manners do not place the painter in the rank of the mechanic, and among whose inhabitants is not found a class or *caste* who look down with contempt upon the man of science and taste, because he receives money for the product of his talents; a caste who call the giving of employment to such men (their superiors in knowledge) *patronage*. But he was born in a country rich in science, art, and literature, where such a *caste* does exist. In a late British Review of the first character it is said, "If the tenth son of the lowest baron were to follow painting as a profession, there would be many well meaning persons who would hold up their hands in surprise and horror at the degradation of such a step. They could scarcely be more shocked at his keeping a shop, than at the idea of his painting for money. Painting is considered as a mechanical art, and the man of rank would be considered to lose caste by following it." We all have to thank

our fathers who have rescued us from such a state ; for if we had not been made independent of England, the same absurd and arrogant aristocratical caste would have been established in America.

The evil spirit exists here as elsewhere ; but is kept down by our democratic institutions ; and when the aspirants assume the airs of superiority, they are *put down* by the spirit of common sense.

Thomas Sully was born in Horncastle, Lincolnshire, in the month of June 1783. He has told the writer that his earliest recollections were connected with his maternal grandmother, with whom he was placed in charge at Birmingham by his parents, they being comedians, and attached to some of the provincial theatres at the time, and of course unsettled wanderers. But their merit gaining for them a permanent establishment, by an engagement at Edinburgh in Jones and Parker's theatre, little Tom was removed to the capital of Scotland ; but, as he has said, never lost his attachment to the good old lady who had taken charge of his early infancy. When he revisited England, after many years absence, a man, a husband, and father, his first care was to see the guardian of his helpless years, to recall to memory the incidents of his childhood, and to employ his pencil in sketching the antique building, whose every door and window, every nook and corner, recalled some scene of that period, that link in the chain of existence when all was novelty—when every object presented to the senses a subject for inquiry, and a lesson in the most important part of man's education. “ At this window,” said Sully, pointing to the sketch, “ I was hired to remain stationary one rainy day, for a given time, and my reward was to be sixpence. I stood, like a hero, looking straight forward at an old brewhouse, when the rain having undermined its foundations, it fell with a crash—to my great delight ; for in addition to the novelty of the scene presented, the accident gave me my liberty.”

In the year 1792, the painter's father was induced, by the liberal offers of Mr. West, then, and for years afterwards, manager of the Virginia and Charleston, South Carolina, theatres, to remove with his family to the United States. Mr. West was the brother-in-law of the elder Sully, who brought with him four sons, of whom Thomas was the youngest, and several daughters. The oldest son, Lawrence, was a miniature and device painter for many years in Virginia, and will be hereafter mentioned in connexion with Thomas. The second son, Matthew, although an excellent draughtsman, pre-

ferred the stage and followed his father's profession, and was long the favourite comedian of the southern states. The third son, Chester, tried the stage in very early life ; but not liking it, or not succeeding to his wishes, abandoned the profession, and devoted himself for a time to a less dangerous one, as practised among Americans, the sea. He went several voyages before the mast ; but his companions of the fore-castle did not suit him, and at the age of nineteen (his parents had been some time dead) he bound himself apprentice to a cabinet maker in Portsmouth, near Norfolk, Virginia, and obtained the power, by industry, to support himself, and become the respectable father of a well educated family. One of the daughters of the elder Sully married Monsieur Belzons, a French miniature painter settled in Charleston, who, although a very poor artist, was the first instructor of the subject of the present memoir.

From the above dates it will be seen that Thomas Sully was brought to this country a child of nine years of age. The profession of Lawrence Sully, that of miniature and device painter, created and fostered in the breasts of several of his brothers and sisters the desire to become painters. Lawrence's ability in his art was but moderate, but it appeared otherwise to the younger branches of the family. Thomas was especially desirous of becoming an artist, and has said that for years he looked up to the productions of Lawrence as the summit of perfection.

Thus it is with us all, at all times. Man, individually or in society, considers *that* as true and beautiful at one period which he sees and knows to be false and deformed at another. The childhood of an individual and the childhood of a people are in most things similar. Each commences its career in ignorance, gropes in darkness and uncertainty with tottering steps, is guided or misled by the crafty who assume the office of teachers, and can only get a glimpse of the true and the beautiful at distant intervals, when, as he gathers strength, if not perverted from that desire for truth which the Author of all good has implanted in his heart, he will eventually see the loveliness which resides in perfection, and will aim unceasingly to attain it.

The individual whose name and life has suggested these reflections, is an instance of the power of that desire, and the effect of virtuous perseverance through uncommon difficulties, to the attainment (if not to the full accomplishment of his wishes) at least to the high and commanding eminence which may encourage thousands to follow and emulate him, not only

in his works of art, but in the suavity of his manners, the blameless tenor of his life, and his benevolent exertions to forward the views of all who apply to him for instruction.

In 1783 Thomas was sent to the same school with Charles Fraser, in Charleston, and the similar propensities of these boys caused intimacy. Fraser, though like himself, a beginner in the art of face-making and spoiling copy-books, became Sully's leader and teacher. Mr. Sully has said of Mr. Fraser, "he was the first person that ever took the pains to instruct me in the rudiments of the art, and although himself a mere tyro, his kindness, and the progress made in consequence of it, determined the course of my future life."

The desire which Thomas felt to imitate his brother Lawrence's productions, was not immediately indulged. He was placed by his father, in 1795, in the insurance broker's office of a Mr. Mayer; but the broker complained to his father that although he was very industrious in multiplying figures, they were figures of men and women, and that if he took up a piece of paper in the office, he was sure to see a face staring at him; in short, that Tom spoiled all the paper that fell in his way, or that he could lay his hands on; and concluded by advising, that instead of a merchant or broker, he should be made a painter. Accordingly, the youth was placed for instruction with Mr. Belzons, a French gentleman, who had recently married into Mr. Sully's family. Mr. Belzons had emigrated from France in consequence of the revolution, and having lost his property, had made a profession of the art which had been studied as an accomplishment. Although he was enabled to support his family in Charleston very respectably by the pencil, he was neither in skill or temper the best qualified person to teach the young painter. In fact, he was a very poor artist, and like many of his lively countrymen, had not learned to control his passions.

Tom had been directed to superintend the cleaning of Belzons' gallery, and accordingly took his seat with a box of water-colours, (a present from his sister) and all the requisites for the work he was engaged upon, nothing doubting that by sitting at his table and prosecuting his studies at one end of the gallery, while the servant was scrubbing the other, that he was doing his duty and obeying his teacher. While thus innocently and properly employed Balzons entered, and either mistaking Sully's employment for neglect of his orders, or put out of humour by some previous occurrence, he in a violent rage assailed the young painter with opprobrious language, at the same time dashing the precious box of colours to pieces, and

strewn the floor with pencils, drawings, and fragments of what the youth deemed his dearest treasure. Tom looked in despair upon the wreck, and might have submitted to what appeared utter ruin; but when Belzons, his passion increased to frenzy by indulgence, roused the youth's indignation by accusations which he knew to be unjust, and finally attempted to strike him, the spirit of the land of his fathers and the land of his adoption blazed forth, and with an agility and power of muscle the assailant was not prepared for, Tom with one blow floored his master; and when in the blindness of fury he repeated his assault, again prostrated him, doubtless to the great delight, if not edification, of the black who was plying the scrubbing-brush. The French combatant seemed to gain strength, like the antagonist of Hercules, from his repeated falls, and his rage being in no wise abated, the man would probably have overpowered the boy by superior weight and power; but at this crisis Mrs. Belzons, a beautiful woman, attracted by the noise, entered and rushed between her husband and brother. Tom left the gallery—found his hat—and without further accommodation, departed with a determination never to put himself again in the power of his brother-in-law.

This event took place early in 1799, when Sully was sixteen years of age. His parents were dead. His brother Lawrence settled at Richmond. The youth was thrown upon the world, and all his previous plans dissipated. He had left Belzons' house without money, or any thing else except the clothes he had on. It was not likely that he would slacken the cords of resentment against oppression and insult, or that Belzons, while he felt Tom's blows, would seek to lure back so pugnacious a pupil. We may imagine the feelings that made him avoid all his acquaintance that day; and, for lack of other shelter, he slept the night following in the Exchange, a public building, the upper part of which was enclosed and locked against, and the lower left open to, the destitute of every description. The next day something must be done. Tom found that to be tolerably comfortable, he must eat as well as sleep; and though stomach-full when he thought of his wrongs, there was nothing in that turbulent feeling which supplied the want of food, or created sensations of pleasure.

He sallied forth from his wretched lodging and met a friend, who could enter into his feelings; to him he related his story, and asserted his determination not to return to Belzons. His conduct and resolutions were approved, and present protection afforded him.

The John Adams, United States ship, was at this time fitting for sea. Mr. Read, the navy agent, became interested for the youth, and offered his interest to procure a midshipman's berth for him. The offer was accepted: our painter was within an ace of becoming a sailor, but his brother Lawrence inviting him to come to Richmond and become his pupil, the love of art prevailed over the love of variety and wandering; and after submitting the question to the benevolent Mr. Read, it was resolved that he should go to Virginia, and pursue his studies as an artist. But Lawrence had not remitted money to transport him from Charleston to Richmond. Tom was without a cent, and was too delicate to mention the circumstance to his Charleston friends; but he had a person and address which, together with unblemished character, recommended him to strangers as well as acquaintance, and gained him friends throughout life.

He found in the harbour of Charleston a vessel belonging to Norfolk, commanded by her owner, captain Leffingwell. Sully applied to him for a passage, promising to pay at Norfolk. Leffingwell received him willingly, took him not only into his vessel, but on their arrival at Norfolk into his house; until his brother should remit money to pay the debt, and wherewithal to pass up James River, this was in due time done, and Tom was at home again.

Mr. Lawrence Sully appears to have been a man struggling with poverty, and not possessing that skill as an artist, or that energy and felicity in resources which would have enabled him to place an amiable wife, and numerous family of children, in such eligible circumstances, as a man of ordinary ambition must aspire to. The talents of his young brother were of more importance to him, than his instructions could be to the ingenious youth who now commenced miniature and device painter.

In the year 1801, Mr. Lawrence Sully removed his family to Norfolk, and of course Thomas went with him. At this time the younger brother was the better artist, and the main support of the household. But not content with ivory and water-colours, and stimulated by the sight of some portraits and other pictures by Mr. Henry Bembridge, who was then exercising his pencil in the Borough, Tom determined to try oil, and made his preparations accordingly. An original picture by Angelica Kaufman, still in the possession of Mr. Sully, strengthened this determination, as in it he had a subject to copy. He resolved as soon as possible to abandon miniature

painting in water-colours, and to become a painter in oil ; and the first effort was to make a copy from Angelica ; but so ignorant was he of the materials he was about to use, that he ground his pigments in olive oil, and to his great surprise found that they would not dry. Fortunately there was a sign-painter in Norfolk who explained the mystery, taught him that vulgar flax-seed oil would do him better service, and put him in the way of renewing his labours with better success. The praise lavished on this effort encouraged Tom to try portraits from life, of a small size, in imitation of Mr. Bembridge. His first sitter for an oil portrait was Mr. William Ormsted.

The young painter who looked up to an artist who had been educated at Rome, with an awe approaching to idolatry, found means to gain access to that mysterious temple, a painter's atelier ; and was received with a benignity more corresponding to the gentlemanly education and attainments of the being he approached, than to his own hopes. Bembridge, for it was his sanctum sanctorum he had entered, encouraged his efforts, instructed him by painting his portrait, and explaining his palette, its arrangement, and the application of the tints while the work was going on ; and behaved as a genuine artist, if a gentleman, (as the term implies) will always behave to those who love the art, and appear worthy of it.

In 1803 the business of Lawrence Sully, and his credit, failed in Norfolk. Richmond, the seat of the state legislature, presented hope of resource, and thither he repaired, leaving his family to the care of Thomas. This was in December, and Christmas was at hand, a festival more observed in Norfolk, than in any other portion of the United States. Originally peopled by Englishmen and Episcopalians, the custom of the parent country in celebrating this holiday was combined with the hospitable profusion of the south ; and with a custom long prevalent in the Borough of providing abundant stores on Christmas-eve, or the twenty-fourth of December, for the approaching short winter which is there known only in its milder form, never begins but with January. Christmas-eve is in Norfolk a fair ; the main street as well as the market, is one continuous exhibition of poultry, of which turkeys are the preponderating article ; wild fowl, butchers' meats, Carolina hams, venison, and more eggs than are to be seen in New-York at *pass* or Easter. Through the day and evening this portion of the ancient Borough is one thronged mart for the sale of articles of food, and the produce of all the surrounding region seems crowded into the hospitable town to promote the festivities of "Merry Christmas," and provide for the few days of

cold weather, expected with the new-year. There are few in the United States who have not a turkey for Christmas dinner ; but to judge by the Norfolk market at this time of preparation, one would suppose that every table would show two ; and the provision of eggs for puddings and *nogg*, in the morning is always in equal proportion and profusion. But what was all this to poor Tom Sully ? He could only look on, and while others anticipated the joys of the morrow, think, that in the house he had charge of there would be none of these good things to rejoice over. He had to furnish food for his brother's wife, and four infant girls, and no means to provide for the feast of the morrow, or the wants which winter brings in its train.

"Sally, what have we got in the house?" "There is some indian-meal, and some sweetmeats." "Capital!" said Tom, "we will have indian cakes, and the children shall have the sweatmeats in the bargain." Youth, hope, and purity, were the Christmas guests, and Tom, after a dinner which neither dulled his intellect nor clogged his limbs, went to see his brother Chester, who was at this time serving his late-in-life apprenticeship, with honourable perseverance at Portsmouth. Tom told Chester of the state of his family—laughed at the Christmas dinner—and pointed joyously to the pictures engaged, but yet unpainted, which were to improve his skill and supply all deficiencies in the household establishment, which he felt determined to support and improve.

The brothers were taking their afternoon's walk, when suddenly stopping at a corner, Chester said, "Tom, go you on ahead to the market-place, and wait for me—I'll soon join you," and darting off, round the corner of a street that led to the harbour of Portsmouth, left him. As directed, the young painter, no way suspecting any thing extraordinary, walked to the market-house, and there waited until his brother, heated and flushed by some unusual exertion, joined him. Tom had observed two sailors at some distance down the street Chester had turned into ; but had no notion that they were connected with his brother's motives for leaving him ; and his elder brother had sent him forward out of the way, that he might not be involved in the adventure which he now recounted. We have seen that the young painter had pugnacious propensities, which might be aroused to action, and the means to gratify them. Chester, stouter and inured to the gymnastic exercises of a seaman and an artisan, older, but equally active, was more qualified for combat and more than equally ready.

"When I left you," said he, "I gave chase to two fellows who had been my messmates, and to whom I had pledged my word, that if ever I met them on shore, I would pay them in full for the scurvy services they rendered the boy, over whom they had a little brief authority."

"But there were two—why did you not take me with you?"

"No, no—it was my own business, and I knew I could manage it alone. I hailed them. 'Hallo my lads, bring to. I will now quit scores with you both, and perform my promise.' We had a crowd about us immediately. I chose the biggest bully to begin with, and I said to the spectators, 'Gentlemen, if you will take care of that chap, while I thrash this, I will then thrash him for your amusement.' 'Hurrah!' they cried, 'we'll see fair play.' So, we set to. He could not hit me a blow, and I soon found him ready to give me a receipt in full.—'Now for t'other lubber.' But he seeing that I paid in hard coin, sneaked from the crowd who were too eager spectators, to be good watchmen, and had taken to his heels. So, now let's cross over to Norfolk, and see Sally and the children."

The talents, industry, and amiable manners of Thomas enabled him to support Lawrence's family, and pay his debts; but the accumulated house-rent he could not discharge, and the furniture being sold by the landlord, Mrs. Sully and children followed her husband to Richmond.

Tom now began the world for himself, remaining in Norfolk; and with two persons of the names of Brown and Taylor, he took a house in company, and kept bachelor's-hall. His year's receipt from his labours, was one hundred and twenty dollars; but with this he lived contentedly, and relieved the necessities of others. The house he lived in was in Church-street. One of the joint partners in house-keeping, before the end of the year falling in debt, was removed by his creditors to prison. Sully attended upon him, and by his exertions procured his release. In after times when the fame of the painter was bruited abroad, Taylor used to boast that "in early life he was among the first *patrons* of young Sully, in the borough of Norfolk." The man who is blessed with taste and benevolence, and with riches to gratify both, cheerfully assists struggling genius through the impediments poverty throws in his way, and enjoys in conscious rectitude the reward which the good deed assuredly brings, but he never boasts or assumes the title of patron.

In August, 1804, Sully removed to Richmond, and joined his brother Lawrence again as a partner. The one pursued his miniature and device painting, the other painted portraits in oil. But Thomas soon felt the cravings after further knowledge, and the desire for that improvement from instruction which was not to be found in Richmond. He determined to visit the land of his fathers, and formed a rigid plan of economy, by which to accumulate sufficient to carry him to London; youthful confidence assuring him, that, once there, he could make his way, and see painters and pictures.

He began his approach to London by removing to Petersburg; a very short step on the way, but a new field for his pencil. But while successfully painting, and acquiring property and friends, his brother Lawrence died, leaving his wife and infant children unprovided and unprotected. Inclination was sacrificed to duty; the young painter gave up all his hopes of improvement and dreams of pleasure, from travel and the treasures of art, and returned to Richmond, to become the protector of the widow and the orphan.

After faithfully acting as the brother and the uncle for more than a year after Lawrence's decease, he became the husband of his brother's widow and the legal father of his children.—This step was approved by all who knew him and his circumstances, and never repented by himself.

It happened that Mr. Thomas A. Cooper, in one of his professional visits to Richmond, sat to Sully for his portrait.—This led to a friendship for the painter, and an invitation, when Mr. Cooper became lessee and manager of the New-York Theatre, so friendly and liberal, that it induced the young painter to remove with his family to that city, and gave the impulse which has ultimately carried merit to its deserved goal—fame and fortune.

In a letter from Sully to a friend, after mentioning his first acquaintance with the tragedian, he proceeds thus:—"I should be very ungrateful not to acknowledge Cooper to have been one of my greatest benefactors. His friendship encouraged me to remove to New-York, where he thought I might learn more of the art, from the example and pictures of more experienced artists; and that I might feel a confidence in taking, for me, so adventurous a step, he pledged himself to secure me business to the amount of one thousand dollars; and, on my removing to New-York, gave me authority to draw upon the treasurer of his theatre for money, as I might require it, to that amount."

"So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

Our great poet has said, that the evil deeds of men are written in brass—the good they do, in sand. May this *good* deed be written in brass!

When Sully presented himself to the manager in New-York, his first words were, “Well, Mr. Cooper, here I am!”—“That’s right!” said Cooper, “I am ready for you—work engaged—sitters waiting—you shall have a painting room in the front of the theatre, that will cost you nothing—and call on the treasurer for money as you want; you have a credit with him for a thousand dollars.”

Mr. Sully remembers and feels this as he ought. The friends of genius, the admirers of art, ought to remember and feel it. To encourage and foster talent is conferring a benefit on mankind, and the world is indebted to the benefactor.

Thus, in 1806, Mr. Sully commenced his career anew, in a metropolitan city, aided by the friendship of the most brilliant histrionic artist the western world had seen. The writer of these memorials of the fine arts of his country was then engaged as assistant manager in the New-York Theatre, and that situation brought him in immediate contact with Mr. Sully; the acquaintance ripened into friendship, and has existed undiminished to the present day.

Mr. Sully was yet a young man and a young painter.—He had much to learn, and no one knew his deficiencies better or felt them so strongly as himself; therefore, having energy of character, he of course improved daily. Trumbull and Jarvis were both painting in New-York; and at that time the first was the best portrait painter, though he did not continue long so; his art was without feeling or nature—and Jarvis’s nature was soon supported by art. What Jarvis knew was freely communicated: to derive advantage from the older artist was not so easy of attainment. Sully sacrificed one hundred dollars, (that is, one-tenth of his borrowed capital) for the purpose, and carried his wife to Trumbull’s rooms, as a sitter, that he might see his mode of painting, and have a specimen from his pencil. He gained some knowledge for his money, and probably learned to imitate the neatness with which palette and pencils and oils and varnishes were used and preserved; an art Jarvis never knew or thought of: and he gained a model, which served him as a beacon, warning him of that which it was necessary to avoid.

Of many anecdotes connected with Mr. Sully’s portrait painting, of this time, a few may amuse the reader. He was surrounded by men whose profession is laborious, but who in the moments of leisure indulge in the sportiveness of boys

The painter had, as one of his sitters, Mr. Jas. Hamilton, of Philadelphia, a friend of his friend the manager; who, as actor and manager, was then in the enjoyment of the flood-tide of success and unbounded animal spirits. Hamilton's portrait was nearly finished when Cooper entered the painter's room: and after looking over the artist's shoulder for some time, he said, "Sully, it is very like James, but"—and he paused.—Now, thought the poor portrait painter, here comes the usual *but*. He worked on, only saying, "Yes, I think it is like." "It has a very strange colour," said the other. "How so?" "Don't you think it looks very green?" said the manager.

This is one of the ways in which artists are civilly told that they do not know what they are about. "No," said Sully; "Green! No—rather warm, perhaps, but certainly not green." "It has a strange appearance to me," said Cooper. "I have coloured as usual—I have tried to give his complexion," said the painter. "It is very like, but there is a greenish tint—it's very like." And after some minutes chat on other subjects the critic departed, leaving the painter to rub his eyes and look in vain for green in the flesh of his picture.

By and by Harwood called on him; and, after admiring the likeness, said, in his good-natured way, "But, Sully, don't you think all your half-tints are too green?" "Green! I see no green, except a little here; as we find it in all flesh, where the yellow mingles with the blue." "But all over—somehow—I suppose I am wrong; but the whole has a greenish hue, as if I saw James through a pair of green spectacles." "Perhaps I look green too." "No, not at all—it is very like—I dare say I am wrong." The subject was changed; but the "green-eyed monster" had got possession of the poor painter; and when Harwood was gone, the picture was turned upside down, and viewed at various distances, in search of green.

A well calculated interval was suffered to elapse before Twaits made his appearance. "Good morning, Sully.—Bless me, how like James!—but he looks as if he had been at an alderman's feast, and the green fat of the turtle had tinged his skin."

It happened that one of the servants of the theatre was employed in the room putting up a stove; and hearing all this green criticism, he approached and gazed with lack-lustre eye. "Yes," said he, "it is green, sure enough."

Sully was by this time convinced that he could not see. He put down his palette—turned the face of the green picture to the wall, and with Twaits walked to the *green-room* of the

theatre: where the tragedian and two comedians reiterated their compliments on the successful likeness he had made of James Hamilton; but it was a pity there should be such a *green* tint about it. "I dare say it will not look so green when he gets it to the woodlands, and it is surrounded by trees and green fields," said Harwood. Sully declared his determination to remedy the colour—he would re-paint it.—"I have been at work so long, that I suppose I can't see. I work no more to-day. To-morrow I will go over it again."

"Why, you pump!" said Cooper, "to let us three buckram men persuade you out of your senses. It is all a trick. The picture is better coloured than any you have done. Go and finish it without changing a tint; and, Tom—hereafter believe your own eyes, in preference to any other pair, let them belong to whom they will."

About this same period, Mrs. Warren, late Mrs. Merry, had come on from Philadelphia, to delight the public of New-York, as she had often done before, by the finished pictures she exhibited on the stage: she at the same time assisted Sully, by sitting for that likeness which was afterwards engraved by Edwin for the *Mirror of Taste*.

She had had but one sitting, and had appointed four o'clock for the second, on a certain day, when she was to visit the theatre for her professional exertions. The painter had placed the newly begun portrait on his esel, at one o'clock, to prepare it for the sitting before he went to dinner; and becoming dissatisfied with his work, determined to rub it out, and commence anew with another sketch, to be ready for the lady's visit. The door was carefully locked, but the key most unwisely left in the lock—no loungers were to be admitted. But scarcely had he defaced the product of the first sitting, ere he heard the feet and voices of females on the stairs, and then a tap at his door. No answer. "Mr. Sully!" And he knew the "silver-sweet" tones of Mrs. Warren's voice. "It will never do to answer"—so communed the painter with himself. "I must work two hours before it is ready for the sitting." "Mr. Sully," was repeated in the same melodious accents.—Another was heard to say, "He is not here." "Yes, he is," said the first, "for I see the key inside of the key-hole. Mr. Sully! Why, he certainly has locked himself in and gone to sleep." "A capital hint *that*—I'll take it. I'll be asleep"—and he leaned back in his chair and was asleep instantly. "Try if you can see him through the key-hole." "I will. Sure enough, there he sits, fast asleep before his esel. Well, we will not disturb him." The ladies

laughed at the drowsy artist and went off. The ever industrious painter relinquished dinner to accomplish his purpose, and at four o'clock was ready for his sitter, who punctually came. Women are in *this*, as in most things, more true than men.

"Why, Mr. Sully, what a sound sleeper you are." "O no! not very." "Yes you are, and sitting before your esel too." "I never slept before my esel in my life." "But I saw you, so sound too, for I knocked and called upon your name, and made noise enough to raise any but the dead." "None so deaf as those who won't hear," said the painter, and then told the truth and his reason for not admitting her. "Well," said the lady, laughing, "that is too bad, Sully; but I suppose I must let your candour cancel the memory of your rudeness, in refusing to let me in—there is no apology like plain truth, so here's my hand—you are pardoned."

Anxious for improvement, Mr. Sully resolved to visit Boston, and see the great portrait painter as soon as circumstances would permit. In the year 1807, removing his family as far on the way as Hartford, he proceeded to the capital of Massachusetts. He took letters to Andrew Allen, Esq., British consul; to Mr. Perkins, and several others. Mr. Allen was the friend of Thomas A. Cooper, whose letter of introduction Sully carried. He was of the family of that Allen who was the friend of West in the days of his youth. Andrew Allen was a friend of the arts, and a frank noble spirited gentleman. By such a man the young painter could be no otherwise than cordially received. He inquired into his wishes and his views, and thought how he best could gratify the one and forward the other. He had an appointment with Stuart for a sitting the next day, and it was arranged that Sully should accompany him and then return with him to dinner.

The next person to whom Sully delivered a letter was a rich merchant. He was in his counting-house. He read the letter. "Mr. Sully, from New-York—extremely happy to be of any service. Where do you put up? How long do you remain in Boston? John, take this letter to the post-office.—You paint portraits—dull times in Boston just now."

As soon as the artist left the presence of the commercial magnate, he deliberately took all his remaining letters of introduction from his pocket, and as he walked to his hotel, tore them one by one, and strewed the fragments on the cold pavement, where they were received without one expression of desire to serve him, or any token of extreme happiness in consequence of his presence.

The next day Allen introduced him to Stuart, who received him with the utmost urbanity, and ever after treated him with liberality and kindness, imparting instruction as freely as he had received it from his own great master. Allen was placed in the sitter's chair, an awfully wearisome throne when the occupant is under the hands of many operators on the humane face, but not so in the *attelier* of Gilbert Stuart. One of his patients being asked, after a sitting, if he was not tired, answered, "Yes, with laughing."

Sully, in after times, when describing his first interview with Stuart, has said, "I had the privilege of standing by the artist's chair during the sitting, a situation I valued more, at that moment, than I shall ever again appreciate any station on earth."

Before he left the painting room, Isaac P. Davis, Esq. came in, a truly liberal, friendly and excellent gentleman, to whom Sully had, by the omission of his friends in New-York, brought no letters, (which, if he had, would have been preserved from the pavement by the well known character of Mr. Davis.) He was intimate with Stuart and with Sully's friends in New-York, and on being introduced, reproached him with not bringing letters to him. Before the sitting of Allen was over, an arrangement was made that Mr. Davis should sit to Sully, and by the result Stuart was to judge of the nature of the instruction most needed by the young artist.

Accordingly Davis sat, and the picture was carried to Stuart, "He looked at it for a long time," said Sully, "and every moment of procrastination added to my torment. He deliberated, and I trembled. At length he said, 'keep what you have got, and get as much as you can.'"

There is more encouragement in this oracular sentence than at first view meets the eye. Most young artists have to get rid of "what they have got," or the greater part of it, as well as to "get as much as they can." For further encouragement, Stuart showed him his palette, his arrangement of colours, and his mode of using them. He advised him in respect to his future proceedings, and recounted his own experience. There was here no necessity for purchasing a picture by way of getting a lesson; all was as it should be, and as it is with every liberal artist—gratuitous.

CHAPTER VII.

Jarvis assists Sully—Sully removes to Philadelphia—B. Wilcox—C. B. King—London—West's liberality—frugal living—hard study—Sully returns to America—C. R. Leslie—anecdotes.

IN the autumn of 1808 Mr. Sully returned with his family to New-York, and again set up his esel. He was improved in theory and practice, but the tide had turned, or the stream had taken another course. Jarvis had improved likewise, and painted most decided likenesses. Trumbull who, as has been said of Reynolds, "gave good dinners" while in New-York, had painted up his guests and returned to England, as the discontents between us and that country multiplied, and as the merchants slackened both in dinners and portraits. New-York being essentially commercial, the embarrassments in trade no doubt affected Sully, while Jarvis, at that time the better painter and better known, had full employment. Sully was obliged to offer himself as his assistant in copying, preparing, filling up back-grounds, or laying in draperies. "It is a great shame that it should be so," said Jarvis; but he frankly accepted the offer, paid him liberally, and rendered him every assistance in his power.

At this time of ebb tide (or rather low water) at New-York, Benjamin Wilcox, of Philadelphia, invited Sully to that metropolis, and thither he removed with his large and increasing family. Mr. Trott, the miniature painter was then in full practice in Philadelphia, and conjointly with him, Sully took a house in the month of February 1809, in which they both successfully pursued their respective branches of art in harmony.

The interruption to commerce was felt by Sully after a time in Philadelphia. His business nearly ceased. He had been employed at \$50 a head, and was full of work. He proposed, by advice of his friends, to paint thirty portraits at \$30 each, and a list for that number was filled. Again he was in a kind of eddy of prosperity, but he felt that he had arrived at that point beyond which he could not make his way unassisted towards the perfection he aimed at, and had determined to attain. This aid he thought could only be obtained in London.

The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts was then in em-

bryo. Gentlemen, many of whom were personal friends of Mr. Sully, had associated for the purpose of erecting a building, procuring casts from the antique, and good pictures, and thus becoming the benefactors of their country by encouraging the advancement of the arts. It was proposed to these gentlemen to employ Mr. Sully in the prosecution of this design; and he agreed, for the sum of \$3000, to proceed to London and employ himself in making copies from paintings of the best masters accessible there, for the academy. He announced his intention of departing for Europe, and declined receiving sitters. Happily, the scheme proved abortive, for it is evident that the sum was not adequate to the purpose intended. Sully was blinded by his desire for improvement; but small as the amount was, the directors declined the project for want of funds to make the necessary advances.

Thus disappointed and thrown out of business, the painter's good friend Wilcox opened a subscription at \$200 each signer, to be paid to Sully, and repaid by copies of pictures to be painted by him in London, and sent from thence to Philadelphia at the painter's expense, each subscriber being entitled to one picture from a master. Sully's inexperience, or thirst for the opportunity of studying the works of art, made him insensible of the inadequacy of the price he was thus setting upon his labours; he only saw the prospect of improvement.

Seven subscribers were obtained. Thus for \$1400 a good painter undertook to support a large family in America, while he incurred the expense of going to England and remaining there during the time necessary to the painting seven pictures from the works of masters, and then transporting them with himself back to Philadelphia.

Mr. Sully, when mentioning this period of his life in a letter to a friend, says, "I will not dwell upon the slavery I went through, nor the close economy used to enable me to fulfil my engagement; but although habitually industrious, I never passed nine months of such incessant application. Let me never forget the disinterested kindness of Benjamin Wilcox on this occasion. His generous offer of the use of his purse, gave me a courage and a confidence that enabled me to complete my engagement cheerfully."

It will be seen that the painter only called upon his liberal friend for \$500 during this experiment; two hundred, after the nine months residence in London, for the purpose of paying his passage back; and three hundred advanced to his family during his absence. Although Mr. Sully himself

would not dwell upon the particulars of this arduous struggle, it is doing a duty to the world to present them to the student as the honourable and interesting characteristics of a true disciple of the fine arts.

Mr. Sully having left \$1000 with his wife, embarked on the Delaware the 18th of June 1809, and arrived at Liverpool the 13th of July following. Although his parents had long been dead, his aged grandmother—then ninety years old—the nurse and guardian of his infancy, still lived in Birmingham, and still in the same house in which he passed his early probationary hours, the noviciate to life's motley mysteries. Sully was not a man to forget his first duty, and he immediately repaired to Birmingham.

While on this visit, recalling the events of childhood, and wondering at the pigmy dimensions of every place around ; which, being traced upon his mind's tablet when that was of its smallest size, had expanded with the growth of the material to a greatness very much beyond the reality ; he made inquiry after the old lady who had petted and cherished him in days of yore. "Here she comes," was the answer. He had difficulty in making himself known ; for although she remembered the child, her mind could not unite that cherished image with the appearance of the gentleman before her. Truly there was no similitude. And that this gentleman had come from America—a far-off country, of which she had no distinct notion—and that this gentleman was the identical Tom Sully she used to carry in her arms, puzzled the old lady over-much. In fact, this same business of identity has puzzled others as well as old women.

Mr. Sully carried a letter directed to Mr. West from William Rawle, Esq., of Philadelphia ; but the first letter he delivered in London was to his friend and subsequently fellow student, Charles B. King. Long after Mr. Sully has been heard to say, "I resided under the same roof with him, and our painting room was in common during my stay in London : an intimacy of twenty years enables me to testify to qualities of heart and correctness of conduct rarely equalled for purity or usefulness."

When Sully first saw King in England, there was an immediate reciprocity of feeling, that produced a frank interchange of thought without hesitation or disguise. King had been some years studying in London, and could appreciate Sully's inexperience. "How long do you intend staying in England?" "Three years, if I can." "And how much money have you brought with you?" "Four hundred dollars."

“Why, my good sir, that is not enough for three months—I’ll tell you what—I am not ready to go home—my funds are almost expended, and before I saw you I had been contriving a plan to spin them out, and give me more time. Can you live low?” “All I want is bread and water.” “O, then you may live luxuriously, for we will add potatoes and milk to it. It will do! we will hire these rooms, they will serve us both—we will buy a stock of potatoes—take in bread and milk daily—keep our landlady in good humour, and (by the by) conceal from her the motive for our mode of life by a little present now and then, and—work away like merry fellows.” And so they did. Thus making themselves excellent artists by a system of labour, economy, and independence as honourable as it was efficacious.

His friend King introduced Sully to the council chamber of the Royal Academy, and he has thus recorded the first impression made upon him in a note book, from which, by permission, this extract is made. He thus remarks upon the pictures deposited by the academicians on their election:—“The room is well stocked with works by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Fuseli, Stubbs, West, Lawrence, Owen, and many others. Owen’s manner pleases me much. It is cool, broad, and firm, in some respects like Reynolds. The colour is laid on in great body and with large brushes, so that no markings or hatchings are visible. His colouring is cool in the lights and warm in the shadows, beginning from almost pure white to vermilion tints—to the cool half-tint from that graduated to a greenish half-tint, which looks like ochre-black and vermilion, and which perhaps is rendered more green when finished by glazing with asphaltum—the main shade of black and vermilion broken with the green tint. In some places Indian-red is used instead of vermilion.

“Gainsborough’s manner struck me as being exactly as Reynolds describes it. There is some resemblance to it in Stuart’s manner, only that Stuart is firmer in the handling. His dead colourings seem cool and afterwards retouched with warm colours, used then so as to resemble the freedom of water-colour painting. Many light touches of greenish and yellow tints are freely used, and although on inspection the work looks rugged and smeared, and scratched, yet, at a distance, it appeared to me the most natural flesh in the room. The specimens of Reynolds’ pencil disappointed, and Opie’s seemed raw, crude and dirty. Copley more hard and dark than usual. Lawrence’s too much loaded with paint, and the red and yellow overpowering. The ceiling of this room is

painted by West and Angelica Kaufman, by far the most delicate colouring I have yet seen of the president's, and Angelica has closely imitated it."

Such were the feelings of the young American painter in 1809, upon first seeing the works of the London academicians, and such was his keen mode of observing and retaining the result of his observations for comparison with subsequent attainments.

The next thing was to deliver letters of introduction to artists, and first to Benjamin West. His friend, King, went with him, and the first introduction he had to this great painter and benevolent man was in the gallery which leads from his dwelling house in Newman-street, to the suite of rooms beyond it, for painting. The two young men were standing at the commencement of the gallery, which used to be hung with the sketches of the master's great works. Sully heard the steps of the great painter, but an angle of the gallery hid him from sight. He fitted his eyes to the height of six feet to catch the eye of the great man, but felt a momentary disappointment in having to sink them to the attitude of a little old man, by no means answering to the picture his fancy had drawn. But all sensations, except those of pleasure, were put to flight by the reception he met. He was conducted to the painting rooms, and saw in its incipient state, the great picture of "Healing in the Temple," at which West (then approaching his seventieth year) was at work with all the mental power of youth.

From that time West was, to use Mr. Sully's expression when in conversation on the subject, "like a father" to him, and he had "the advantage of his instruction and the free use of his pictures."

The letters Sully bore to Lawrence, Sir William Beechy, and Hopner, procured him a reception from those eminent painters as courteous as could be wished. Beechy's advice was always freely given, but in a blunt and sometimes almost harsh manner. The young painter only saw Hopner once. He was afflicted with the gout. Examining a picture in the room, Sully, who had been encouraged by him to ask any questions relative to his art, inquired *what yellow he used in flesh?* "Yellow? None." Was the laconic reply. "Indeed! I thought yellow was necessary to balance the blues and reds." "There is no yellow in flesh, sir." The lesson and the manner taken together not only prevented further questions, but forced the inquirer to conclude that there was no further information for him in that quarter.

To Sir Martin Archer Shee he had brought no letters, but was introduced to him by Mr. Marshall, who had been one of Wignel and Reinagle's company in Philadelphia, and was now attached to the Haymarket theatre. Shee was at this period an experimenter in macgylps, but of too liberal a nature to keep his discoveries to himself. He gave his composition of the article as the result of his labours and experience. "Macgylp, made of mastic dissolved in spirits of turpentine, and drying oil prepared by letting good linseed oil stand in a bottle over litharge, may be used safely if used sparingly." "Mastic," said he, "will not crack if used over colours *thoroughly dry*. The litharge used in making drying oil should be granulated. Drying oil which has stood a long time should be shook before using it. 'When taken, to be shaken.'"

The painting room of Sully and King was a good one, and as above-mentioned, used in common. It is in Buckingham place, Fitzroy square, and has not only to boast of King and Sully, as occupants, but of Leslie and Allston.

As Sully had painted a head of his friend Davis, to show Stuart the point he had arrived at, so he carried to West a head of his friend King. The frank and friendly criticism showed that there was an indecision in expressing the anatomy of the head, which indicated a want of confidence in the painter of his knowledge of the internal structure, and the advice was to study osteology assiduously. This was precious advice, and was gratefully received and followed.

Having seen the lions of London, it was necessary to find the means of fulfilling his engagement by copying seven good pictures, and to do this, pictures must be found and procured. It is well known, that in England nothing of art is to be had or even seen without paying for it, and our student was to make \$400 support him for as long a time as possible, and certainly until he had gained possession of seven paintings by a master or masters, and copied them. He had found in London an American, a liberal American, who was moving among the great and the rich, and of course possessed the passports to their locked up treasures. This was John Hare Powell, Esquire, of Philadelphia. Powell offered him any assistance he might want, and obtained for him access to the collections of Angerstein and others of the aristocracy with whom he was on intimate terms. But he could not fulfill his contract by merely seeing pictures. He was told that if he went to France the best pictures would not only be open to his view and examination, freely and gratuitously, but that he would

have the privilege of copying them at will. "I must go to France," said the young painter. But on consulting Mr. West, he said, "I understand that your object on your return is portrait painting." "Yes, sir," "Then stay in England. You wish to fulfil an engagement and improve yourself by copying some pictures. My collection, old and new, is at your service. There are specimens of the ancient masters and of the moderns. Take them as you want them, and come to me for my advice when you want it."

But for this offer, the young painter must have gone to France. English collections were out of his reach: he might look, by special favour and introduction, but he might not even take out a pencil and make a memorandum. He must have been thrown upon a foreign country with his scanty resources; and have lost the instruction of the best teacher living, but for the advice and generous offer of the American patriarch of painting. "Study portraiture in England above all schools." This wise counsel determined Sully; and the liberal permission to use his choice collection of old masters, as well as his own works, with the privilege of removing them to his own *atelier*, made every thing easy to the ardent and industrious student. Nine months he laboured, painting through the day, and drawing at the academy in the evening; husbanding his scanty resources, which even by the limitation of his sustenance to bread, milk and potatoes, would not have lasted so long, had not John Coates of Philadelphia employed him to copy some landscapes, which were in the possession of Wm. Penn.

The money arising from this additional copying, gave him power to prolong the time to the accomplishment of the contract; but notwithstanding this salutary aid, at the end of nine months his funds were exhausted; and for his expenses in returning home, he drew upon his good friend Wilcox for two hundred dollars.

The following letter from Mr. West shows his anxiety that Sully should have a longer time given him, to improve himself, and the high opinion he entertained of the young artist. It is from the Portfolio.

Newman-street, Nov. 3, 1809.

"Philadelphia I cannot name without being interested in all that has a connection with that city: this, my good sir, alludes to a young gentleman now studying painting under my direction as a professor of that art, whose talents only want time to mature them to excellence; and I am apprehensive, that his means of support are too slender to admit his

stay at this seat of arts that length of time to effect what I could wish, as I understand it cannot be longer than the beginning of next summer. Could his friends unite in a way that would afford him the means of studying here another season, he would then secure the knowledge of his profession on that permanent basis, on which he would be able to build his future greatness in America—to his honour and the honour of the country.

“The young gentleman I allude to is Mr. Sully. I find him every way worthy and promising. I could not refrain from thus giving you my sentiments, when the success of Mr. Sully in his profession as a painter, is so much to be desired.

“I have the honour to be, my dear sir,

“Your much obliged,

“BENJAMIN WEST.”

The friends of Sully, and he, like West in his early days, found or made friends every where; such is the force of talent joined to good conduct and conciliating manners. His friends Wilcox and Powell and others would have willingly advanced funds to prolong his stay in Europe: they knew nothing of his penurious mode of subsistence, and would cheerfully have placed him at his ease in his studies; but the just dread of debt and love of independence, made him prefer the shorter period for improvement, and the lenten fare of penury to the more liberal allowance of time and rich diet. Though fond of the theatre, he never indulged himself in seeing a play. Passionately devoted to music, and himself a skilful performer, he would never have heard a concert during this time, but that he met in London a friend who had a similar taste, and private concerts at his house.

The number of Americans who had attended the Royal Academy, attracted the attention and became a theme for conversation among the native students. When Sully had entered his name in the book as usual, several of the young men satisfied their curiosity by examining the entry, and when they read the words “from Philadelphia,” the exclamation from each was heard, “another American.”

Beside the labour of painting, and drawing at the academy, the friends Sully and King studied from a model hired to stand in their painting-room; and the lesson Mr. West had given the young painter, when he carried his head of King to him, caused the additional labour of studying osteology by copying anatomical engravings at night, and of course

by candle-light,† to the lasting injury of his eyes. Such is the enthusiasm of genius directed to the object it loves.

The friendship of Hare Powell having opened some of the galleries of the rich to Sully, he made the best use his time would allow, for profiting by this privilege. He has said that notwithstanding the works of great masters which met his eyes at Angerstein's, his attention was arrested by the "Marriage-a-la-mode," of Hogarth, and he could with difficulty tear himself away from them.* The pictures of Titian did not afford him great pleasure until Sir Wm. Beechy directed his attention to the Ariadne.

It may be supposed that he did not neglect the pleasure and profit which visits to West always afforded; who had at that time two works on hand, very dissimilar, his "Amor vincit omnia,"† in the small room at the commencement of the sketch-gallery; and the "Healing in the Temple," in one of the spacious apartments to which the gallery led. On one occasion when Sully was with him in the small room, the young man took up from a sofa the wing of a mackaw, and was examining it. "That," said West, "is the wing of one of my genii. I never paint without having the object before me, if it is to be had." An important lesson to all painters.

Sully having finished a copy from a Correggio, which had been entrusted to him by his kind benefactor, carried it to Newman-street, for his inspection. "It is very correct," said

* See Leslie's opinion on this subject in his biography. These pictures are two feet three inches high, and two feet eleven wide. Hogarth's portrait of himself, is two feet eleven by twenty-three inches. Rembrandt's "Woman taken in Adultery," is two feet nine, by two feet three, and cost Angerstein six thousand guineas. Mr. Sully preferred the "Adoration of the Magi," in this collection, to the "Woman taken in Adultery," it was painted with the greatest facility. Rembrandt's ground of preparation was like the Venetians in general, white, over which he scumbled lightly a clear transparent warm colour, over that he passed olive glazings, which became the principal ground colour of his pictures; and like Adrian Ostade, he glazed the same olive colour upon itself, so as to bring it to any depth or richness, and often produced his lights and shades by the means of one colour only—his mode of producing his lights was always by masses of different colours, having affinity to each other, laid on pure; and which when examined seemed to be laid on by chance; but which all harmonized at a short distance. Those pictures which have been painted with most facility, have been most admired. Sully saw at Angerstein's a very good portrait by Vandyke, of which he says, "It would seem that he used Naples-yellow and white for the highest light—next, venetian-red and white; the gray tints are broken into every part of the flesh, and are apparently of blue-black and white. Titian's practice of colouring is supposed by Ramsay Reinagle, to be as follows for making out the effect of his pictures. Raw-umber, burnt-umber, venetian-red, Indian-red, and black: glazing the draperies, &c., and then heightening the scale of colours as the work progresses."

† A copy of this picture by Leslie was brought to this country by one of our travelling connoisseurs.

the master, "but what ground did you paint it on?" "A tan-colour." "That accounts for the only difference. The original is painted on a lilac." Sully begged to have the original again—took it home—and made a second copy on a lilac ground.

Thomas Sully had now been nine months in England; he had completed all the copies contracted for, and some more; he had painted four landscapes for Mr. John Coates; studied diligently at home and at the academy; and in March 1810, he embarked for New-York on his way to his family. When he took leave of the good West, he requested him to visit, on his return to Pennsylvania, his dear native place, Springfield. "Inquire for Springfield meeting-house," said the old man, "two miles from where the road crosses you, you will find the house." It was on this road that he had refused to ride on the same horse with the boy who was content to become a tailor. Mr. Sully found the house, but not by the old gentleman's direction, for roads, as well as every thing else, had changed their course in the lapse of sixty years. The house to which West bore such filial affection was at the time of Sully's visit owned by a superannuated man of the name of Crazier, who considered the queries of his visitors so intrusive and inexplicable, that he ordered them peremptorily to leave the place. Fortunately his son came in from his agricultural labours, and comprehended the desire of Sully and his companions to make inquiries respecting the great painter, who had made the township an object of note, and understood the meaning and the motive for making a sketch of the house. Two sketches of the building which would excite so many recollections, recall so many scenes—scenes so very opposite to those in which he had been an actor through a long life—were faithfully made by his grateful pupil, and sent duly and safely to his master and friend.*

* Having brought the biography of Sully to the time of leaving England, a few of the notes made by him on painters and paintings, their manners and materials, may be of use to such of our readers as study the art.

"The best picture of Reynolds that I could see in London, was in Guildhall. The Governor of Gibraltar—Elliot. A portrait by Opie, on the same wall, pleased me exceedingly.

"Sir William Beechy uses a mixture of nut-oil, mastic varnish, and sugar of lead, well shaken and suffered to settle. This he uses in his light colours to make them dry.

"Ramsay Reinagle paints on paper which is pasted on linen; a narrow strip is left of the linen all round to allow for the changes produced by the weather.

"I find wax is sometimes used by the English painters, which is prepared by boiling the honey-comb, and extracting the wax with care, and then it is bleached in the sun. In order to mix it with the mastic varnish it is melted alone, and then the mastic poured to it. If a small lump is put with the white, all the other colours on the palette will partake of it—but no other liquid must be used while

During the passage to New-York, and in the month of April the ship was surrounded, and more than once in danger from ice islands. They were once saved by the prompt exertions of a passenger, (a sea-captain,) who in the night happened to be on deck, and saw that the ship was running on an ice mountain, when the sleepy watch and helmsman were unconscious of the danger. He gave the alarm—took the command of the vessel—altered her course by force and autho-

painting with this. Beechy has the custom of tempering his colours with a mixture of japanner's gold-size and turpentine. He invariably declines the use of any liquid to dip his pencil into, preferring to temper the colour with the knife—should he require the colour to be more liquid, he adds turpentine. When finishing the picture, no matter how large it may be, he brushes it over with a mixture of drying oil and spirits of turpentine, and then adds upon it a mixture of turpentine and gold-size, upon this mixture he retouches the work, and it serves as a varnish. I am persuaded this practice would hasten the destruction of the picture, and at all events change the tone." Mr. Sully has said that Mr. West followed the process last mentioned in his "*Healing the Sick*," and the defect of it was visible in 1822.

"Mr. West sketches on paper with umber and a reed pen; the effect is also put in with umber—next it is brushed over with size, and then retouched in oil colours.

"Mr. Shee condemns the use of yellow oker in the flesh; thinks burnt terra de sienna quite yellow enough, and for a very swarthy complexion glazing over the flesh with asphaltum is sufficient, and while the glazing is wet he touches upon it with a palette set for the purpose, which drying with the glazing, mixes and partakes of its hue. UMBER he discards. Venetian-red is a favourite colour in the flesh. Blue-black, indian-red, burnt terra de sienna, blue, vandyke brown, asphaltum, vermilion and lake. He observes that as colours are liable to change from yellow to brown, some allowance should be made in the first instance.

"Mr. West observed that Correggio generally painted on a ground of a pearly tint, composed of indian-red, black and white. In copying, it was essential to paint on a ground of the same tint with the original. Correggio as an ideal colourist was excellent, his pearly tone suited the chastity of his subjects.

"Titian's grounds were mostly of burnt umber and white, which is the nearest approach to the half tint of nature. Rubens used a white ground, and his colouring, which is uncommonly rich, is like metal, compared with the purity and truth of Titian.

"The English painters generally use absorbent grounds. Lawrence paints his common sized portraits in a broad flat frame painted yellow. This preserves the edges of the canvass from injury, and helps to determine what will be the effect of the picture when framed. Lawrence oils out the ground after making the outline, which he is more exact and particular with, than any portrait painter I know of. His room is lined with dark red—so were Owen's exhibition and painting rooms.

"A macgyll is made with water saturated with sugar of lead, an equal portion of mastic varnish, and three-fourths of linseed oil. It dries well. Ramsay Reinagle approves of oiling out a picture—in painting a dark complexion, uses white lowered with asphaltum. Brown oker and Naples yellow are better for flesh than yellow oker. Drying oil is not fit for macgyll after it has stood a month, without shaking the bottle well. An absorbent ground may be prepared with weak size, whitening, and a small portion of treacle."

So far Mr. Sully's notes. It may be added that oiling out a picture is a bad practice, and that burnt terra de sienna is yellow enough for nearly all complexions, perhaps this is what Hopner meant when he said, "there is no yellow in flesh."

rity—and received the captain's thanks when he had rushed on deck and seen the perilous situation he had been rescued from. Another sea-captain was likewise a passenger, a rough and boisterous son of the storm, who had conceived an affection for the painter—that is, “taken a strong liking to him.” The alarm of ice islands being given one night, and the well known sound of confusion on the deck reaching him, he snatched Sully from his berth, and bearing him aloft in his herculean arm, rushed upon deck, where the first thing he did after placing him on his feet was to fasten down the hatches. The alarm being over, Sully asked him the meaning of the last act. “There were more than enough,” said the sailor, “already on deck to fill the boat, and I meant that all under the hatches should stay there.”

Returned to Philadelphia and to his family, the painter occupied again the same house, jointly with Mr. Trott. Sully felt that in portrait painting he had made little progress, except that he had more of the theory, and that his general knowledge of his art was much greater. The public however, saw great improvement in his portraits, and he had the world of fashion at his beck. That knowledge he had obtained was soon, and ever after, apparent in all the productions of his pencil.

He was enabled to offer to his friend Wilcox the \$500 he had borrowed of him. “Why what have I done,” said he, “that you will not paint for me, as well as others? I don't want the money—I must have pictures.” The painter sent him pictures nominally to the amount of the debt, but on any estimate except that made to induce his friend to accept them, to the value of half as much more. The copies for masters made for, and sent at his expense to the subscribers, are now the ornaments of their houses, and of ten times the value of that very moderate sum the young painter received for them: but that well timed aid enabled him to gain the prize he aimed at.

In 1811, Charles R. Leslie's talent, since so fully developed, manifested itself. Sully, ever ready to communicate to others the knowledge bestowed upon him, either by the instrumentality of men like himself, or by his own indefatigable exertions, encouraged the efforts of Leslie in every way. He painted a head in the manner of Rembrandt expressly for his instruction. He thus taught the boy the use of the material, which he has employed so conspicuously to his own honour and the delight of the world. For this service rendered, we have heard Sully say that Leslie has never ceased repaying him

by presents of prints, drawings and other friendly tokens of remembrance and good will.

But the effect of too close application to study began to show itself before the end of 1811, and rendered it necessary for Mr. Sully to make a journey to Richmond for the recovery of his health. This leads to a notice of an arrangement made by the painter to secure the services of an eminent physician for his family after he returned from this journey to Virginia. Dr. Dorsey very willingly agreed to attend as family physician, for the sum of \$100 the year, to be paid in pictures. After a time the doctor protested against the bargain, and said "I must break off, Sully, this will not do." "How so?" "Because none of you will be sick." "Only let us remain well, doctor," said the painter, "and I am willing to paint to three times the amount for you."

A pleasant acquaintance of mine had the habit of introducing any subject whatever, by "speaking of a gun," a phrase similar to the French "*apropos des bottes*." We shall come nearer the mark we aim at, by saying, "speaking of a doctor," and having related one painter's anecdote of a doctor, let it introduce another. Doctor Lewis, a very old gentleman was sitting to Sully for his portrait when Dr. Abercrombie came in. "So," said the latter, "sitting for your picture, Dr. Lewis, that's right!" "Yes," said the old gentleman, "I have settled all my affairs, and have nothing to do but have my likeness taken and die." In two months from the time he was a corpse.

This did not prove a sufficient warning to Dr. Abercrombie, who perhaps had not yet settled his affairs, for he soon after sat for his portrait. When he was adjusting himself to the fatal chair, the painter inquired, "How much time can you give me, doctor." "I'll sit as long as you please," was the reply. "I can paint all day." "And I can sit all day." By and by, Trott came in, but finding a sitter, retired. After the longest time he had ever known or heard of for the operation, he returned,—found the doctor on the same spot, and withdrew. He came a third time, after a still longer interval, and there still sat the doctor, who saluted him with, "Well, Mr. Trott, don't you think I'm a good sitter?" "Good," said Trott; "yes indeed. You set like an old hen." This joke, may pass in common parlance, because in common parlance *sit* and *set* are frequently very improperly confounded.

Another esel anecdote, *apropos des bottes*. Monsieur Brugere, a French gentleman, who had lived in double blessedness, until his consort and himself were of a certain age, or a

little beyond, called on the painter and engaged his portrait. The transaction, by agreement, was to be a profound secret, as he meant to surprise Madame Brugere, by presenting her with a duplicate of his beloved visage, as a new-year's gift. While this affair was going on the painter received a visit from Madame Brugere. Sully, on seeing her enter, thought the secret had fared the fate of most secrets, and was preparing to bring Monsieur's physiognomy from its hiding place; but the lady did not give him time to be a Marplot. "Mr. Sully," said she, "you must paint my picture very quick; for I am determined to surprise Mr. Brugere very much by presenting to him my likeness on new-year's day, the first thing he shall see. Monsieur Brugere has long desired to possess my portrait—I have long time refused—but now I would surprise him, when he shall find it hung up before his face on new-year's morning. So you will paint my portrait, and we shall keep it very, *very* secret, from Monsieur Brugere and all the world." Thus this happy couple had hit on the same plan to increase each other's pleasure at the commencement of the year. Accordingly both portraits were painted, and both secrets remained inviolate and unsuspected. The painter contrived that the pictures should be carried to the house and placed in the parlour on new-year's eve, after the family had retired to rest—the same pretence for the secrecy of the proceeding, and the lateness of the hour, answering for each, and each plotting with the painter to deceive and surprise the other. A visit was soon received from the husband. "Aha! Monsieur Sully! *Mon Dieu!* how we have all played trick! I trick my wife—my wife trick me—you trick both. Very early on new-year morning Madame Brugere get up and go into the parlour. I listen, and I hear her exclaim very loud, and laugh immoderately. So I go to her to enjoy the joke. 'Aha! my dear!' I say, 'is it like?'—'You shall look if it is like:' and there I found her picture by the side of mine. 'Aha!' said I, 'Sully has told you my plot, and you counter-plot me!' but I found it was the same thought in two heads." "And the mutual desire to produce an agreeable surprise," said the painter.

Mr. Sully painted several full-lengths about this time. One of the celebrated George Frederick Cooke, in the character of Richard the Third, he presented to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. A full-length portrait of Samuel Coates, an active governor of the Pennsylvania Hospital, is placed opposite to one of Doctor Rush, in the building erected for West's picture of "Healing in the Temple," but in an ante-

chamber. Coates's portrait he presented to the Pennsylvania Hospital; that of Dr. Rush he was employed to paint by the directors and paid for. This was in the year 1813.*

* To THOMAS SULLY, Portrait Painter, Philadelphia.

"New-York, April 16th, 1812.

"Dear Sir—I am desirous of obtaining a portrait of my friend Dr. Rush. I have an imperfect likeness of him in crayons, by Sharpless; but it contains nothing of the character of Dr. Rush, which it should be the object of the painter to delineate: in that respect yours is a *science*, not an *art*, as it is generally denominated. Believing that you duly appreciate the mind which animates the face of my friend, and that you have become familiarly conversant with his features, I have no doubt you will be enabled to furnish me with a portrait which will be gratifying to me, at the same time that it will afford me and your other friends an opportunity of seeing a specimen of the present highly improved productions of your pencil. I hope your engagements will permit you to confer upon me the favour I ask, in the course of the present season.

"I wish it to be a half-length, to correspond with that of Dr. Bard, by Vanderlyn, which you have seen in my room. Your order for the same will be honoured whenever you think proper to inform me of the amount, and to whom it shall be paid.

"Would it improve the picture by throwing into the back-ground a distant view of your City Hospital or University, to which Dr. Rush's labours have been so much and so long devoted?

"I am, Sir, with regard and respect,

"Yours,

"D. HOSACK."

To Dr. BENJAMIN RUSH.

"New-York, April 23d, 1812.

"My dear Sir—I have written to Mr. Sully, the portrait painter, of your city, requesting to know if his engagements will permit him, at this time, to execute for me a portrait of a much esteemed and respected friend. Finding that he is both ready to comply with my wish, and pleased with the subject upon which I have requested his pencil to be employed, it remains for me to ask the favour of you to oblige me by sitting to him for this purpose, whenever you may find it convenient. I am very sensible of the tax I lay upon your friendship, in asking from you this favour, incessantly occupied as you are by business. I already possess an imperfect sketch, by Sharpless, but it consists of mere features, exhibiting little or nothing of the character which I consider every thing in a portrait.

"I have applied to Mr. Sully, believing that he duly appreciates his art in this respect, and that he, at the same time, is sufficiently acquainted with your *mind* as well as your *face*, to blend them on the canvas. You see I am fully apprised of the correctness of the observation by Sir Joshua Reynolds, that 'it is not the eye, it is the mind, which the painter of genius desires to address, that it is this *intellectual* dignity that ennobles the painter's art, that lays the line between him and the mere mechanic.'

"But I hope I am not imposing upon you the task of a *five* hours' sitting, the time occupied by Sir Joshua when he painted his celebrated portrait of your friend Dr. Beattie.

"Present me affectionately to Mrs. Rush and Miss Julia; I hope we shall be favoured with a visit from them in the course of the summer. I am happy to tell you, that after the embarrassments which the delay of payment for the garden had temporarily created, my mind is once more at ease, and that my undivided attention is now given to my profession. My promised letter is only *delayed*, not forgotten.

"With great respect and esteem,

"I am yours,

"DAVID HOSACK."

CHAPTER VIII.

Sully's yearly receipts at various periods—his business decreases in 1818—loss by a drawing from West's "Healing in the Temple"—Full-length of Commodore Decatur, for New-York—Sully's delicacy towards Stuart---Stuart's strange conduct---Unfortunate circumstances attending the painting of the great picture of "Crossing the Delaware"---is sold to Doggett---The Capuchin Chapel---Full-length of Mr. Jefferson, for West Point---intended visit to England---he is going to Boston---stopped by several artists---permanent success---person and character---Remarks on pictures and pigments---James House.

THE yearly receipts of the painter has been stated, at the time he commenced oil painter in Norfolk : it was \$120. His yearly earnings now, for some years, including the first after his return from England, were, from \$4,500 to \$4,120. This did not last ; and before the year 1813 his business had most sensibly decreased. He lost much time by undertaking to make a large drawing of West's picture of "Healing in the Temple," for the directors of the Pennsylvania Hospital.—From this an engraving was to have been made : he was to receive \$500 dollars for the finished drawing. But after proceeding in the work for several weeks, he found that he should lose by the bargain, and begged to be released from it, unless an additional \$200 could be added for his remuneration. The directors chose to annul the agreement, and the time employed upon the drawing was lost.

By invitation from the city of New-York, Mr. Sully repaired to that city, and painted Commodore Decatur's full-length portrait, for which he received \$500. This was the first painted of that series of full-lengths which the common council of New-York ordered, to commemorate the men who distinguished themselves during the short war of 1812 : a war which, in its causes, characterized the insolence of Great Britain, and, by its events, proved that she was not the mistress of every sea, or conqueror on every shore—the latter had been before shown triumphantly on the same soil. Mr. Sully's Decatur is not the happiest effort of his genius or pencil.

The voices of all in America who understood or loved the fine arts, would have called upon Gilbert Stuart to have fulfilled the views of the city of New-York, by perpetuating the resemblances, in form and character, of the defenders of the country ; and he had already commenced the full-length of the first who began the career of victory, the conqueror of the

Guerriere; but, from some misunderstanding with the officer, or with the corporation of New-York, or from some caprice of the eccentric painter, the work was discontinued, and the collection in the city hall of New-York cannot boast a picture from the hand of Stuart.

Mr. Sully was applied to by the common council of New-York to go on to Boston and paint the portrait of the officer whose likeness Stuart had begun and left unfinished; and the assurance was given, that the portraits of the other victorious commanders, naval and military, would be ordered in succession. This was a glorious and golden opportunity for the painter. But to go to the place where Stuart resided,—his friend and early instructor—his elder, and undoubtedly, at that time, his better as an artist, and paint a subject which he had commenced—"O no!" said Sully, "it cannot be!" However, as the journey was pressed upon him, and thinking that he might find some means of serving Stuart, connected with this project, he asked a little time before giving his final answer. He therefore wrote to Mr. Stuart, reminding him "that he had heard him often express his aversion to painting back-grounds in their details, the draperies of portraits, and the subordinate accessories of pictures; telling him that the corporation of New-York were determined to have a gallery of portraits of distinguished men, for which he might be employed if he chose, and offering to be his assistant in the subordinate parts of the plan, and the whole should be under his direction." Stuart never answered the letter. Sully declined going to Boston, as required, and another was employed to paint the pictures. Mr. Jarvis, who had not the same scruples in respect to Stuart, went on to Boston, and achieved the work which Stuart had neglected or refused: and in consequence of the satisfactory likeness produced, was employed for a long time in decorating the city hall of New-York with full-lengths of successful commanders.

Some years after, Mr. Sully being in company with Mr. Stuart at Boston, the latter proposed painting in conjunction, and almost in the words of Sully's former proposition, concluding with, "We can carry all the continent." Mr. Sully replied that he should be delighted with such a company-scheme, and then asked him if he remembered his letter to him in 1814. He denied all knowledge of it. Upon which Sully remarked, "If we had undertaken that business at that time, sir, we should have painted"—Stuart interrupted him by exclaiming, "All those full-lengths which that blackguard painted!"

The affair of the drawing commenced for the Pennsylvania hospital mentioned above, took place in July 1818, and in October of that year he had another order, which produced still more unfortunate results. He was applied to by the legislature of North Carolina for two full-length portraits of Washington. In reply, he proposed the painting of one historical picture, in which some prominent action of the hero should be represented, and mentioned the crossing of the Delaware at Trenton. This was agreed upon. He wrote for the dimensions of the place the picture was destined to occupy; and not receiving an answer, proceeded with the work on a canvas of great dimensions: years were expended in the completion; applications for portraits almost ceased; money was borrowed to carry on the work, and when it was finished he was informed that there was no place fitted to receive it, and the picture was thrown upon his hands.

To paint a great picture, and this was such both in size and subject, the artist requires a lofty apartment, and many expensive adjuncts which may be dispensed with in the composition of smaller works. The time exhausted in studies and labour, especially where all is done by one person, as has heretofore frequently been the case in our country, probably amounts to years; and the expenses of the artist and his family, if he lives in that becoming style which his professional standing in society entitles him to, and even his interest may require, must be serious in the amount. Thus his picture costs him (without charging it with any of the capital expended on his education as an artist) some thousands of dollars, which, if paid by a purchaser, is thought a great price, although it merely suffices to repay the painter for the expense incurred while painting the work—and his talents and labour go for nothing.

Stuart used to say no man would paint history if he could find full employment in portrait. If mere gain is to be considered, he was right. Sully had committed two errors in this business: first, his ambition prompted him to put aside the painting of two full-lengths which were offered to his pencil, for the sake of painting history. Here “vaulting ambition did o’erleap itself;” and secondly, prudence should have dictated to wait until he received an official answer respecting the size of the historical picture.

Mr. Sully had produced a fine historical picture, representing perhaps the most brilliant achievement of Washington, and in many respects in the most perfect style of art; but he found no purchaser for it, nor any profit from its exhibition.

Unfortunately, Washington's portrait was not acknowledged as a likeness. The generation, who were its judges, generally formed their opinion of his countenance from the vile print published by Heath of London, and called Gabriel Stuart's Washington, (certainly it was not Gilbert Stuart's) and from Trumbull's pictures of the general. This unfortunate picture was at length sold to Mr. John Doggett, a wealthy and worthy frame maker of Boston, for \$500, and he sold it to Mr. Greenwood, the keeper of the Boston Museum; and it there remains rolled up, awaiting the time when it shall be justly appreciated. If it was an old instead of a modern picture, the winter landscape would alone stamp it as a jewel; but in the old pictures one good part redeems—in the modern, one part faulty condemns. When the painter hears this picture mentioned, he sometimes says, "I wish it was burnt." A small finished study, four feet by three, painted previous to the large picture, was purchased by Sir James Wright, and is now in Edinburgh, and another of the same size was purchased by Col. I. Ash, of Georgetown, South Carolina.

In July 1821, Mr. Sully first became personally acquainted with Washington Allston. Among the many projects suggested by the lack of regular professional business as a portrait painter, the noise which Granet's picture of the "Capuchin Chapel" made at this time, was the cause of one which Sully carried into execution with success. It was justly thought that a good copy would be a profitable exhibition picture, especially as the original was the property of a man of fortune, and not visited with the same freedom as one feels when paying twenty-five cents for admission—a kind of ease similar to one's enjoyment "in mine own inn." Thus thinking, Sully, having obtained permission of Mr. Wiggins of Boston to make the copy, (a permission for which he was in part indebted to the suggestion of Mrs. Wiggins, that it would diminish the number of visitors who came to see the original painting—ladies do not like to have their carpets trodden by unhallowed feet,) the painter repaired to the famous tri-mount town, and prepared for the task. When Sully spoke of the time necessary to make a copy of this very highly finished picture among his brother artists, Sargent gave him four months, Allston said five, Stuart six, but the indefatigable painter finished it in less than three. When he told Allston it was finished, he said, "You have made a sketch." "No; a carefully finished copy—come and see." It was acknowledged to be such. But the artist had worked ten hours every day; and such was his absorption in the labour he had undertaken, that, neglecting his

premonitory feelings, he one day on leaving off, after having extended the time of labour, while preparing to clean his palette, fainted away from exhaustion.

M. Granet, the painter of the original which Sully copied as above, had been commissioned from Naples to paint a picture while he was in Rome, and took for his subject the choir of the Capuchin church in the Piazza Barberini, during divine worship. He was admirably successful. He had orders for, and executed ten copies of this picture. One of these was made for Mr. Wiggins, who brought it to the United States. The other copies by Granet are distributed all over Europe.

In this same year, 1821, Mr. Sully painted his fine full-length portrait of Mr. Jefferson for the Military Academy at West Point. For this purpose he visited the sage at Monticello, and in his house made a painting, head size, of the venerable ex-president. The painter was an inmate of Monticello twelve days, and left the place with the greatest reluctance.

Many are the vicissitudes which a portrait painter has to undergo even after he has attained eminence. How necessary is it for him to catch and hold fast a portion of the product of the flood tide, that when the ebb comes he may not be left stranded and destitute like a ship-wrecked mariner. Perhaps no painter of Mr. Sully's acknowledged merit has experienced the fluctuations of fashion, or the caprices of the public, in so great a degree. At one time overwhelmed with applications for portraits, at another literally deserted, not because he deteriorated, as some have done, for all acknowledge progressive improvement to the present hour. In 1824 Mr. Sully's business had decreased fearfully, and his embarrassments increasing in proportion, had become so onerous that he had determined to leave America. He had pressing invitations to come to Edinburgh, and there take up his permanent residence. While he hesitated, a plan was proposed by some of his friends for a second visit to England, instead of a removal of his family. It was thought he might leave his family at home while he went to London and painted the portraits of eminent men, originals, and copies from good pictures by artists of known talents, of deceased worthies, the Lockes, the Newtons, the Miltons, the Cromwells, the Hampdens, and others that we claim as our countrymen, and revere as our benefactors. He was to be supported by sums subscribed for the purpose by those who wished such pictures, and who wished to encourage the art and the artist.

This plan was so far matured that the painter carried it in the form of a subscription paper to a wealthy, and professing friend for his signature. He was coldly received, and time asked for deliberation. Sully took his leave with his subscription paper in his hand; and if the patron looked from his window upon the man whose expectations he had raised but to disappoint, whose manly spirit rose as his hopes were crushed, he might have seen the heart-stricken husband and father tear the paper to pieces, and dash it in the kennel before his door.

He now thought of accepting invitations from Boston promising him employment, and having made known his intentions, packed up and made all ready for the journey, he was waited upon by Messrs. Fairman, Fox, and Childs, engravers, who were determined to prevent what they justly considered a loss to the city. "You must not leave us," they said. "I have no employment here." "If you had gone to England, you would have returned. If you go to Boston, and take your family, you will stay there. Will you paint our portraits?" "Certainly." It was agreed upon. The painter unpacked his materials, and from that time to this he has had uninterrupted success—full employment, increased prices, increased reputation, and increasing skill.

Mr. Sully is, as we believe and sincerely hope, anchored safely in port for life. He has portraits engaged in succession for years to come at liberal prices. His fellow-citizens of Philadelphia justly appreciate him as an artist and a man. The late wealthy, eccentric, benevolent, and munificent Stephen Girard caused to be built in addition to one of his houses, purposely for the artist, an exhibition and painting room, and in that house he resides surrounded by his numerous family, and by all those conveniences which are so dear and necessary to a painter.

With a frame apparently slight, but in reality strong, muscular, athletic, and uncommonly active, Mr. Sully does not stand over five feet eight inches in height, but he walks with the stride of a man of six feet. His complexion is pale, hair brown, eyes grey, approaching to blue, and ornamented with uncommonly long eye-lashes, and his whole physiognomy marked with the wish to make others happy. At the age of fifty-one, he enjoys the cheerfulness and activity of youth. Two of his daughters are married, one to Mr. John Neagle, a first-rate portrait painter, another, herself a painter, to Mr. Darley. The oldest son of the artist has followed the example of his father in rejecting the counting-house for the painter's atelier, and we doubt not will follow his example in industry and virtue.

NOTES ON PICTURES AND PAINTING,

BY THOMAS SULLY, ESQ.

CHARLES R. LESLIE, Esq., soon after he went to London, copied Hogarth's "Gate of Calais," and sent it to this country. Sully copied it, and says in one of his notes, "that he painted the figures in front at each side with colour tempered with wax; especially the figure of the Scotchman, which, except a slight effect of burnt umber in the commencement, was wholly painted with wax colours, which is prepared as follows: to a desert spoon full of mastic (varnish) add a piece of bleached wax, melted by fire; when this mixture is cold it will form a thin jelly, which may be either used as a magylyp by tempering it with oil, or by adding it to the colours when ground in oil." Sully's copy from Leslie is in Sully and Earle's gallery, Philadelphia. The fate of Leslie's copy from Hogarth is singular. It was purchased at auction by a boy for two dollars, who did not know its worth, and willingly sold it to his master for a trifling advance. It is now in New-York.

In April, 1826, Mr. Sully visited the collection of Joseph Bonaparte, at Bordentown, New-Jersey. The remarks of the painter at this period of matured knowledge and judgment, are worthy the attention of the student. "Titian's plan does not appear to me to produce splendour of colouring by employing the brightest colours, but by the judicious and artful use of sober tints, and the practice of toning and glazing them. I am now speaking of the impression made upon me by an inspection of those examined on this occasion. Indian red appears to have been the principal red used in the flesh—in the fairest flesh a little improved with vermilion. I have little doubt that the dead colouring made with Indian red, or even colcotha in the flesh, then toned with raw umber and white in the lights, and glazed with asphaltum or mummy in the shadows, would be near the general preparation. But if in the dead colour black were used in the gradations, perhaps toning with brown ochre and Indian red might be better. It is remarkable how much glazing has been used in the Lucretia, which I examined closely. Even the whole drapery has been glazed or toned down. The effect is a subdued splendour, far preferable to the oily smoothness of the opposite system. Absorbent canvas seems to have been used; the colours much loaded. I again had occasion to remark that in large pictures very sober colours may be employed to produce richness of effect. A picture by Velasquez (a deer-chase) has very much the aspect of a Titian, but there is not so much display of

glazing and process; the unity of the tone seemed effected by beginning the whole picture with one colour for the shade, and one for the light, which are afterwards finished upon. Murillo looks dirty and clouded in the tone and in the flesh; except in small pictures of a portrait size, *there* the flesh was rich and natural. Guido looked hard and liny near Titian, and very cold and weak. The large pictures of Rubens have much of Titian's good colour in them, although generally of a higher scale."

In 1828, Mr. Sully, though standing so high in his profession, copied a head painted by Raeburn, for study. He says of it, "I found much use made of glazing colours of green, purple, asphaltum, and lake. The green made of prussian blue and asphaltum; the purple, of prussian blue and lake. After dead-colouring near life, I tinted the flesh, white drapery, and back-ground with yellow, red and blue tints: when dry, glazed and improved the shadows, and scumbled the lights, on which I improved the tinting and finished the picture."

In 1827, Mr. Sully says, "I have resorted to my first method in laying in the flesh, by dead-colouring with Indian red and black—two tints with white and light red, and two tints of white, making out a broad effect of the head—including hair—a portion of the drapery and a portion of the back-ground. I follow upon that with the following tints, in the order they are set down, beginning with the madder lake and so on;—using a light touch with a long-haired pencil.

Madder lake	Brown oker	Cobalt & white
Vermilion	Do. & white	More white
Do. & white	More white	Black & brown oker
More white	More white	Do. and do. & white
More white	Cobalt	Asphaltum or Vandyke for the hair.

Yellow oker, or Naples yellow, may be substituted for the brown oker, or blue-black for the cobalt, or raw umber for the black and brown oker tint. The back-ground and drapery tinted in the same way; that is, with the Indian red, black and white; and, while wet, the colours broken in—except in masses of coloured or dark drapery; these may be put in of the tone or depth of colour, and glazed and retouched afterwards. The subsequent sittings are to glaze the shadows of the flesh, scumble the lights with light red and white, or any other fit tone, and retouch the complexion. I have painted, in this way, Dr. Abercrombie, and two copies of Guy Bryan, Esq."

Mr. Sully was incessantly making experiments, but not les-

ing his time in search of nostrums and secrets. He made notes of the palettes of eminent men—he tried their practice, and finally came back to the above. He thus gives Raeburn's palette. After ivory black and white lead, follow the tints.—

- | | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Indian red | 6. No. 5 and white | 12. Black & Indian red |
| 2. Add white | 7. More white | 13. Add white |
| 3. More white | 8. Raw umber | 14. More white |
| 4. More white | 9. Add white | 15. More white |
| 5. Brown oker &
Indian red | 10. More white | 16. More White |
| | 11. More white | |

Finishing palette :—

- | | | |
|---------------------------|------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Indian red & vermilion | 7. No. 6. & more white | 13. No. 12. & white |
| 2. No. 1. and white | 8. No. 7. and white | 14. More white |
| 3. More white | 9. Raw umber | 15. Ivory black & wh. |
| 4. More white | 10. Do. and white | 16. More white |
| 5. No. 1. and brown oker | 11. More white | 17. Madder lake |
| 6. No. 5. and white | 12. Indian red & black | 18. Asphaltum |

“The foregoing memorandum, from Sir Henry Raeburn's portrait of Dugald Stewart, presented by Dr. P. Tilghman to our Academy, has induced me to remark, that it is a list of colours applicable to most complexions, varying, as occasion demands the tints No. 5, 6, and 7. In very florid complexions, as those of red-haired persons, or of very fair, a different scale is requisite; for such, perhaps, burnt terra de sienna and vermilion. Light red and Naples yellow, with vermilion and white tints would be better. In glazing, I found he had incidentally employed cobalt with the tint No. 12, (Indian red and black); cobalt with asphaltum; also asphaltum with No. 12. It is well to paint with daring boldness and strength in determining the head. In finishing with the different tints, more circumspection must be used.”

In another note he gives the proportion of light and shade for large pictures. “The half, demi-tint; one-fourth, dark shade; and one-fourth, light. For small pictures, more dark shade, and less bright light.”

Speaking of one of his pictures, he says, “By taking too much pains with the detail, I have lost breadth—by muddling the colours, I have lost clearness. I must give more local tint to the flesh; the cold tints bordering the shadows trench too much on the light—the face looks muddy.”

In May, 1830, Mr. Sully writes thus :—“On careful inspection of several good pictures of the old masters in Abraham's collection, at New-York, I find that the practice of touching the whole picture with a warm colour, like terra de sienna, and, in some instances, with a dark colour like asphal-

tum, was common to their practice. A fine copy of Corregio's Magdalene, and a portrait by Velasquez, (rather doubtful) were much toned. In the landscape by Hobbima, asphaltum has been used over all the surface, sky and all. In a landscape, said to be by Claude, I found much scumbling, of a lilac neutral tint, over the distance and middle ground—perhaps also the sky; and finally, the whole picture, sky also, was toned with raw sienna, or a colour like it. The best picture in this collection is a Murillo: the colours are subdued, simple, little discrimination of tint: brown oker, Indian red, and raw umber chiefly: the whole much toned: a very full pencil has been used: the colours, at least in the beginning, were stiff, the marks of the brush left—no softening tool employed."

In June, 1831, Sully visited Boston. Ever in search of improvement, not only by industrious application, but by the examination of the works of others, and the lessons received in conversation with the masters of the art, he has made a note of the remarks of Allston, whom he always designates as "number one." "Allston says that Stuart condemned vermilion, but could not relieve himself by a substitute. (He) was of the same opinion, and had used Venetian red; which, if of good quality and well washed, will answer every purpose if a glazing of madder lake be resorted to. In Italy they have a superior kind of madder lake, called *terra rosa*. The walls of Allston's painting room are coloured with Spanish brown. Allston recommends emphatically, solid tinting in painting flesh, especially for large pictures that are to be seen at a distance. "Paint pure, decided tints: if too raw, you may correct them by scumbling—glaze at pleasure." Again, "never use brown drapery to a dark or yellow complexion; it will look like a snuff-bag." He recommends the use of a very slight glazing of asphaltum to a portrait, face and all."

In 1832, he has this note. "A man observes that his practice is to measure the face from the eyebrow to the chin. That as a general rule, to the end of the nose is one half of the face from the brow to the chin. He observes carefully the distance of the eye from the brow and from the nose, as on these points much of the identity of the face depends. Stuart Newton in conversation told me "he thought Lawrence's portraits over embellished—too theatrical—so that locality was sacrificed. (He) would prefer to see the individual with his exact and leading characteristic expression, but treated with an improved view. Reynolds, far the best portrait painter—he too had to contend with the complaint of want of likeness—

Lawrence's portraits of females rather loose. (He) would like to see all portraits of women made beautiful, and *like* if possible. On account of their costume, &c., they are the best subjects for a painter of portraits."

It may be seen by these notes how attentive Mr. Sully always was to every opinion that might improve him; and it is hoped that by publishing these memoranda, made only for private use (but given by permission), many students may find hints for their colouring and for their conduct. I think them invaluable.

JAMES HOUSE—1799.

This gentleman had in early life chosen painting for his profession, and practised taking likenesses in Philadelphia about this time. What changed his views I know not, but he entered the army of the United States, and I remember him long as Colonel House, and in 1814 commanding as fine a regiment as I ever beheld.

CHAPTER IX.

I. Simond—Maras, the Grand Signor's painter—No great difference, in his eye, between a horse and an ass—Gallagher—portrait painter—sign painter—scene painter—his kitchen and the manager's discontent—Miles—George Murray—engraves lions remarkably well—great prosperity—improvidence and death—Raphael West—oldest son of Benjamin—sent out to settle wild lands in Genesee—finds himself too near neighbour to a bear, and returns home—the West family picture—Raphael West a fine draughtsman—painters' criticisms—Eckstein—Natural painting—F. Guy—Tuthill—Charles Fraser—teaches Sully to draw—studies law—becomes a first rate miniature painter—Stewart—Hutchins.

LOUIS SIMOND—1799.

THIS gentleman, although not professionally an artist, had been so well taught in the course of a liberal education, and practised in this country for his amusement with so much skill, that he must be considered as one who contributed to the progress of the arts of design.

L. Simond was a native of Switzerland, who visited this country as a merchant; married in New-York, and resided with us many years. On his return to Europe, he passed some time in England, and published a work on that country, particularly noticing artists and arts. Unfortunately for his reputation as a critic of painting, he had become intimate in New-York with John Trumbull, who was, at the time of his visit to London, painting his unsuccessful historical large pic-

tures in that city, and *then* the enemy of B. West. Simond uniformly condemns the works of West, except the "Death of Wolfe," and that, he hints, was stolen from a previous picture. Trumbull's pictures, then painting, are praised in the comparison. Without this clue, Mr. Simond's strictures on West would be unintelligible to those who know his taste.

His description of a night and early morning in London is very fine. He afterwards published travels in Switzerland and Italy.

M. MARAS—1800.

A Frenchman by birth, M. Maras visited America about this time. In 1801-2 he painted poor miniatures in New-York. A poor or bad artist flourishes best where the people are most ignorant; and M. Maras, with great judgment, transferred himself from New-York to Constantinople, where he is at the head of affairs in the department of the fine arts, and painter to the sublime sultan. Charles Rhind, Esq., who negotiated our commercial treaty with the porte, recognised in the sultan's portrait painter, M. Maras from New-York. The present sultan, among his many reforms, patronizes the fine arts, (at least so far as to despise what the Mahometans consider a religious prohibition,) and, in imitation of more civilized monarchs, makes presents of his portrait in miniature to the ambassadors of other courts. This gives Maras full employment. The sultan puzzled the painter by requiring him to paint his sublimity on horseback, and the Frenchman was mounting him on a creature more like an ass than a horse, when my friend Rhind visited his rooms. He had possession of the grand signor's magnificent sword and jewels, enough to make him a nabob—if he could keep them.

GALLAGHER—1800.

A foreign artist, who painted portraits in Philadelphia at this time, and perhaps earlier. When there was a lack of portraits to do, he painted signs. He had a dashy, sketchy manner, and had been well instructed in the rudiments of drawing. In 1807, Thomas A. Cooper employed him in New-York as scene painter; but however great Gallagher's taste for the arts might be, his taste for lounging was greater, and, unfortunately for him, Cooper had been used to the rapid and effective manner of John J. Holland. He began a kitchen scene very beautifully, and might have made it rival a Dutch picture, but week after week passed, and the scene was not ready for the stage. "Some time next year," said the ma-

nager, "I may have *one* scene from Mr. Gallagher, and it will cost more than a Vandyke or a Titian."

Gallagher used to come every Saturday with the accounts of the scene department in his hand, and walk the stage during rehearsal to Cooper's great annoyance. "What does that man do *here*? I will not pay him \$30 a week to walk with his hat on one side, and his hands in his pockets!" Gallagher was dismissed, and I lost sight of him.

E. MILES—1800.

All I know of this gentleman is, that he painted miniatures in Philadelphia for many years, and (as I am informed by J. R. Lambdin, Esq., who was his pupil in 1823,) was once miniature painter to the Emperor Paul of Russia, the mad autocrat.

GEORGE MURRAY—1800.

Was a native of Scotland and went up to London (certainly no rare case) a destitute lad. How he *got on* there my informant saith not, but he was taught engraving by Anker Smith. Entangled with the liberty boys, he found it prudent to leave England, and took refuge in our southern states, where he commenced trader and married. He failed in his mercantile business and removed with his family to Philadelphia, where he resumed his professional employment, probably in 1800. His talents and knowledge as an engraver soon brought him into notice, and his necessities were relieved by employment for the plates of the Encyclopedia. He was particularly skilful in engraving animals, and the lions of the Encyclopedia are a fair specimen and a proof of his talents.

When bank-notes became the currency of the country, Murray engaged in that branch of engraving and associated with Fairman, Draper and others; they formed the well-known company of Murray, Draper, Fairman and Co. in 1811. The company was prosperous, became rich, and Murray was the financier and apparent leader of the business. He at this time is said to have kept his carriage, and wore a breast-pin of the cost of \$700. Not content with thriving in business, he engaged in purchasing houses and lots—their value fell, and he was ruined by the fall and his own prodigality.

He was a great agitator in the controversies between the artists of Philadelphia and the proprietors of the building and statuary called the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Mr. Sully, who had been elected a director of the academy, and endeavoured by every means in his power to make it useful,

was a particular object for Murray's enmity, and he was finally obliged to call upon him and charge him with asserting falsehoods in respect to him. It is said to be painful even now to Mr. Sully to hear the name of Murray.

This reckless and improvident man died poor, about the year 1824. "I have seen," says a correspondent, "his widow keeping a small huckster's shop where gingerbread and apples were sold." He is one of the men of genius who set themselves up as beacons to warn others from the rocks of folly.

RAPHAEL WEST—1800.

In the year 1800 this gentleman, my old and intimate companion in London, most unexpectedly appeared in New-York with his wife. Benjamin West and John Trumbull had made purchases from Mr. Wadsworth, of Genesee, of tracts of land on that paradise, the Genesee flats, near the bend which the Genesee River makes after coming from the higher lands to the west, (and turning north flows through luxuriant meadows, which always reminded me of the poetical Elysium) and finally falls into Lake Ontario, near Rochester. The elder West wished his son to visit his purchase, and as we Yankees say, improve it. But of all creatures my friend Raphael was the least fitted for the task of a pioneer in America. Born and educated in London, he had never been out of its neighbourhood; and though he had studied the noble oaks of Windsor forest, which he used to draw with anatomical precision united to all the beauties of the picturesque, he was a stranger to the appearance of the untamed forest, where only the Indian footpath gave token of the presence of man, and where instead of the deer, who in conscious safety approached and gazed at his drawings, he found the bear, the wolf and all those free rovers of the woods who at that time were the prey of the Iroquois, or preyed upon the flocks and herds of the settler—for then (not only the spot to which the London painter was destined but) all that country of the west, now thronging with human life and replete with human happiness, was a wilderness, uncultivated except where the Onondaga, the Oneida, the Seneca, or some other individual of the Six Nations had pitched a wigwam by the side of a stream; where the fertile and inexhaustible soil gave maize without labour as a coarse condiment to his venison. I do not mean that in 1800 there were literally no settlements commenced in this great country, but they were principally the squatters and pioneers of

Yankee population, and Raphael had the house of Wadsworth, at Big-tree, to receive him, although the owner was still in Europe. This place is now a paradise.

Raphael West was born in the year 1769, the oldest son of the great historical painter. His portrait as a boy is introduced by his father in the beautiful small picture of the family, leaning on the arm of his mother's chair, who is looking at the second son, Benjamin, an infant on her lap. His school education was entrusted to one of the numerous academies that surrounded London, and it seems to have been a favourite with the Americans of that day, as Mather Brown, John Singleton Copley, (the son of the painter, and now Lord Lyndhurst,) and Raphael West, were schoolmates and playmates, when, as Mather Brown told Leslie, "he and Raefe had often, while bathing, given the chancellor in embryo a ducking in the Serpentine River.*"

Having mentioned the West family picture, I will repeat what Mr. Charles R. Leslie has said respecting it, as connected with my friend Raphael. "Of all Mr. West's pictures, *great or small*, I prefer (perhaps you will laugh at me) the little one representing his own family. Sir Joshua Reynolds used to say, 'no man ever painted more than half a dozen perfectly original pictures in his life.' Certainly this one stands pre-eminent among Mr. West's half dozen. It is well known by an indifferent engraving, as large, I believe, as the picture, and represents a young mother (Mrs. West) soon after the birth of her second child. I know of nothing in the art more lovely than the mother and the sleeping babe. Near her stands, half reclining, a boy of nine or ten years of age (your old friend Raphael West) and on the other side sit two quakers with their hats on, the father and brother of the artist, who leans on the back of one of their chairs." Does he not lean on his wife's chair? By the by, had Allan Cunningham ever seen this picture, or even seen Mr. West, he could not, one would suppose, constantly speak of him as a quaker. To return to Leslie. "I believe the picture represents the first visit paid by the father and brother-in-law to the lady, after the birth of the second son, and the silence

* Let it be remembered to the credit of Lord Lyndhurst, that he did not forget his early friend Raphael West, while chancellor, and when Raphael, after the death of his father, was rather in straitened circumstances. Lyndhurst exerted himself with the government, but in vain, to induce them to purchase some of the large pictures left by Benjamin West. Lyndhurst offered Raphael a place, but it was not a sufficiently eligible one, and was declined; and unluckily, for the places he could have given him, of more consequence, Raphael was not qualified.

which reigns over the whole is that of religious meditation. When Mr. West's pictures were sold, Mr. Newton and I agreed, if it should come at all within our means, to buy this one between us. But Raphael West, to whom it belongs, would not part with it. It was therefore not included in the sale. I did not know the reason at the time; but Raphael since told me, and added, with a feeling which does him honour, that as long as he could keep any thing, he would not part with that picture. It is well known that when Benjamin West, a young man, left home for Italy, he had formed an attachment to a young lady of Philadelphia, of the name of Shewell. On his arrival in England from Italy, his prospects as an artist soon assumed so promising an aspect, that he determined to remain there, and wrote to his affianced bride, asking her to undertake the voyage to England, under the care of his venerable father. The lady and her intended father-in-law complied with the request, and in London, for the first time, the old gentleman met his eldest son, who was a watch-maker, settled in Reading, and at that time forty years of age. This son was born after old Mr. West went to America, and the mother dying, the child was retained by her relatives. West married and remained in America until he came to bring a bride to his son Benjamin, one of the many children given him by his American wife."

Both the parents of Raphael West were Americans. Educated in the midst of artists and pictures, he was, when I became acquainted with him in 1784, one of the best designers, of the academy figure from life, that England possessed. He did not apply himself with the necessary industry to painting which ensures success, but seems to have been discouraged by the overshadowing merit and fame of his father. "If I should attain the skill and excellence of my father," thought (perhaps said) the youth, "I shall not find another George the Third to be my employer and friend." Raefe helped me to do nothing; and I very frequently was a hindrance to his little application, by visiting the little room, in Newman-street, at the head of the gallery. After I left England he painted one of the pictures for Alderman Boydell's Shakspeare Gallery. This picture, "Orlando and Oliver," from "As you like it," was purchased and brought to this country by Robert Fulton, and is now in the possession of James Rosevelt, counsellor at law of New-York.

In 1800 Raphael, as has been said, visited America, to improve wild lands, and although he did not exert his talents as a painter for the public, or exhibit any pictures during his

stay, his taste had influence on the arts of the country, (for the leaven cannot be mingled with the lump and produce no effect) and the drawings he brought with him, and those executed during his residence at Big-tree, and communicated or presented to his friends, must be considered as swelling the tide of western art by a copious though transient shower.

Disappointed, discouraged, and home-sick, Raphael gladly broke from the Big-tree prison, to return to the paternal home in Newman-street. On his way he visited me in New-York. His anger was kindled against Wadsworth, who, like a true American, saw in the wilderness the paradise which was to grow up and bloom there, but which was invisible to the London painter, and if possible, still more so to his London wife. "Would you believe it, Dunlap, as I sat drawing by a lower window, up marched a bear, as if to take a lesson!"

The last time I saw my friend Raphael, was in the winter of 1802. His wife and himself were on a cold day surrounded by snow in a sleigh, and going to embark when I bade them adieu. Even the prospect of England in the distance, could not cheer his English wife; and I felt at the moment that for a husband to bring a wife from London to America, a lady used to London life, was as certain a source of misery to both husband and wife as ingenuity could contrive.

Thirty-two years have passed since my friends departed from these shores; and I am certain from what I know of Raphael West, that whether fortune has smiled or frowned, his good principles and excellent temper have insured him many a day of happiness.

I will here quote a passage from a letter of Mr. Leslie's in answer to my inquiries. "You know our friend Raphael possessed more talent than industry. His best picture, Orlando rescuing his brother from the lioness, is, or was, in America. There is an old tree in it, drawn in a very masterly style. I have seen other drawings and etchings by him of some of the old oaks in Windsor park, in a very grand manner. He also drew the human figure with a masterly and anatomical precision equal to his father, and I believe he often assisted him in his large works. He drew the whole of the outline of the "Death on the Pale Horse," upon the large canvas, having no other guide than a small sketch by his father, and he executed this in a style that left the old gentleman nothing to correct. I have seen a *satan* painted by him. Bold and picturesque, but more grotesque than grand. It was like every thing else he did, too much in the taste of Salvator Rosa. Peter Pindar, I am told, said of it, that "It was a *damned*

thing, but not the devil." Doctor Wolcott was not content with endeavouring in vain to decry the father, but visited the son with his malice in hopes of better success. Leslie continues, "I do not remember the line among Peter's works, but it reminds me of a criticism of Fuseli on the picture of the Resurrection, by Mr. West. The Saviour (rather a heavy figure) was issuing from the tomb. There were angels above, one of them in an attitude of surprise.—In the exhibition, Sir William Beechy (who told me the story,) asked Fuseli if he thought such an expression was proper to an angel on such an occasion.—"Yes," said Fuseli, "the angel is very much in the right—he has expected to see the Messiah come forth, instead of whom he sees that great lubberly fellow, and is very much surprised." Thus painters talk of each other—*some painters*. I have had occasion to show Fuseli's bitter envy towards West. Leslie proceeds:

"Allston will remember that he and I were one day waiting in Mr. West's large painting-room to see him, when the door opened, and a young girl of about fifteen came bounding in, but stopped suddenly on seeing strangers, blushed and ran out. We both thought we had never beheld any thing so lovely. Mr. West entered soon after, and we asked him who the beautiful creature we had just seen was. He told us, she was his granddaughter, and added, '*She is a little Psyche.*' She is the only child of Raphael West. With features of Grecian regularity, blue eyes and light brown hair, her complexion 'Nature's pure red and white,' and a form, perfect as her face, that first glimpse I had of her almost seemed like the momentary visit of an angel to the earth. This lady is now a wife and mother. She sat to me, since her marriage, for Anne Page, in a picture I painted of Falstaff and others at dinner, at Mr. Page's house. Her grandfather often painted her."

On the death of Benjamin West, his property was divided between his two sons—his only children, and the great picture of "Death on the Pale Horse," is the property of Raphael. The younger brother has the "Christ Rejected," and by coming with it to America realized a large sum of money from its exhibition. I believe a larger might be accumulated by the exhibition of the "Death on the Pale Horse" in this country. As it is, this property lies useless to its owner, whose principle revenue is derived, as I am informed, from his portion of the rent of the buildings in Newman-street.

JOHN ECKSTEIN—1801.

“Eckstein,” says my friend Sully, “was a thorough-going drudge in the arts. He could do you a picture in still life—history—landscape—portrait—he could model—cut a head in marble—or any thing you please.

“I once visited his *atelier* with Washington Irving—it was lucky that I cautioned him not to express any emotion at the odd things we might encounter, or he would perhaps have been taken by surprise. Amongst the many strange versions of classic history was one, “The Roman and Sabine combatants separated by the Sabine women.” One of the females had her infant clinging to her shoulder—the terrified brat was represented screaming with affright, and the artist had anxiously added a very usual circumstance with children when they cry, and no handkerchief convenient—a large bubble was appended to its nose—a most graphic symptom of grief.

“I know nothing of his dates. I found him when I removed to Philadelphia,” (1800) “an old man, and he has been dead many years.”

In 1812, he exhibited a model of an equestrian statue of Washington in Roman costume, and many drawings on historical subjects.

FRANCIS GUY—1801.

Was originally a tailor of Baltimore. He attracted some attention by his attempts at landscape painting, and finally made it his profession and found employers.

Robert Gilmore, Esq., of Baltimore in a letter to me, says, “He began by copying my pictures and drawings, which are his best works. I have several of them. His blue he made of common coal-cinder.”

Coal-cinder makes a blue-black, but is not sufficient for the blue of the painter. His style was crude and harsh, with little to recommend his efforts, which now would not be tolerated. He exhibited several landscapes in the gallery of the Pennsylvania Academy as late as 1811.

TUTHILL—1801.

In the year 1812, as far as memory serves me, I saw for the first time this artist. He was then painting in Chatham-street, New-York, was a married man, and had several portraits in his room. He told me that he had been to London to study the art; but his works bore little indication of that school. He likewise claimed to be a pupil of Mr. West’s. I lost sight

of him for many years, but met him again in Utica, much improved in manner, appearance and painting. He had been successful as an itinerant ; and by presenting smooth and well varnished pictures, with some resemblance to his sitters, he was accumulating property.

CHARLES FRASER—1801.

The love which this gentleman felt for the art, which he eventually pursues as a profession, was in early life controlled by those who had charge of his education and patrimony ; for he had the misfortune to lose his father before he was nine years of age.

He is a native of Charleston, South Carolina ; and from his earliest days, like most who have devoted themselves to painting, or any of the arts of design, was observed to use every substance which came in his way to make a mark, in endeavouring to imitate some of the forms presented to his sight. His wish was to become a painter, but those on whom the care of his education devolved, did not yield to his desire for instruction in that art. They perhaps did not feel authorized to sacrifice any portion of his patrimony, to qualify him for a pursuit whose results they might deem less certain, than those of (one of what are called the learned professions) the law ; and had him educated accordingly.

Mr. Fraser has expressed his regret at their choice. In a letter to a friend, he says, " It was to this timid and home-bred feeling, (if so I may call it) that I owe the circumstance of not having been educated as an artist. This unfortunate error by which the destiny of my life was directed, or rather *mis-directed* will ever be, as it has always been, a source of regret to me."

In 1793 he met, in a school-mate, a congenial mind, and having more skill than his companion, a boy recently from England, he became his instructor, and encouraged him in that, which, undoubtedly their schoolmaster considered a career of idleness. This English boy was Thomas Sully, who says, in a letter to me, Mr. Fraser was " the first person who took the pains to instruct me in the rudiments of the art." Mr. Fraser has done much for the progress of the arts of design, by his own pencil, and by his conduct as a man, and a gentleman ; but if he had only been an agent in the good work of instructing and encouraging Thomas Sully, the world of art would have been incalculably indebted to him.

In the year 1798, Mr. Fraser, in accordance with the wishes of his guardians, entered a lawyer's office, but left it again in

1801, for the much more attractive study of his favourite art ; but after three years he became discouraged, and resumed his legal studies in 1804. In 1807 he was admitted to the practice of the bar, and continued therein until 1818 ; doubtless during that time stealing an hour from the court of contention, to devote to the court of the muses.

Having by eleven years practice as a lawyer, by diligence, punctuality, and the most conciliating manners, joined to probity above all suspicion, made himself in a great measure independent of the contingencies attending any failure or disappointment, in the pursuit he most loved ; he commenced painting professionally in miniature, and has from that time found that his pencil has been in request so fully and constantly, in his native city of Charleston, that with the exception of two months passed in the exercise of his profession at Hartford, Connecticut, in the summer of 1831, his fellow citizens of South Carolina, and their visitors, have amply occupied his time. Those who have seen Mr. Fraser's miniature portraits will not be surprised that they have been in constant demand in one city.

Mr. Fraser is a gentleman of polished manners and fine feelings ; with a person to attract attention and command respect. The friend and associate of Sully, Malbone, and Allston, he is of that class of artists, happily become common in this country, who receive and confer honour on the arts of design.

STEWART—1802.

Mr. Stewart painted wretched portraits about and before this time in Hartford, Connecticut. This gentleman had been, (as I was informed at the time I saw him and his pictures) a clergyman. What turned him from the cure of men's souls, to the caricaturing of their bodies, I never learned. He was the first instructor in painting of S. L. Waldo, Esq.

HUTCHINS—1802.

Mr. Hutchins has occasionally painted portraits in New-York, but has attended to other pursuits which, perhaps, has prevented that progress he might otherwise have made. He has had a friendly instructor of late, in one of our first artists, A. B. Durand, Esq.

CHAPTER X.

"Number one"—Born in Charleston, S. C.—Early education at Newport—Amusements of childhood and boyhood—Mr. S. King—Removed to Harvard College—Malbone—Allston's early pictures at college—Studies Pine and Smybert—Returns to Charleston—Charles Fraser—A little philosophy and poetry—Mr. Bowman—Allston and Malbone visit London—West—Reynolds—Wilson—Fuseli and the Milton Gallery—Beechy—Allston at the Louvre—Colourists—Theory of painting—Pictures painted by Allston in Paris, 1804.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON—1802.

THIS name stands, to use Sully's expression, "number one" in the catalogue of American painters, or at least can only be placed second to that of his great master West, to whom, if inferior in facility of composition, he is superior in colour, and equal in drawing. Not only does Washington Allston stand proudly pre-eminent in the eyes of his countrymen as an artist, but they see in him the virtues of the man, and the accomplishments of the scholar and the gentleman. If he surpasses, in any of the attributes of a painter, the great man with whom we have associated his name, and compared his attainments, none more readily than himself will allow that the glorious distinction was achieved by help of circumstances even happier than those which attended upon the ambition of West; and that the aid of his precursor was not among the least. The mantle of Elijah has fallen upon the shoulders of Elisha.

Washington Allston was born in the year 1779, in the state of South Carolina. The climate not agreeing with his constitution, he was sent, by the advice of physicians, at a very early age, (between six and seven,) to Newport, Rhode Island, and was there continued at school until 1796, when he was transferred to Harvard College, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Mr. Allston, on being questioned respecting his early efforts at designing, answered his correspondent thus: "To go back as far as I can—I remember that I used to draw before I left Carolina, at six years of age, (by the way no *uncommon* thing,) and still earlier, that my favourite amusement, much akin to it, was making little landscapes about the roots of an old tree in the country—meagre enough, no doubt; the only particulars of which I can call to mind, were a cottage built of sticks, shaded by little trees, which were composed of the small suckers, (I think so called,) resembling miniature trees, which I gathered in the woods. Another employment was the converting the forked stalks of the wild ferns into little men and women, by winding about them different coloured yarn.

These were sometimes presented with pitchers made of the pomegranate flower. These childish fancies were the straws by which, perhaps, an observer might then have guessed which way the current was setting for after life. And yet, after all, this love of imitation may be common to childhood. General imitation certainly is: but whether adherence to particular kinds may not indicate a permanent propensity, I leave to those who have studied the subject more than I have, to decide."

Without assuming to be deeper studied in the subject, the reader will remark, that in these delights of Allston's childhood appear the germs of landscape gardening, landscape painting, sculpture, and scenic composition. Less intellectual children are content to make mud pies, and form ovens with clay and clam-shells as if to bake them in. Even when at play they are haunted by the ghosts of cakes, pies, and puddings.

Allston continued: "But even these delights would sometimes give way to a stronger love for the wild and the marvellous. I delighted in being terrified by the tales of witches and hags, which the negroes used to tell me; and I well remember with how much pleasure I recalled these feelings on my return to Carolina; especially on revisiting a gigantic wild grape-vine in the woods, which had been the favourite swing for one of these witches." Here may be perceived the germ of that poetic talent which afterward opened and was displayed both by the pen and the pencil of Mr. Allston.

The European—or even the inhabitant of the eastern or middle states who has been born since the effects of our revolution banished slavery from those portions of our country—cannot conceive of that species of education which is the lot of those who are surrounded in their childhood by swarms of slaves of all ages; some born in the country, some recently brought from Africa, scored with the marks perhaps of their high barbaric origin, but all ignorant of the duties, or even the decencies of life. All who have been born where negro slavery existed, can realize the picture drawn by Allston of his childhood, of the tales of terror instilled into his eager ear by those who wished to please the young lord of the land, and whose servility would make a deep impression upon young master; cherishing self-love and self-importance if continued beyond a very early age. Mr. Allston was peculiarly happy in being removed from the place of his birth, before lessons more pernicious than could flow from witch stories were taught by the negroes of the household or the plantation.

The writer can vividly recall the words and actions of his father's negroes, whose companion he was doomed to be until their words and actions made impressions never to be erased.

Allston, in another letter to the same correspondent says, "I concluded my last with the amusement of my childhood: my next step will be to my boyhood. My chief pleasure now was in drawing from prints—of all kinds of figures, landscape and animals. But I soon began to make pictures of my own; at what age, however, I cannot say. The earliest compositions that I remember were the storming of Count Roderick's castle, from a poor (though to me delightful) romance of that day, and the siege of 'Toulon; the first in Indian ink, the other in water colours. I cannot recall the year in which they were done. To these succeeded many others, which have likewise passed into oblivion. Though I never had any regular instructor in the art, (a circumstance I would here observe both idle and absurd to boast of,) I had much incidental instruction; which I have always through life been glad to receive from every one in advance of myself. And, I may add, there is no such thing as a self-taught artist in the ignorant acceptation of the word; for the greatest genius that ever lived must be indebted to others, if not by direct teaching, yet indirectly through their works. I had, in my school days, some of this latter kind of instruction from a very worthy and amiable man, a Mr. King of Newport, who made quadrants and compasses, and occasionally painted portraits. I believe he was originally bred a painter, but obliged, from the rare calls upon his pencil, to call in the aid of another craft. I used at first to make frequent excuses for visiting his shop to look at his pictures, but finding that he always received me kindly, I went at last without any, or rather with the avowed purpose of making him a visit. Sometimes I would take with me a drawing, and was sure to get a kind word of encouragement. It was a pleasant thing to me, some twenty years after this, to remind the old man of these little kindnesses."

We may imagine that two such youths as Allston and Malbone—one a native of the beautiful island which gives name to a state, the other preserved from disease by its salubrious atmosphere, both full of love for the beauties of nature and art, would, while thus thrown together, have an interchange of thoughts on themes so dear to both; but these beings, so similar in their taste, did not become intimate at this time. On this subject Mr. Allston, in a letter to a friend, has said, "I became acquainted with Malbone but a short time before he quitted Newport, a circumstance which I remember then

regretting exceedingly, for I looked up to him with great admiration. Our not meeting earlier was owing, I suppose, to his going to another school, and being some years older than myself. I recollect borrowing some of his pictures on oiled paper to copy. Our intimacy, however, did not begin till I entered college, when I found him established at Boston. He had then (for the interval was of several years) reached the maturity of his powers, and was deservedly ranked the first miniature painter in the country. Malbone's merits as an artist are too well known to need setting forth by me: I shall therefore say but a few words on that head. He had the happy talent, among his many excellencies, of elevating the character without impairing the likeness: this was remarkable in his male heads; and no woman ever lost any beauty from his hand; nay, the fair would often become still fairer under his pencil. To this he added a grace of execution all his own. My admiration of Malbone induced me at this time (in my freshman year at College) to try my hand at miniature, but it was without success. I could *make no hand of it*; all my attempts in that line being so far inferior to what I could then do in oil, that I became disgusted with my abortive efforts, and gave it up. One of these miniatures, or rather attempts at miniature, was shown me several years after, and I pronounced it "*without promise*," (this anecdote has found its way into Blackwood's Magazine) not knowing it to be my work. I may add, I would have said the same had I known it. I may observe, however, (for I know not why I should not be as just to myself as to another person,) that I should not have expressed a similar opinion respecting its contemporaries in oil; for a landscape with figures on horseback, painted about this time, was afterwards exhibited at Somerset house.*

"My leisure hours at college were chiefly devoted to the pencil, to the composition equally of figures and landscapes; I do not remember that I preferred one to the other; my only guide in the choice was the inclination of the moment. There was an old landscape at the house of a friend in Cambridge (whether Italian or Spanish I know not) that gave me my first hints in colour in that branch; it was of a rich and deep tone, though not by the hands of a master; the work, perhaps, of a moderate artist, but of one who lived in a *good age*, when he could not help catching something of the good that was abroad.

* Doctor Waterhouse claims to have the first oil picture painted by Mr. Allston. In a letter dated Nov. 16, 1833, the doctor says of Allston, "for whom I have always had the strong partiality of a friendship partaking of paternal; for he was under my special care during his college life, and I have in my possession his first essay in oil, being the portrait of my eldest son when a child."

In the colouring of figures, the pictures of Pine in the Columbian museum, in Boston, were my first masters. Pine had certainly, as far as I can recollect, considerable merit in colour. But I had a higher master in the head of Cardinal Bentivoglio, from Vandyke, in the college library, which I obtained permission to copy one winter vacation. This copy from Vandyke, was by Smybert, an English painter, who came to this country with Dean, afterwards Bishop, Berkeley. At that time it seemed to me perfection; but when I saw the original some years afterwards, I found I had to alter my notions of perfection. However, I am grateful to Smybert for the instruction he gave me—his work rather. Deliver me from kicking down even the weakest step of an early ladder.”

Having gone through the four years course of collegiate studies, Allston was graduated A. B. in 1800, and returned to his native state, South Carolina. In a letter to a friend he says, “On quitting college I returned to Charleston, where I had the pleasure to meet Malbone, and another friend and artist, Charles Fraser, who, by the by, now paints an admirable miniature. My picture manufactory still went on in Charleston until I embarked for London. Up to this time my favorite subjects, with an occasional comic intermission, were banditti.—I well remember one of these, where I thought I had happily succeeded in cutting a throat! The subject of this precious performance was, robbers fighting with each other for the spoils, over the body of a murdered traveller. And clever ruffians I thought them. I did not get rid of this banditti mania until I had been over a year in England. It seems that a fondness for subjects of violence is common with young artists. One might suppose that the youthful mind would delight in scenes of an opposite character. Perhaps the reason of the contrary may be found in this: that the natural condition of youth being one incessant excitement, from the continuous influx of novelty—for all about us must *at one time be new*—it must needs have something fierce, terrible, or unusual to force it above its wonted tone. But the time must come to every man who lives beyond the middle age, when ‘there is nothing new under the sun.’ His novelties then are the *rifacimenti* of his former life. The gentler emotions are then as early friends who revisit him in dreams, and who, recalling the past, give a grace and beauty, nay, a rapture even, to what in the hey-day of youth had seemed to him spiritless and flat. And how beautiful is this law of nature—perfuming, as it were, our very graves with the unheeded flowers of childhood.

“One of my favourite haunts when a child in Carolina, was a forest spring where I used to catch minnows, and I dare say, with all the callousness of a fisherman; at this moment I can see that spring, and the pleasant conjuror Memory has brought again those little creatures before me; but how unlike to what they were! They seem to me like the spirits of the woods, which a flash from their little diamond eyes lights up afresh in all their gorgeous garniture of leaves and flowers. But where am I going?”

The answer will be “Not out of your path. The painter and the poet are alike, ‘of imagination all compact!’ You are both.”

At the period of his return to South Carolina from college in 1800, Mr. Allston painted a head of St. Peter when he hears the cock crow, and one of Judas Iscariot. In May, 1801, at the age of twenty-two, he embarked with his friend Malbone for England. Malbone had passed the previous winter at Charleston; and whatever intimacy subsisted between these young painters at Newport and at Boston, a congeniality of taste must have increased when Allston met his matured friend in the place of his nativity. We have heard that Allston sacrificed his paternal inheritance to his love of the arts to which he had devoted *himself*. The product of the sale of his hereditary property was appropriated to the support of the student in Europe, and the furtherance of his enlightened ambition. He had generous offers from friends in Charleston, who, it would appear, wished to prevent any sacrifice of this kind, but the painter preferred independence and a reliance on his own resources.

In one of his letters to his friend, on the subject of his early life and prospects, he says, “There was an early friend, long since dead, whom I have omitted to mention, and I cannot but wonder at the omission, since he is one whose memory is still most dear to me. The name of this gentleman was Bowman; he was a native of Scotland, but had been long settled in Carolina. I believe I was indebted for the uncommon interest he was pleased to take in me to some of my college verses, and to a head of St. Peter (when he hears the cock crow) which I had painted about that time. Be this as it may, his partiality was not of an every-day kind; for when I was about to embark for Europe, he proposed to allow me—nay, almost insisted on my accepting—a hundred pounds a year during my stay abroad. This generous offer, however, I declined, for having at that time a small income sufficient for my immediate wants, it would have been sordid to have accepted it. He

then proposed to ship for me a few tierces of rice! That too I declined. Yet he would not let me go without a present; so I was obliged to limit it to Hume's History of England, and a novel by Dr. Moore, whom he personally knew, and to whom he gave me a letter of introduction; the letter however was never delivered, as the Doctor died within a few days of my arrival in London. Such an instance of generosity speaks for itself. But the kindness of manner that accompanied it can only be known to me who saw it. I can see the very expression now. Mr. Bowman was an excellent scholar, and one of the most agreeable talkers I have known. Malbone, Frazer, and myself were frequent guests at his table, and delightful parties we always found there. With youth, health, the kindest friends, and ever before me buoyant hope, what a time to look back on! I cannot but think that the life of an artist, whether painter or poet, depends much on a happy youth; I do not mean as to outward circumstances, but as to his inward being: in my own case, at least, I feel the dependence; for I seldom step into the ideal world but I find myself going back to the age of first impressions. The germs of our best thoughts are certainly often to be found there; sometimes, indeed, (though rarely) we find them in full flower; and when so, how beautiful seem to us these flowers through an atmosphere of thirty years! 'Tis in this way that poets and painters keep their minds young. How else could an old man make the page or the canvas palpitate with the hopes, and fears, and joys, the impetuous, impassioned, emotions of youthful lovers, or reckless heroes? There is a period of life when the ocean of time seems to force upon the mind a barrier against itself, forming, as it were, a permanent beach, on which the advancing years successively break, only to be carried back by a returning current to that furthest deep whence they first flowed. Upon this beach the *poetry of life* may be said to have its birth; where the *real* ends and the *ideal* begins."

Within a few weeks after Allston's arrival in London, he became a student of the Royal Academy. The first drawing he made from plaster, the Gladiator, obtained him permission to draw at Somerset House; the third procured him the ticket of an entered student. He was immediately introduced to Mr. West; and in one of the valuable letters from which extracts have been made, he thus speaks of him:—"Mr. West, to whom I was soon introduced, received me with the greatest kindness. I shall never forget his benevolent smile when he took me by the hand: it is still fresh in my memory, linked with the last of like kind which accompanied the last shake of

his hand, when I took a final leave of him in 1818. His gallery was open to me at all times, and his advice always ready and kindly given. He was a man overflowing with the milk of human kindness. If he had enemies, I doubt if he owed them to any other cause than his rare virtue ; which, alas for human nature ! is too often deemed cause sufficient."

Those feelings, which induced Mr. Altston to exclaim, " Alas for human nature !" are feelings similar to West's, and the *true feelings of nature*; that enmity which is generated by the contemplation of virtue, is foreign to man's nature. It is the child of his ignorance—the offspring of evil education, of jealousy, envy, malice, and all uncharitableness. The proof that it is foreign to man's nature is, that it makes him unhappy. Our benevolent Creator has implanted nothing in our nature but *that* which, with due culture, would produce fruit conducive to well-being.

Of other artists established in London, when Allston visited that city, he thus speaks :—" Of Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose lectures I imported and read before I went to Europe, I have always had a very high opinion. There is a fascination about his pictures which makes it almost ungrateful to think of their defects. They never produced in me any thing like *hesitation*, from the first moment I saw them. His taste was exquisite.— Had he been a learned designer, his Infant Hercules, and his Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, show what he might have done in history. I scarcely know, in the whole compass of art, two purer examples of poetic invention.

" It is very remarkable, that the three men whose works may be said to have laid the foundation for a new era in art, or, at least, to have revived a good one, should, though contemporaries, have had little or no intercourse with each other ; I mean, Sir Joshua, Wilson, and Gainsborough : they were scarcely acquainted, and never companions ; yet they seem to have emerged, as by consent, with the same power and purpose, from an age of lead.

" The following characteristic anecdote of Wilson was told me by Mr. West. Before the Royal Academy was formed, the Society of Painters, (as I think they were then called) held their annual exhibition in Spring Gardens. On a certain year Mr. West and Mr. Wilson happened to be appointed joint *hangers*. It was a memorable year for the crudeness of the performances ; in consequence, I suppose, of the unusual number of new adventurers. When the pictures were all up, Wilson, with an expressive grin, began to rub his eyes, as if to clear them of something painful. " I'll tell you what,

West," said he, after a while, "this will never do, we shall lose the little credit we have; the public can never stand such a shower of chalk and brick-bats." "Well, what's to be done? We can't reject any pictures now." "Since that's the case, then, we must mend their manners." "What do you mean?" "You shall see," said Wilson, after a pause—"what Indian ink and Spanish liquorice can do." He accordingly despatched the porter to the colour-man and druggist for these *reformers*; and, dissolving them in water, actually washed nearly half the pictures in the exhibition with this original glaze. "There," said he, "'tis as good as asphaltum; with this advantage, that if the artists don't like it they can wash it off when they get the pictures home." And Mr. West acknowledged that "they were all the better for it."

In one of his letters he has said, "I arrived in London about the middle of June, 1801, near the close of the annual exhibition. The next year, 1802, was the first of my adventuring before the public, when I exhibited three pictures at Somerset House. The principal one, a French Soldier telling a story, (a comic attempt)—a Rocky Coast, (half-length) with Banditti; and a Landscape, with Horsemen, which I had painted at College, as before alluded to. I received two applications for the French Soldier; which I sold to Mr. Wilson, of the European Museum; for whom I afterwards painted a companion to it, also comic—The Poet's Ordinary, where the lean fare was enriched by an incidental arrest.

Malbone returned to America after a short stay—I believe five months—on account of his engagements in Charleston.—I little thought, when we parted, that it was for the last time: he died before my return.

Amongst the artists we called upon was Fuseli, to whom we introduced ourselves as Americans. He received us with great courtesy, and invited us into his painting room. Upon my regretting that we had arrived too late to see his Milton Gallery, (it had closed but a few months before) he inquired if I was an artist? I answered, "Not yet; but that I had come to London with the hope of becoming one." He then asked, "In what branch of the art?" I replied, "History." "Then," said he, "you have come a *great way* to starve, sir. There," he added, "is the Milton Gallery," pointing to some rolls of canvas, that reached from the floor nearly to the ceiling. There were three or four, however, belonging to the series still on their stretching frames, which he showed us, and he seemed gratified that we were pleased. But he would not suffer us to like every thing; for when I stopped before one,

and expressed the pleasure I felt, (and it was sincere) he said abruptly, "No, sir, you don't like that—you can't like it—'tis bad." As he found, from my quoting Milton, that I was not unacquainted, at least with the subjects of his gallery, he good-naturedly presented me with one of his catalogues. I do not remember the strain in which I talked to Fuseli, but if at all in accordance with the enthusiasm that I felt, I think he could not have been displeased with our visit. I then thought Fuseli the greatest painter living. I am still his admirer, but in a more qualified degree."

Fuseli found a purchaser for a part of the Milton Gallery in Mr. Angerstein. On another occasion, and in another letter, Mr. Allston gives the following opinion of Fuseli. "It was, a few years ago, with many criticizing people (not critics, except those can be called so *who make their own ignorance the measure of excellence*) to laugh at Fuseli. But Fuseli, even when most extravagant, was not a man to be laughed at; for his very extravagancies (even when we felt them as such) had *that* in them which carried us along with them. All he asked of the spectator was but a *particle* of *imagination*, and his wildest freaks would then defy the reason. Only a true genius can do this. But he was far from being always extravagant: he was often sublime, and has left no equal in the *visionary*; his spectres and witches were born and died with him. As a critic on the art, I know no one so *inspiring*. Having, as you know, no gallery of the old masters to visit here, I often refresh my memory of them with some of his articles in Pilkington's Dictionary; and he brings them before me in a way that no other man's *words* could: he even gives me a distinct apprehension of the style and colour of some whose works I have never seen. I often read one or two of his articles before I go into my painting room; they form indeed almost a regular course at breakfast.

"Before I leave Fuseli I must tell you a whimsical anecdote, which I had from Stuart. He was one day at Raphael Smith's, the engraver, when Fuseli, to whom Stuart was then unknown, came in; who having some private business, was taken into another room. 'I know that you are a great physiognomist, Mr. Fuseli,' said Smith. 'Well, what if I am?' 'Pray did you observe the gentleman I was talking with just now?' 'I saw the man. What then?' 'Why I wish to know if you think he can paint.' 'Umph!—I don't know but he might—he has a *coot leg*.' Poor Stuart! that same leg—which I well remember to have been a finely formed one, became the subject of a characteristic joke with him but a few

weeks before he died. I asked 'how he was?' He was then very much emaciated. 'Ah!' said he, 'you can judge;' and he drew up his pantaloons. 'You see how much I am out of drawing.'

"Now I have got into anecdote, I will relate another, though not at all relevant to this communication, of Sir Wm. Beechy. A young artist one day brought a picture, for the benefit of Sir William's criticism. 'Very well, C.' said Beechy;—'very well indeed. You have improved, C. But C. why did you make the coat and the back-ground of the same colour?' 'For harmony, sir.' 'Oh, no! C. that's not harmony, that's monotony.' I have often thought this anecdote would have *told* for the latter in Lord Byron's perverse controversy with Mr. Bowles.

"I will add another, as little to my purpose, of Fuseli, after he became keeper to the Royal Academy. 'Well, Sam,' said Fuseli to Strouzer, the academy porter, "what do you think of this picture?" 'Law! Mr. Fuseli, I don't know any thing of pictures.' 'But you know a horse, Sam; you have been in the Guards, you can tell if that is like a horse?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well?' 'Why it seems to me, then, Mr. Fuseli, that—that five men could ride on him.' 'Then you think his back too long.' 'A bit, sir.'"

After three years residence in England, Mr. Allston passed over to France in company with Mr. John Vanderlyn, of New-York, who was then pursuing the same coy mistress, and encouraged by her smiles. In the year 1804 Mr. Allston first saw the glories of the Louvre. The Louvre gallery was at that time in its full splendour. The great robber of Europe, who loved the fine arts as he loved the liberty and happiness of mankind, had collected in Paris the treasures of art which were scattered over the continent, as one mean by which to dazzle France, and gratify his inordinate selfishness. The artist profited by the success of the spoiler's labour, and had an opportunity of studying without the expense of money, time, and labour in travelling, the *chef d'ouvres* of every school and of every master, from the north of Germany to the south of Italy.

Mr. Allston, in the letter before mentioned, thus expresses his feelings on visiting this splendid accumulation of plunder: "Titian, Tintoret, and Paul Veronese, absolutely enchanted me, for they took away all sense of subject. When I stood before the Peter Martyr, the Miracle of the Slave, and the marriage of Cana, I thought of nothing but of the *gorgeous concert of colours*, or rather of the indefinite forms (I cannot

call them sensations) of pleasure with which they filled the imagination. It was the poetry of colour which I felt; procreative in its nature, giving birth to a thousand things which the eye cannot see, and distinct from their cause. I did not, however stop to analyze my feelings—perhaps at that time I could not have done it. I was content with my pleasure without seeking the cause. But I now understand it, and *think* I understand *why* so many great colourists, especially Tintoret and Paul Veronese gave so little heed to the ostensible *stories* of their compositions. In some of them, the Marriage of Cana for instance, there is not the slightest clue given by which the spectator can guess at the subject. They addressed themselves not to the senses merely, as some have supposed, but rather through them to that region (if I may so speak) of the imagination which is supposed to be under the exclusive dominion of music, and which, by similar excitement, they caused to teem with visions that ‘lap the soul in Elysium.’ In other words, they leave the subject to be made by the spectator, provided he possesses the imaginative faculty—otherwise they will have little more meaning to him than a calico counterpane.”

The reader will perceive that Mr. Allston is far from being devoid of the imaginative faculty which he here speaks of, and that he saw objects with a poet's as well as a painter's eye—indeed they are the same. His own pictures are replete with this magic of colour, at the same time that he is strictly attentive to the story in all its parts, character, actions, and costume. It certainly is not fair to leave the spectator to make out the story of a picture, and to be puzzled by finding Pope Gregory alongside of Saint Peter, and both dressed in costume as far from truth as they were from similarity of opinion. All the charm of colour may be attained without sacrificing truth.

In pursuing the subject, Allston says, “I am by nature, as it respects the arts, a *wide liker*. I cannot honestly turn up my nose even at a piece of still life, since, if well done, it gives me pleasure. This remark will account for otherwise strange transitions. I will mention here a picture of a totally different kind, which then took great hold of me, by Lodovico Carracci. I do not remember the title, but the subject was the body of the virgin borne for interment by four apostles. The figures are colossal; the tone dark, and of tremendous depth of colour. “It seemed as I looked at it as if the ground shook under their tread, and the air were darkened by their grief.”

How delighted would the spirit of Carracci have been, if, hovering near this work, he had heard a kindred spirit utter-

ing such words, or evincing such feelings. This picture, with many others, the spoil of nations, has been restored to its home. "Even-handed justice" "here, even here upon this bank and shoal of time," brought the poisoned chalice to the inventor's lips, and made him drink the potion to the very dregs. So be it with all who usurp the rights of their fellow men ! The work of Lodovico Carracci, which had so powerful an effect upon his brother painter, has been carried back to Italy : in what place it is deposited I do not know ; but if any American traveller, after reading the above passage, should stand before the picture, how will his pleasure be enhanced by recollecting these words of Allston. The painter-poet goes on thus : "I may here notice a false notion which is current among artists, in the interpretation they put on the axiom that 'something should always be left to the imagination,' viz : that some parts of a picture should be left *unfinished*. The very statement betrays its unsoundness : for that which is unfinished must necessarily be *imperfect* ; so that according to this rule *imperfection* is made essential to *perfection*. The error lies in the phrase, 'left to the imagination,' and it has filled modern art with random flourishes of no meaning. If the axiom be intended to prevent the impertinent obtrusion of subordinate objects, (the fault certainly of a mean practice) I may observe that the remedy is no remedy, but rather a less fault substituted for a greater. Works of a high order, aspiring to the poetical, cannot make good their pretensions, unless they *do affect* the imagination ; and *this* should be the test—that they set to work, not to finish what is less incomplete, but to awaken images *congenial* to the compositions, but not *in* them expressed ; an effect that never was yet realized by misrepresenting any thing. If the objects introduced into a picture *keep their several places* as well in the deepest shadow as in light, the general effect will suffer nothing by their truth ; but to give the *whole* truth in the midnight as well as the daylight, belongs to a master."

It may be added that it will gain—as is indeed implied by the words of Mr. Allston. Such remarks from such a painter, and such a thinker, are invaluable to the student. May it not be added that this eulogium on necessity for truth in painting, is a proof of the value of that quality, in all the relations and transactions of life. Falsehood causes deformity in the moral picture ; and when mystery is called in to hide it, the scumbling causes a blot, and creates suspicion of even greater faults than those it was intended to veil.

CHAPTER XI.

Allston in Italy—Italian scenery—Turner—Rome—Vanderlyn—A great painter's opinion of great painters—Studies modelling—Coleridge—Returns to America in 1809—Impression left by him upon Italian artists—Returns to England a married man—Picture of the Dead man revived—Severe illness at Clifton—Returns to London—Severe calamity—Biography of the living—Allston's poems—Extracts—Morse and Leslie—James Mc Murtrie—Design for Christ healing in the temple relinquished—The Dead man revived, put up in the Pennsylvania Academy.

MR. ALLSTON remained but a few months in Paris, at the time of his visit in 1804 : long enough, however, to paint four original pictures, and make a copy from Rubens, in the Luxembourg gallery. He then proceeded to Italy, passing leisurely through Switzerland, crossing the lake of the Four Cantons, and then over St. Gothard to Belanzona, on the Italian side of the Alps. The traveller in one of his letters, says, "the impressions left by the sublime scenery of Switzerland, are still fresh to this day. A new world had been opened to me—nor have I met with any thing like it since. The scenery of the Appenines is quite of a different character. By the by, I was particularly struck in this journey with the truth of Turner's Swiss scenes—the poetic truth—which none before or since have given ; with the exception of my friend Brokedon's magnificent work, on the passes of the Alps.* I passed at night and saw the sun rise on the Lake Maggiore. Such a sunrise ! The giant Alps seemed literally to rise from their purple beds, and putting on their crowns of gold, to send up a hallelujah almost audible."

He remained in Italy about four years ; the principal part of that time in Rome. Among his fellow students at a private academy, or association, were Mr. Vanderlyn of New-York ; since known so well as an artist, and the Danish sculptor

* The great success of Mr. Turner is mentioned in an English journal, of the year 1833, as being beyond that of any other. "It is said that he has realized upwards of a hundred thousand pounds, by his pencil." They speak of his industry as "astonishing," and his prices great.—"The stores of prints from his works in the finest possible state, which will some day or other deluge the print-market, will be beyond all precedent." They tell us an anecdote of a ragged, dirty looking lad, "bidding at a guinea a bid at an auction sale, for one of this artist's pictures, to the astonishment of all competitors ; and when it was knocked down to him, he proved an agent of Mr. Turner's, who, after retouching, sold it for three times the amount." Thus we see united great talents and a just appreciation of the good gifts of fortune.

Thorwaldsen, whose fame has spread over the civilized world—the only modern who has yet seized the spirit of ancient sculptors, and associated himself with the sculptors of Greece.

Of the effects produced by the great masters of the by-gone days of Italy, on such a mind as Allston's, some idea may be formed from the following effusion of his pen. "It is needless to say how I was affected by Raffaele, the greatest master of the affections in our art. In beauty he has often been surpassed, but in grace—the native grace of character—in the expression of intellect, and above all, sanctity, he has no equal. What particularly struck me in his works was, the *genuine* life (if I may so call it) that seemed, without impairing the distinctive character, to pervade them all; for even his humblest figures have a *something* either in look, air, or gesture, akin to the *venustas* of his own nature, as if like living beings under the influence of a master-spirit, they had partaken, in spite of themselves, a portion of the charm which swayed them. This power of infusing one's *own life*, as it were, into that which is feigned, appears to me the sole prerogative of genius. In a work of art, this is what a man may well call *his own*; for it cannot be borrowed or imitated. Of Michael Angelo, I know not how to speak in adequate terms of reverence. With all his faults (but who is without them) even Raffaele bows before him. As I stood beneath his colossal prophets and sybils, still more colossal in spirit—I felt as if in the presence of messengers from the other world, with the destiny of man in their breath, in repose even terrible. I cannot agree with Sir Joshua that the "Vision of Ezekiel," of Raffaele, or the Moses of Parmegiano, have any thing in common with Michael Angelo. Their admiration of Michael Angelo may have elevated their forms into a more dignified and majestic race; but still left them *men*, whose feet had never trod other than this earth. The supernatural was beyond the reach of both. But no one would mistake the prophets of Michael Angelo for inhabitants of our world; yet they are true to the imagination, as the beings about us are to the senses. I am not undervaluing these great artists, when I deny them a kindred genius with Michael Angelo; they had both a genius of their own, and high qualities which nature had denied the other."

The studies of Allston when in Italy, were not confined to drawing and painting. He made modelling in clay, a separate branch of study, and devoted much time to it. He has said of this study, in after life, "I would recommend modelling to all young painters as one of the best means of acquiring an ac-

curate knowledge of the joints : I have occasionally practised it ever since."

Another acquisition was made by the painter in Rome. He there became acquainted with Mr. Coleridge. It is only his own words that can do justice to his estimation of this gentleman. In one of his letters, after mentioning a friend, he proceeds, " I have had occasion in former letters more than once to mention the name of another most valued friend, of whom I would gladly say more, did I not feel that it is not for me to do justice to his extraordinary powers. I would observe, however, that to no other man whom I have known, do I owe so much *intellectually*, as to Mr. Coleridge, with whom I became acquainted in Rome, and who has honoured me with his friendship for more than five and twenty years. He used to call Rome the *silent* city ; but I never could think of it as such, while with him ; for, meet him when, or where I would, the fountain of his mind was never dry, but like the far-reaching aqueducts that once supplied this mistress of the world, its living stream seemed specially to flow for every classic ruin over which we wandered. And when I recall some of our walks under the pines of the Villa Borghese, I am almost tempted to dream that I had once listened to Plato, in the groves of the Academy. It was there he taught me this golden rule : *never to judge of any work of art by its defects* ; a rule as wise as benevolent ; and one that while it has spared me much pain, has widened my sphere of pleasure."

Mr. Allston returned to America in 1809. When Robert W. Weir, Esq. of New-York, was studying his profession in Rome, many years after Allston left it, the artists of Rome asked him after an American painter, for whom they had no other name than the American Titian. When Weir mentioned the name of Allston, they exclaimed " that's the man !" Sully and others say that Mr. Allston's colouring is more like Titian than that of any modern artist. He remained in his native country three years, in the early part of which time he married Miss Channing, the sister of the celebrated writer and divine, the reverend Dr. Channing, the ornament of American literature. In 1811 he returned to England, taking with him his wife, and as a pupil Samuel Finley Breeze Morse, confided to his care by his father, the reverend Dr. Jedediah Morse, celebrated for his works on geography.

The first labour in which Mr. Allston engaged on his return to England, was his great picture of the " Dead man revived by touching Elisha's bones." He says to his correspondent, " My first work after returning to London—with the exception of

two small pictures, (if they can be called exceptions, which were carried on at the same time with the larger one) was the "Dead man revived by Elisha's bones," which is now in Philadelphia. My progress in this picture was interrupted by a dangerous illness, which after some months of great suffering, compelled me to remove to Clifton, near Bristol. My recovery, for which I was indebted under providence, to one of the best friends, and most skilfull of the faculty, was slow and painful, leaving me still an invalid when I returned to London—and indeed as my medical friend predicted, in some degree so to this day.* The "Dead man," was first exhibited at the British Institution, commonly called the British Gallery—an institution patronized by the principal nobility and gentry—the Prince Regent then president: it there obtained the first prize of two hundred guineas. As I returned to London, chiefly to finish this picture, that done, I went back to Bristol where I painted and left a number of pictures; among these were half-length portraits of my friend Mr. Coleridge, and my medical friend Mr. King, of Clifton. I have painted but few portraits, and these I think are my best. My second journey to London was followed by a calamity of which I cannot speak—the death of my wife—leaving me nothing but my art—which then seemed to me as nothing. But of my domestic concerns I shall avoid speaking, as I do not consider them proper subjects for *living* biography."

The propriety of a man's avoiding a detail of his own domestic concerns, as subjects for his biography while he is living, cannot be questioned; but that which restrains him does not bear upon the ordinary biographer. When a man has made himself a conspicuous object before the world, either as a poet, a painter, a sculptor, an architect, an engraver or an actor, the world has a right to inquire into every thing respecting him. If an author we have a desire to know if his conduct squares with the lessons he teaches; if an artist, we wish to know how art has affected his character, and whether the contemplation of the sublime productions of human genius has

* The medical friend here mentioned, was Mr. King, of Clifton, a surgeon who was introduced to Mr. Allston by Mr. Southey. Mr. King is married to a sister of the celebrated Miss Edgeworth, whose novels and tales have mended more hearts, and guided more minds, than all the professed moral writers of England. With these friends, and Coleridge and Southey, aided by the delights which nature and art have bestowed upon Clifton, and around Bristol, when looking down from the terraces of Clifton upon the city below, in company with such congenial minds, though slow, the recovery of the American painter must have been made certain, by the physical and intellectual enjoyments that surrounded him.

raised and purified mind, or the contrary. The good artist who is not a good man, is a traitor to the arts, and an enemy to society; and it is the duty of his biographer to expose him in his true colours as a warning to others. If the biography of the living is useful, and that it is, (of every person who appears before the public voluntarily and attracts admiration,) few can doubt, then it follows that the biographer shall truly point out the causes of his celebrity; and if he fails or falters in his high career, the cause of such deterioration. The artist's happiness, as well as that of other men, depends upon his domestic concerns. He is supported in the paths of virtue, and encouraged to strenuous exertions for the benefit of mankind by the beloved ones around him—or if disappointed in his hopes, he may sink in character, or fail in his efforts of art—or, if living for himself alone, become a cynic, a miser or a misanthrope. If a man is worth the world's attention, let the world know the truth of him, and as far as possible the true cause of his actions.

While happy in his domestic concerns and surrounded by literary friends, or when recovering from a dangerous and painful illness by the aid of such society, Mr. Allston composed, it may be presumed, those poems, which he gave to the world in the year 1813, for in that year was published in London a duodecimo volume of poetry from his pen.

A critic has observed on this work, "Poetry and painting are kindred arts. A refined sensibility to beauty and deformity, a voluptuous relish for the luxury of nature, and an exquisite perception of the shades of character and sentiment, are essential to the attainment of excellence in either. The same fervour of fancy is requisite to both.

"The resemblance between the professions, holds, too, in another point,—mere enthusiasm is incompetent to portray its own conceptions, however vivid,—a great painter and a great poet must alike be formed by study and instruction. The elementary course of their education is parallel. Expansion is given to the same powers of mind;—the same models are held up to their admiration;—similar passions are to be delineated by each, and both are intent to catch the living features. It is only in the application of principles to practice, that their paths diverge. Versification and colouring, plot and perspective, are the mechanical branches which constitute the difference of their arts." This is true, and these qualities, with study and instruction, were united in the subject of this memoir.*

* The reader of this unpoetical book shall be indulged with a description of autumn, from "The Sylphs of the Seasons."

Mr. Allston has only said of his return to London after his second sojourn with his friends at Clifton, "My second journey to London was followed, &c." This was not merely a "journey to London," but an attempt for the first time to establish himself in the independent character of a house-keeper.

And now, in accents deep and low,
 Like voice of fondly-cherish'd wo,
 The Sylph of Autumn said :
 Though I may not of raptures sing,
 That grac'd the gentle song of Spring,
 Like Summer, playful pleasures bring,
 Thy youthful heart to glad ;

Yet still may I in hope aspire
 Thy heart to touch with chaster fire,
 And purifying love :
 For I with vision high and holy,
 And spell of quick'ning melancholy,
 Thy soul from sublunary folly
 First rais'd to worlds above.

What though be mine the treasures fair
 Of purple grape and yellow pear,
 And fruits of various hue,
 And harvests rich of golden grain,
 That dance in waves along the plain
 To merry song of reaping swain,
 Beneath the welkin blue ;

With these I may not urge my suit,
 Of Summer's patient toil the fruit,
 For mortal purpose given :
 Nor may it fit my sober mood
 To sing of sweetly murmuring flood,
 Or dies of many-colour'd wood,
 That mock the bow of heaven.

But know, 'twas mine the secret power
 That wak'd thee at the midnight hour,
 In bleak November's reign :
 'Twas I the spell around thee cast,
 When thou didst hear the hollow blast
 In murmurs tell of pleasures past,
 That ne'er would come again :

And led thee, when the storm was o'er,
 To hear the sullen ocean roar,
 By dreadful calm opprest ;
 Which still, though not a breeze was there,
 Its mountain-billows heav'd in air,
 As if a living thing it were,
 That strove in vain for rest.

'Twas I ; when thou, subdu'd by wo,
 Didst watch the leaves descending slow,
 To each a moral gave ;
 And as they mov'd in mournful train,
 With rustling sound, along the plain,
 Taught them to sing a seraph's strain
 Of peace within the grave.

On this return to London he had, for the first time, taken a house and furnished it. He might, with the confidence which happily attends upon his fellow mortals, look forward to the comforts of a domestic establishment with the chosen friend who had accompanied him from his native home, and attend-

And then uprais'd thy streaming eye,
I met thee in the western sky
In pomp of evening cloud ;
That, while with varying from it roll'd,
Some wizard's castle seem'd of gold,
And now a crimson'd knight of old,
Or king in purple proud.

And last, as sunk the setting sun,
And Evening with her shadows dun,
The gorgeous pageant past,
'Twas then of life a mimic show,
Of human grandeur here below,
Which thus beneath the fatal blow
Of Death must fall at last.

Oh, then with what aspiring gaze
Didst thou thy tranced vision raise
To yonder orbs on high,
And think how wondrous, how sublime
'Twere upwards to their spheres to climb,
And live, beyond the reach of Time,
Child of Eternity !

And as the "Paint King" belongs to our subject, the reader may, if he pleases be amused with this playful balled in imitation, and in burlesque of Scott's "Fire King," Lewis's "Cloud King," and other sportive effusions much read at that time.

Fair Ellen was long the delight of the young,
No damsel could with her compare ;
Her charms were the theme of the heart and the tongue,
And bards without number in ecstasies sung,
The beauties of Ellen the fair.

Yet cold was the maid ; and though legions advanc'd
All drill'd by Ovidean art,
And languish'd, and ogled, protested and danced,
Like shadows they came, and like shadows they glanced
From the hard polish'd ice of her heart.

Yet still did the heart of fair Ellen implore
A something that could not be found ;
Like a sailor she seem'd on a desolate shore,
With nor house, nor a tree, nor a sound but the roar
Of breakers high dashing around.

From object to object still, still would she veer,
Though nothing, alas, could she find ;
Like the moon, without atmosphere, brilliant and clear,
Yet doom'd, like the moon, with no being to cheer
The bright barren waste of her mind.

But rather than sit like a statue so still
When the rain made her mansion a *pound*,

ed him in a foreign land through pain and sickness. During the first week of their residence in Tinney-street, Mrs. Allston fell sick, and in less than a week died. The shock produced a temporary derangement or prostration of the artist's intellect.

Up and down would she go, like the sails of a mill,
And pat every stair, like a woodpecker's bill,
From the tiles of the roof to the ground.

One morn, as the maid from her casement inclin'd,
Pass'd a youth, with a frame in his hand.
The casement she clos'd—not the eye of her mind ;
For, do all she could, no, she could not be blind ;
Still before her she saw the youth stand.

"Ah, what can he do," said the languishing maid,
"Ah, what with that frame can he do?"
And she knelt to the Goddess of Secrets, and prayed,
When the youth pass'd again, and again he displayed
The frame and a picture to view.

"Oh, beautiful picture!" the fair Ellen cried,
"I must see thee again or I die."
Then under her white chin her bonnet she tied,
And after the youth and the picture she hied,
When the youth, looking back, met her eye.

"Fair damsel," said he, (and he chuckled the while)
"This picture I see you admire :
Then take it, I pray you, perhaps 'twill beguile
Some moments of sorrow ; (nay, pardon my smile)
Or, at least, keep you home by the fire."

Then Ellen the gift with delight and surprise
From the cunning young stripling receiv'd
But she knew not the poison that enter'd her eyes,
When sparkling with rapture they gaz'd on her prize—
Thus, alas, are fair maidens deceiv'd !

'Twas a youth o'er the form of a statue inclined,
And the sculptor he seem'd of the stone ;
Yet he languish'd as though for its beauty he pined
And gaz'd as the eyes of the statue so blind
Reflected the beams of his own.

'Twas the tale of the sculptor Pygmalion of old ;
Fair Ellen remember'd and sigh'd ;
"Ah, couldst thou but lift from that marble so cold,
Thine eyes too imploring, thy arms should enfold,
And press me this day as thy bride."

She said : when, behold, from the canvas arose
The youth, and he stepped from the frame ;
With a furious transport his arms did enclose
The love-plighted Ellen : and, clasping, he froze
The blood of the maid with his flame !

She turn'd and beheld on each shoulder a wing,
"Oh, heaven !" cried she, "who art thou?"
From the roof to the ground did his fierce answer ring,
As frowning, he thunder'd "I am the PAINT-KING !
"And mine, lovely maid, thou art now!"

He took refuge with his friends Morse and Leslie, at their abode. They had been with him through the dreadful trial, and now superintended the last sad offices required by humanity. The only persons present at the funeral of the wife of

Then high from the ground did the grim monster lift
 The loud-screaming maid like a blast ;
 And he sped through the air like a meteor swift,
 While the clouds, wand'ring by him, did fearfully drift
 To the right and the left as he pass'd.

Now suddenly sloping his hurricane flight,
 With an eddying whirl he descends ;
 The air all below him becomes black as night,
 And the ground where he treads, as if moved with affright
 Like the surge of the Caspian bends.

"I am here !" said the Fiend, and he thundering knock'd
 At the gates of a mountainous cave ;
 The gates open flew, as by magic unlock'd,
 While the peaks of the mount, reeling to and fro, rock'd
 Like an island of ice on the wave.

"Oh, mercy !" cried Ellen, and swoon'd in his arms,
 But the Paint-King, he scoff'd at her pain.
 "Prithee, love," said the monster, "what mean these alarms ?"
 She hears not, she sees not the terrible charms,
 That work her to horror again.

She opens her lids, but no longer her eyes
 Behold the fair youth she would woo ;
 Now appears the Paint-King in his natural guise :
 His face, like a palette of villanous dyes,
 Black and white, red and yellow, and blue.

On the skull of a Titan, that Heaven defied,
 Sat the fiend, like the grim giant Gog,
 While aloft to his mouth a large pipe he applied,
 Twice as big as the Eddystone Lighthouse, descried
 As it looms through an easterly fog.

And anon, as he puff'd the vast volumes, were seen
 In horrid festoons an the wall,
 Legs and arms, heads and bodies emerging between,
 Like the drawing-room grim of the Scotch Sawney Beane,
 By the Devil dress'd out for a ball.

"Ah me !" cried the damsel, and fell at his feet
 "Must I hang on these walls to be dried ?"
 "Oh, no !" said the fiend, while he sprung from his seat,
 "A far nobler fortune thy person shall meet ;
 Into paint will I grind thee, my bride !"

Then, seizing the maid by her dark auburn hair,
 An oil jug he plung'd her within.
 Seven days, seven nights, with the shrieks of despair,
 Did Ellen in torment convulse the dun air,
 All cover'd with oil to the chin.

On the morn of the eighth on a huge sable stone
 Then Ellen, all reeking, he laid ;
 With a rock for his muller he crush'd every bone,
 But, though ground to jelly, still, still did she groan ;
 For life had forsook not the maid.

Allston and sister of Channing were, Samuel F. B. Morse, Charles R. Leslie, and John Howard Payne, three of her countrymen.

If the biographer may not record the events which influenced

Now reaching his palette, with masterly care
 Each tint on its surface he spread ;
 The blue of her eyes, and the brown of her hair,
 And the pearl and the white of her forehead so fair,
 And her lips' and her cheeks' rosy red.

Then, stamping his foot, did the monster exclaim,
 " Now I brave, cruel Fairy thy scorn !"
 When lo ! from a chasm wide-yawning there came
 A light tiny chariot of rose-colour'd flame,
 By a team of ten glow-worms upborne.

Enthron'd in the midst of an emerald bright,
 Fair Geraldine sat without peer ;
 Her robe was a gleam of the first blush of light,
 And her mantle the fleece of a noon-cloud white,
 And a beam of the moon was her spear.

In an accent that stole on the still charmed air
 Like the first gentle language of Eve,
 Thus spake from her chariot the Fairy so fair :
 " I come at thy call, but, Oh Paint-King, beware,
 Beware if again you deceive."

" 'Tis true," said the monster, " thou queen of my heart,
 Thy portrait I oft have essay'd ;
 Yet ne'er to the canvas could I with my art
 The least of thy wonderful beauties impart ;
 And my failure with scorn you repaid.

" Now I swear by the light of the Comet-King's tail !"
 And he tower'd with pride as he spoke,
 " If again with these magical colours I fail,
 The crater of Etna shall hence be my jail,
 And my food shall be sulphur and smoke.

" But if I succeed, then, oh, fair Geraldine !
 Thy promise with justice I claim,
 And thou, queen of Fairies, shall ever be mine,
 The bride of my bed ; and thy portrait divine
 Shall fill all the earth with my fame."

He spake ; when, behold, the fair Geraldine's form
 On the canvas enchantingly glowed ;
 His touches—they flew like the leaves in a storm
 And the pure pearly white and the carnation warm
 Contending in harmony flow'd.

And now did the portrait a twin-sister seem
 To the figure of Geraldine fair :
 With the same sweet expression did faithfully teem
 Each muscle, each feature ; in short not a gleam
 Was lost of her beautiful hair.

'Twas the Fairy herself ! but, alas, her blue eyes
 Still a pupil did ruefully lack ;
 And who shall describe the terrific surprise
 That seiz'd the Paint-King, when, behold, he descries
 Not a speck on his palette of black !

a man in the days of his gladness or those of his mourning, he may record effects, but is denied the privilege of tracing them to their causes, perhaps the most essential part of his work.

It has been well said, "say nothing of the living but what is true," and most stupidly, "say nothing of the dead but what is good." "Biography of living persons has some exceptions to it. It has the air of adulation when you praise, and of envy or malice when you condemn." Truth is the object of this book, and good or evil shall be recorded of dead or living, as truth shall dictate.

While Mr. Allston was engaged in painting the great picture of the "Dead man touching the bones of the prophet," he likewise painted "The Mother and Child," and a landscape. The three are in this country. To Mr. James McMurtrie, of Philadelphia, America owes the possession of the great picture first mentioned. That gentleman being in London persuaded Mr. Allston to put the painting in his charge to convey to Philadelphia, feeling assured that the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts would purchase it. Mr. Allston had entrusted the sale of the picture to Messrs. Sully & McMurtrie, and the first intimation he had of the transaction was through a Boston correspondent, who informed him that "The Dead Man" was sold to the Pennsylvania Academy for the sum of \$3,500." A price very inadequate, but probably as much as that institution could afford to give.

In a letter from London, dated 13th June, 1816, to James McMurtrie, Esquire, of Philadelphia, Mr. Allston writes: "When you first made me the generous offer of taking out my

"I am lost!" said the Fiend, and he shook like a leaf;
When, casting his eyes to the ground,
He saw the lost pupils of Ellen with grief
In the jaws of a mouse, and the sly little thief
Whisk away from his sight with a bound.

"I am lost!" said the Fiend, and he fell like a stone;
Then rising the Fairy in ire,
With a touch of her finger she loosen'd her zone,
(While the limbs on the wall gave a terrible groan,)
And she swelled to a column of fire.

Her spear now a thunder-bolt flash'd in the air,
And sulphur the vault fill'd around:
She smote the grim monster; and now by the hair
High-lifting, she hurl'd him in speechless despair
Down the depths of the chasm profound.

Then over the picture thrice waving her spear,
"Come forth!" said the good Geraldine;
When, behold, from the canvas descending appear
Fair Ellen, in person more lovely than e'er,
With grace more than ever divine!

picture, you may remember with what implicit confidence I submitted the entire management and disposal of it to yourself and Mr. Sully. I would not have done this if I had not been fully assured that, whatever might be the event, I should have every reason to be grateful, for even if it had wholly failed of profit, I should still have felt myself indebted for every exertion that kindness and liberality would make. If such would have been my feelings in the event of a total failure (an event too, which I had suffered myself almost to anticipate) you may well judge what I now feel at the account of this most agreeable and unexpected result. I beg you both to accept my warmest and most grateful acknowledgments. The sale is in every respect highly gratifying, both as affording a very seasonable pecuniary supply, and on account of the flattering circumstances attending it. As necessary and acceptable as the money is to me, I assure you I think more of the honour conferred by the academy becoming purchasers of my work."

We here see that the highest mental powers, united to the keenest physical perceptions of the good and the beautiful, are consistent with, and perhaps produce the most delicate sensibility, diffidence in self, and confidence in the acts and opinions of others. How different from that irritable, and at the same time dogmatical character who considers all the praises bestowed upon others, or the gifts of fortune not falling to himself, as so many injuries inflicted on him. Such an one is as blind to his own defects as to the merits of others, and in self-confidence pronounces by words, or acts, or both, his own superiority. This conduct sometimes succeeds for a time, for the world will take a man's word for his worth rather than take the trouble to inquire into a subject that does not immediately touch their interests. But the truth will appear; and the pretender is generally the victim of disappointment and morbid irritability—shunned by those who can best appreciate his worth, and finally sinking into private imbecility and public contempt. A contrast between such a character (and such characters exist) and that of the subject of this biographical sketch, is as complete as the imagination can conceive.

It appears that Mr. Allston had conceived the design, and partly executed it, of a great picture on the subject of Christ's healing in the temple. In the letter above quoted from, written in 1816 to Mr. McMurtrie, is the following passage: "If I am constrained, from various circumstances, to disappoint you as to your proposal respecting a picture from my sketch of 'Christ healing,' I yet trust you will believe me not insensible to the kindness that dictated it; and also hope that the

proposal which I in my turn make will be as agreeable to you, as if it had been in my power to comply with the first. Upon reconsidering the sketch some months since, though still pleased with the general arrangement, I found the principal incident so faulty and inefficient, and myself so unable to suggest a better, that I was forced to the resolution of relinquishing the subject altogether—or lay it by for some future period, in the hopes that my imagination might then supply a more suitable incident. It is of the first importance to a large work that the principal incident should be striking and obvious; leaving no doubt on any one of its meaning. Now in the incident alluded to, I have attempted to express the miracle of *restored health* to a sick man, and that I have failed in it is certain: because not one who has seen it has been able to guess my intention. I could easily express disease in any stage of languor or emaciation; there would then be no incident but only a sick man waiting to be healed, which is but repeating what West has already done, and very finely done. My object was not to treat the subject thus, but in a very different way; that is, to show both the *operation* and the *effect* of a miracle. The blind boy, or rather the boy that *was* blind, (which you may recollect on the sketch,) is, I think, a very happy incident; for the miracle there is obvious, and clearly explains itself: but it is a miracle that has been *already* wrought, and therefore forms a subordinate part of the picture. Had I been equally successful in the principal object, who is supposed to be under the *immediate influence* of the Saviour's word, I should not only be satisfied with the composition, but have reason to think I had achieved something *great*. I still like all the rest of the sketch; but this great and radical defect in it has long since compelled me to give it up. But were I even perfectly satisfied with it, I do not think it would be in my power to paint it on a large scale (as it would employ me full eighteen months or two years) for less than nine hundred or a thousand guineas without loss; for, in addition to my present expenses, I should be obliged to hire another large room. But though it is not in my power, for the reasons above stated, to engage in a large picture from this sketch, I should be most happy to undertake another subject for you, of five or six figures, size of life; which would make a picture about the dimensions of the St. Peter in prison; (the St. Peter, by the by, employed me more than six months after you left London, instead of two, as I had calculated;)—and this I would do for the sum you mentioned, say five hundred guineas. Such a picture I could paint in

my present room, and could finish, I should hope, in somewhat less than a year. Should this be agreeable to you, you will please to say what kind of a subject you would prefer: I think scripture subjects, as being most known and interesting to the world, are the best. Should this proposal meet your views, you have the best reasons for depending on my very best efforts. Perhaps some splendid subject, uniting brilliancy of colouring with character and expression." In another letter, dated October 25, 1816, he says, on the subject of the "Christ healing,"—"I may here observe that the universal failure of all painters, ancient and modern, in their attempts to give even a tolerable idea of the Saviour, has now determined me never to attempt it. Besides, I think his character too holy and sacred to be attempted by the pencil."

To go back to the letter of June, the whole is so interesting and instructive to students and artists, that not to continue it here would be injustice to them. "Whenever you send the portfolio of drawings, I will with pleasure attend to your wishes respecting them. Mr. West, who is, as I believe, one of the most learned in Europe in these matters, will, I doubt not, be happy to assist me in assigning to them the names of their proper authors. I know that he has a great esteem for you. Since you still encourage me with the hope of selling the landscape, I will send it out in the course of the summer. I think I gave you a memorandum of the price: I do not recollect whether it was 200 or 150 guineas. If it is worth any thing it is worth 200, having cost me four months hard labour. At the same time I shall send you the little picture of the Virgin and Child, which, as I know it is a great favourite with you, I beg you to accept, as a small testimony of my esteem. I have lately improved it very much; having repainted the mother's head, and the whole of the infant, as well as retouched the back-ground."

It is probable that these are the two small pictures which he painted while the great picture of the "Dead Man" was in progress. In October he wrote, "I have shipped and addressed to you the two pictures mentioned to you in my letter of June last, viz. the Landscape and the Mother and Child.—I wish you not to consider it now as the "Virgin and Child," but simply as a mother watching her sleeping offspring. A Madonna should be *youthful*; but my mother is a matron. Besides, there are other reasons, which I have not room to state, that would fix the propriety of the change not made in the title. The first, the Landscape, to be exhibited and disposed of in any way that shall seem best to you: of the other I beg

your acceptance, as a small testimony of my esteem and gratitude. I have a double pleasure in offering this little present, inasmuch as, since the retouching, I think it one of my best works; and as I know it will be possessed by one who can *truly* appreciate whatever merit it may have. It does not always happen that the possessors of pictures are also possessed of taste; and therefore it is a source of no small gratification to an artist to know that his works are cherished by those who will neither mistake nor overlook their excellencies, however subordinate.*

* The great picture of the "Dead Man restored to Life, by touching the Bones of the Prophet Elisha," was put up in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in April, 1816, in a good light and situation for its display, and has been a source of delight and instruction to the public and to artists. The size of this picture is 13 feet by 11. The passage on which this composition is founded is as follows:—"And the bands of the Moabites invaded the land at the coming in of the year. And it came to pass as they were burying a man, that, behold, they spied a band of men, and they cast the man into the sepulchre of Elisha; and when the man was let down, and touched the bones of Elisha, he revived." 2d Kings, chap. xiii. ver. 20, 21.

The following description is taken from the pen of Mr. Allston:—

"The sepulchre of Elisha is supposed to be in a cavern among the mountains, such places, in those early ages, being used for the interment of the dead. In the fore-ground is the man at the moment of re-animation; in which the artist has attempted, both in the action and colour, to express the gradual recoiling of life upon death. Behind him, in a dark recess, are the bones of the Prophet, the skull of which is *peculiarized* by a preternatural light. At his head and feet are two slaves, bearers of the body; the ropes still in their hands, by which they have let it down, indicating the act that moment performed: the emotion attempted in the figure at the feet is that of astonishment and fear, modified by doubt, as if still requiring further confirmation of the miracle before him; while, in the figure at the head, is that of unqualified, immovable terror. In the most prominent group above is a soldier, in the act of rushing from the scene. The violent and terrified action of this figure was chosen to illustrate the miracle, by the contrast which it exhibits to that habitual firmness supposed to belong to the military character, showing his emotion to proceed from no mortal cause. The figure grasping the soldier's arm, and pressing forward to look at the body, is expressive of terror, overcome by curiosity. The group on the left or rather behind the soldier, is composed of two men of different ages, earnestly listening to the explanation of a priest, who is directing their thoughts to heaven, as the source of the miraculous change: the boy clinging to the old man is too young to comprehend the nature of the miracle, but, like children of his age, unconsciously partakes of the general impulse. The group on the right forms an episode, consisting of the wife and daughter of the reviving man. The wife, unable to withstand the conflicting emotions of the past and the present, has fainted; and whatever joy and astonishment may have been excited in the daughter by the sudden revival of her father, they are wholly absorbed in distress and solicitude for her mother. The young man, with outstretched arms, actuated by impulse, [*not motive*] announces to the wife, by a sudden exclamation, the revival of her husband; the other youth, of a mild and devotional character, is still in the attitude of one conversing—the conversation being abruptly broken off by his impetuous companion. The sentinels in the distance, at the entrance of the cavern, mark the depth of the picture, and indicate the alarm which had occasioned this tumultuary burial."

CHAPTER XII.

Visit to Paris with C. R. Leslie—Jacob's Dream—Uriel in the Sun—Martin—Allston home-sick—Opinion of England and Englishmen—No distinction made between their own artists and Americans—Allston returns home—Patriotism—Belshazzar's Feast—second Marriage—Notice of some of Mr. Allston's Pictures.

IN the year 1817 Mr. Allston visited Paris, in company with his friend C. R. Leslie. The same year he writes from London, acknowledging the receipt of the first instalment for his picture of the "Dead Man;" and then goes on to say, "I am now engaged on 'Jacob's Dream,' a subject I have long had in contemplation. It has been often painted before, but I have treated it in a very different way from any picture I have ever seen; for, instead of two or three angels I have introduced a vast multitude: and instead of a ladder, or narrow steps, I have endeavoured to give the idea of unmeasurable flights of steps, with platform above platform, rising and extending into space immeasurable. Whether this conception will please the matter of fact critics I doubt; nay I am certain that men without imagination will call it stuff! But if I succeed at all, it will be with those whom it will be an honour to please. The picture is of the same size with the landscape I sent out." Mr. Allston's prize picture, "Uriel in the Sun," is in England, in the collection of the Marquis of Stafford.

In a letter from Martin to the editor of the *London Athenæum*, I find an account of his first introduction to Leslie and Allston, and an acknowledgment, that to a conversation with Allston, who told him that he intended to paint "Belshazzar's Feast," he owes the suggestion of the subject which he shortly after painted and engraved—with a great deal of perspective and architectural effect, much poetic imagination and more false drawing, outré attitude, and exaggerated or unnatural expression. I publish one extract, as connected with my subject, in the year 1814:

"My next painting, 'Clytie,' 1814, was sent to Mr. West, the president, for his inspection; and it was on this occasion that I first met Leslie, now so deservedly celebrated.

"I shall never forget the urbane manner with which West introduced us, saying, 'that we must become acquainted, as young artists, who, he prophesied, would reflect honour on their respective countries.' Leslie immediately informed Allston, who resided in the same house with him, that he had met me. Allston requested to be introduced, as he had felt a

strong desire to know me, from the time he had seen my 'Saddak;' but a sort of reserve had prevented his introducing himself, although he had several times taken up his pen to do so. Thus, twenty years ago, commenced a friendship which caused me deeply to regret Allston's departure for his native country; for I have rarely met a man whose cultivated and refined taste, combined with a mild yet enthusiastic temper, and honourable mind, more excited my admiration and esteem.

"It is somewhat singular, that my picture of 'Belshazzar's Feast,' originated in an argument with Allston. He was himself going to paint the subject, and was explaining his ideas, which appeared to me altogether wrong, and I gave him my conception. He then told me, that there was a prize poem at Cambridge, written by T. S. Hughes, which exactly tallied with my notions, and advised me to read it. I did so, and determined on painting the picture. I was strongly dissuaded from this by many; among others, Leslie, who so entirely differed from my notions of the treatment, that he called on purpose, and spent part of a morning, in the vain endeavour of preventing my committing myself, and so injuring the reputation I was obtaining. This opposition only confirmed my intentions, and in 1821 I exhibited my picture. Allston has never seen it; but he sent from America to say, 'that he would not mind a walk of ten miles, over a quickset hedge, before breakfast, to see it.' This is something from a bad walker and a worse riser. His own 'Belshazzar' was not completed for many years, not till very lately, I think." Of that more will be said hereafter.

The reader has seen, that this distinguished American artist was in England during the last war between America and Great Britain. He went thither in 1811; when insult, opprobrium, and injury were heaped upon his country by the government and the writers of the United Kingdoms; and he remained until the character of the United States had been vindicated, and the pride of England mortified, both on the land and sea. He was among men who felt irritated by the defeat of their vessels of war (hitherto triumphant in every encounter) by the despised Yankee seamen, and of their invincible soldiers before the militia of America; yet he was beloved and his talents appreciated as though he were a native of Britain. The poet-painter became "home-sick," as he says, and, on the return of peace, when his engagements permitted, he left his English friends.

He thus speaks of the land of his forefathers, that glorious land, whose brightest ornaments we claim as belonging to us

as much as to our transatlantic brethren—men from whose example and instruction we derive our greatest blessings.

“Next to my own country,” says Allston, “I love England, the land of my ancestors. I should indeed be ungrateful if I did not love a country from which I have never received other than kindness : in which, even during the late war, I was never made to feel that I was a foreigner. By the English artists, among whom I number some of my most valued friends, I was uniformly treated with openness and liberality. Out of the art too I found many fast and generous friends.—And here—though I record a compliment to myself, I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of repeating the kind words of Lord Egremont, a few weeks before I left England. ‘I hear you are going to America,’ he said. ‘I am sorry for it.—Well, if you do not meet with the encouragement which you deserve, in your own country, we shall all be very glad to see you back again.’ This munificent nobleman had done me the honour to introduce himself to me, and is the possessor of one of my best pictures, “Jacob’s Dream.”

“I have ventured to allow myself this piece of egotism, for the sake of my countrymen, who, I hope, will never let any deserving British artist, who should come among us, feel that he is not welcome. England has never made any distinction between our artists and her own—never may America. In reference to Lord E.’s kind speech, I must stop here to say, that I have received from my countrymen the kindest treatment and the most liberal encouragement—far indeed from what I ever expected, for which I cannot be too grateful.”

Thus it is that the good and the grateful spirit, united to talent and intelligence, finds friends every where ; and while this great artist felt himself indebted to Lord Egremont, that enlightened nobleman felt himself proud of, and honoured by the society of the man of genius, and rich in the possession of the emanations of his mind, as displayed upon the glowing canvas.

“Among the many persons,” says Allston, “from whom I received attentions, during my residence in London, I must not omit Col. Trumbull, who always treated me with the utmost courtesy. Among my English friends it is no disparagement to any to place at their head Sir George Beaumont. It is pleasant to think of my obligations to such a man—a *gentleman in his very nature*. Gentle, brilliant, generous—I was going to attempt his character, but I will not ; it was so peculiar and finely textured, that I know but one man who could

draw it, and that's Coleridge, who knew him well—to know whom was to honour.”

After thus expressing himself respecting his English friends, Mr. Allston continues. “A home-sickness which (in spite of some of the best and kindest friends, and every encouragement that I could wish as an artist) I could not overcome, brought me back to my own country in 1818. We made Boston Harbour on a clear evening in October. It was an evening to remember! The wind fell and left our ship almost stationary on a long low swell, as smooth as glass and undulating under one of our gorgeous autumnal skies like a prairie of amber. The moon looked down upon us like a living thing, as if to bid us welcome, and the fanciful thought is still in my memory that she broke her image on the water to make partners for a dance of fire-flies—and they *did* dance, if I ever saw dancing. Another thought recurs: that I had returned to a mighty empire—that I was in the very waters, which the gallant Constitution had first broken, whose building I saw when at college, and whose “slaughter-breaking brass,” to use a quotation from worthy Cotton Mather’s *magnalia*, *but now* ‘grew hot and spoke’ *her name* among the nations!” This patriotic feeling is not a thing for which any credit is claimed, it would only have been discreditable to have been without it.”

Let knaves and fools laugh at patriotism; it is only knaves and fools who can make jest of the most holy feelings of man’s breast! The American returning from Europe who does not feel the glow of patriotism at the recollections of the free institutions of his country, the unparalleled diffusion of enjoyment among the *people*, and the improvement of every kind flowing from the establishment of a Democracy—is a wretch to pity or abhor. “The public virtue,” says Gibbon, “which among the ancients was denominated patriotism, is derived from a strong sense of our own interest in the preservation and prosperity of the free government of which we are members.” The slaves of their own vices and the vices of a corrupt government will always mock at patriotism.

It was in this year, 1818, that Mr. Allston was elected an associate of the Royal Academy of England. On this subject, he has said in a letter of recent date, “my friends wrote me that I should have been made an academician some years ago had I been in London, on the occurrence of a certain vacancy; but by the original laws of the academy (for which the present members are not accountable) no one is eligible as an academician who is not a resident of the United

Kingdom. This law is peculiar to the English academy, and I cannot but think it a narrow one."

On the 17th of November, 1818, Mr. Allston writes to his friend McMurtrie, from Boston: "As I propose to remain here during the winter, I must beg you to remit the balance due me, of which you speak, to this place, directed for me to care of Timothy Williams, Esquire, Boston. With respect to the interest due from the Pennsylvania Academy, I beg you to state to them that the delay of the payment of the purchase money not having occasioned me any inconvenience, I with pleasure relinquish it. I am sufficiently rewarded both by the honour they have done me in the purchase of the picture and in the sum paid. The success I have lately met with in England left me but one finished picture to bring with me, "Elijah in the wilderness," and which, had I remained a few weeks longer, I had the prospect of transferring to another proprietor.* I have brought, however, several others *on the stocks*, some of which are considerably advanced, particularly "Belshazzar's Feast, or the Hand-writing on the Wall," sixteen by twelve in size, which, I believe, is by several feet larger than the "Raising of the Dead Man." I purpose finishing it here. All the laborious part is over, but there still remains about six or eight months' more work to do to it. As I get on with it and other smaller works, which I may probably proceed with at the same time, I will take the liberty occasionally to drop you a line. In the spring or summer I may not unlikely pay you a visit. I have a great desire to see your city, and the state of the arts there. Though I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Mr. Sully, I yet so well know him through his friends and the friendly services he in conjunction with yourselves has rendered me, that I must, in a particular manner, beg you to present him my respects. I left Leslie well. He intends embarking for America in the spring. He has lately finished a beautiful little picture of Ann Page inviting Master Slender in to dinner, from the Merry Wives of Windsor. It is finely composed and (here the letter is torn) I thought it his happiest" (torn again.)

* This picture was soon after purchased by an English traveller and sent to England. Titian and other Venetians are supposed to have painted their skies and other distances in distemper, and then having varnished them with strong size, finished their pictures in oil colours. Allston painted his "Elijah in the wilderness" with colours ground in milk, and having perfected the work as far as he could in this manner, he varnished with copal, and finished or re-touched it in oil colours.

From the above we see that the great work, not yet finished in 1834, was considered by the painter as only wanting six or eight months' labour to be completed in 1818, fifteen years ago. "All the labour is over." How little do we know of ourselves, our works, or our futurity! This great picture was valued at \$10,000, and divided into ten shares, some of which, it is understood, was paid in advance. Of the circumstances which have delayed the finishing Mr. Allston has spoken in a letter to be laid before the reader. Allston once said to Sully, "O, do not undertake any thing that cannot be accomplished by your own means." Sully before had had the burnt child's experience on that score in his picture of "Crossing the Delaware."

May 27, 1831, Mr. Allston writes thus to Mr. M^r Murtrie: "I have but a few weeks since been established in my new painting room, which I have built in this place, (Cambridgeport, near Boston.) Belshazzar has been rolled up and reposing in a packing case for more than three years, in consequence of my former large room in Boston passing into the hands of a new owner, who has converted it into a livery stable; since which I have been compelled to work in a small chamber, where I have been employed altogether on small pictures. Belshazzar will still remain some time in his case—some embarrassing debts and my immediate necessities being the cause. I must be free in mind before I venture to finish it. I trust, however, that the time will not be very long. Your room which you mention must be a noble one. I wish there were such a one in each of our large cities. It is a great desideratum with me, as I mean hereafter, that is, when I once more become *free*, and should Providence grant me life, to confine myself chiefly to large works. I suppose that you know that I have become a Benedict.* I have been married about a year, and this village is now my home. It is but two miles from Boston, where I can be at any time, by means of an hourly stage, in twenty minutes. I am in better health, and certainly in better spirits, than I have been these ten years."

In a letter to a friend, Mr. Allston had said that it was not his wish to give a catalogue of all his pictures. He was afterward prevailed upon to give the following brief notice of a part of his works. "I will mention only a few of the principal which I painted during my first visit to England, viz: 'The Dead Man restored to life by the bones of Elisha.' The 'Angel liberating St. Peter from Prison.' This picture was

* He married in 1830, a relative of his first wife

painted for Sir George Beaumont, (the figures larger than life) and is now in a church at Ashby de la Zouch. 'Jacob's Dream,' in the possession of the Earl of Egremont. There are many figures in this picture, which I have always considered one of my happiest efforts. 'Elijah in the Desert.' This I brought to America, but it has gone back, having been purchased here by Mr. Labouchere, M. P. The 'Angel Uriel in the Sun,' in possession of the Marquis of Stafford. This is a colossal fore-shortened figure, that, if standing *upright* would be fourteen feet high, but being fore-shortened, occupies a space but of nine feet. The directors of the British gallery presented me with a hundred and fifty guineas, as a token of their approbation of Uriel.* Since my return to America, I have painted a number of pictures, but chiefly small ones. These pictures being pretty well known here, I shall mention only a few of the larger ones, viz: 'Jeremiah dictating his prophecy to Baruch, the scribe;' the figures as large as life. 'Saul and the Witch of Endor,' and 'Spalatro's vision of the bloody hand.' This last is a small picture, but I mention it because it is perhaps more extensively known, and because, too, I consider it one of my best. The others which I have omitted are landscapes, and, with three or four exceptions, small figures. Although my large picture (Belshazzar's Feast) is still unfinished, yet I ought perhaps to say something about it, as many inquiries have been made respecting my progress in it, and the probable time of its being completed. In assigning this reason for speaking of it in this place, I do not mean to admit any *right* in the public to be made acquainted with it; for so far, it is wholly a matter between the subscribers and myself. Still I am not disposed to withhold all information from a very natural curiosity. On some accounts I cannot but feel gratified with the general interest that has been manifested in relation to it. All, however, that I can now say, is, that so soon as it is in my power to apply myself without interruption to the completion of the picture, I shall do it with the utmost alacrity; and that when circumstances will admit of this, it will not take a long time to finish it. If the subscribers to it have been anxious for its completion, many and many-fold greater has been my desire to see it done: and great indeed would be the relief to my mind. I could long ago have finished this and other pictures as large, had my mind been free: for indeed I have *already* bestowed upon it as much mental and manual labour as, under another state of

* They had before presented him with 200 guineas as the first prize for "The Dead Man revived."

mind, would have completed several such pictures. But to go into the subject of all the obstacles, and the hindrances upon my spirit, would hardly be consistent with delicacy and self-respect. Nor could I be far enough understood if I should do it, to answer by it any essential purpose. Those feelings which are most intimately blended with one's nature, and which most powerfully and continuously influence us, are the very feelings which it is most difficult to give any distinct apprehension of to another. For this reason then, as well as for the others assigned by me, I will be silent respecting them. I may add, however, in conclusion, that I have the prospect of a time, not very far distant, when I expect to be in a condition to complete this picture; an event which it is not possible for any one to desire more than myself."

Mr. Allston says, "I had a delightful visit from Morse. Its only fault was being too short. The same from my old friend Fraser." Samuel F. B. Morse, president of the National Academy of Design, the worthy pupil of Allston, after returning from this visit, exclaimed, "I go to Allston as a comet goes to the sun, not to add to his material, but to imbibe light from him." After having passed some years in Italy and France, surrounded by, and studying the masters of Europe, Mr. Morse finds his former instructor even greater than before. He has a large painting room, built under his direction, at Cambridgeport, but still the great picture is in prison. He expressed his strong desire to work on it; but by this building he is involved in debt, which prevents his mind (as he expresses) from being free. This is, however, on the point of being removed. It was thus that Benjamin West, being under the necessity of building his house and galleries in Newman-street, was, although constantly employed, obliged to live with rigid economy that he might pay the debt contracted, and support those appearances required in the associate of men overwhelmed with wealth, and after a life, a long life of virtue, frugality, and extreme industry, leave to his children less than a merchant would consider a fair gain upon a cargo of cotton. Mr. Allston's prospects are brightened—he soon will give to the world his great picture, the size of which has been so great an obstacle to its accomplishment, and in the mean time several pictures on a smaller scale are partly finished, which his pupil thinks will rank him by the side of Raffaele; among them is "Gabriel setting the guard of the Heavenly Host." Retired from the world, and engrossed by his delightful studies and assiduous labours, there can be no doubt that Mr. Allston will be free to realize his wishes by devoting him-

self to that grand style, both in size and composition, which has placed him at the head of living artists. As in West, so in Allston, the choice of subject for his pictures, indicates the character of the man. Does not the warmth or coldness of a painter's colouring depend upon his character likewise?—and perhaps the freedom of his handling. Can a warm hearted, benevolent man paint cold, purple, hard pictures habitually? Be this as it may, the choice of subject is a sure indication of the mind of the artist. When Mr. Allston was consulted on the subject of painting for the government, and was asked whether he would undertake to fill the vacant pannels in the rotunda, if it was determined by Congress so to do. His reply was, "I will undertake one only, and I choose my own subject. No battle piece."

It has been said of Mr. Allston that when, in London, he had by a great picture produced a great effect, he did not follow it up. The public heard no more of him for years. That the time he threw away in smoking his cigar, and delighting his friends with conversation and delightful stories, of which he was a most prolific inventor and unrivaled *teller*, should have been employed in keeping up, by a succession of efforts, the name he had obtained. But the robust and untiring man can make no allowance for the man of more delicate frame, and for the lassitude and disease which follow in some men the extraordinary exertion of mind and body. I would not be the excuser of late hours at night even with temperance, and the waste of heaven's light by appropriating the day to sleep; but I can feel for a mind and frame like Allston's, and though I regret that much of his time has been spent without the pencil in hand, I do not believe that time wasted which appeared to be spent in idleness—such minds are never idle.

Washington Irving tells me that he first met Allston in Rome. That under his guidance he visited the works of art, and was taught by him to profit by a visit to a picture gallery: "Select two or three pictures and look at no others until you come again, then take two or three more, and your mind will be free from the confusion caused by the multiplicity of objects; you may study those you select and make yourself master of their merits and defects." Delighted with the society of Allston, and having all his love for art renewed and increased, Irving says that he was at one time resolved to study the art, encouraged by Allston. If so what might we not have gained? What must we not have lost!

CHAPTER XIII.

A. Wilson—Born at Paisley—Apprenticed to a weaver—His poems—Arrives in America 1794—Extreme poverty—Works as a copper-plate printer—A weaver—Travels as a pedler—Teaches a school—Studies—Bartram—Wilson's despondency—Is taught drawing by Lawson—Studies ornithology and conceives the project of his great work—Publishes in C. B. Brown's Magazine and Denny's Port Folio—Letters to Bartram—Travels—Liberality of Samuel F. Bradford—First volume of his Ornithology published—He travels to seek subscribers—Second volume published—Letters to Alexander Lawson—Arduous journey through the wilderness—The Ornithology reaches the seventh volume—Death and character of Wilson—Letter from Dr. John W. Francis.

ALEXANDER WILSON—1803.

I SHALL give the biography of this extraordinary man principally by making an abstract from Ord's life of him, published in Philadelphia by Hall.

*Alexander Wilson was born in the town of Paisley, Scotland, on the 6th of July 1766. The rudiments of literature were attained in his native place before the age of thirteen; and he was bound apprentice to a weaver, in whose service he continued until eighteen years of age, and acquired the nickname of the "lazy weaver," from his love of reading in preference to the labours of the loom. He derived from his mother a taste for music, and showed a decided preference to weaving verses rather than cloth.

Freed from his bonds, he indulged his propensity for rural scenery and rambling, by shouldering a pack and commencing trade as a pedler; but aspiring to the immortality of a poet,

* It seems proper that earlier students of the natural history of our country, who had some title to be called artists, should not be passed over; and first, Mark Catesby, F. R. S., who was born in England in 1679, and visited America in 1712. He remained seven years studying the botany of the country. He then returned home; but, being encouraged by the friends of science, made a second visit to the colonies, and took up his head quarters at Charleston, S. C.: from which place he made excursions to the interior, through Georgia and Florida. An Indian was generally his companion, who carried his materials for drawing and painting, and such specimens of natural history as he collected. He returned to England in 1726, and studied the art of etching, that he might engrave the plates of his intended publication, which he did from his own paintings. His work is entitled "The Natural History of Carolina, Florida, and the Bahama Islands, in French and English, containing the Figures of Birds, Beasts, Fishes, &c." This estimable and ingenious man died in 1749, aged seventy, leaving a widow and two children dependent upon the profits of his work. Kalm, the Swede, whose name was given to one of our most beautiful flower-bearing shrubs, the *Kalmia* or laurel, was, I believe, no artist, but Wangenheim, whose book on our forest trees was published in Germany after his return, designed the pictures himself, if I recollect aright, for it is many years since I read the work. He was an officer in the Hessian army of our revolutionary war. William Bartram designed, and is mentioned in Wilson's memoirs. Dr. Barton drew subjects of natural history correctly, and very neatly.

he unfortunately published his poems, and endeavoured to unite the pedler and the poet, his pack and his poems, to the disadvantage of both. Though disappointed, he still continued his love for literature, and shared the poverty which such an attachment generally causes. He returned to Paisley and to weaving, but the revolutionary spirit of America and France having spread among the weavers, he of course joined the democracy, and took the liberty to publish a satire upon a wealthy knave of the aristocracy; but though published anonymously, it was traced to Wilson, and he was sentenced "to a short imprisonment, and to burn, with his own hands, the poem at the public cross of Paisley." The shouts and applauses of the weavers accompanied him; he was looked upon as a martyr to truth, but the circumstance weighed upon his spirit, and was a cause of his determination to migrate to America.

To raise funds for this purpose he became industrious and economical, living for less than a shilling a week, and hoarding the proceeds of his labour. He had read the advertisement of a shipmaster who was to sail from Belfast; and on foot he left Paisley, embarked at Port Patrick, and reached the desired ship: but her complement of passengers was filled, and Wilson, with a companion who left Paisley in company, consented to sleep upon the deck. With such accommodations the hardy poet crossed the Atlantic, and landed at New-castle, Delaware, on the 14th of July, 1794, in the 28th year of his age.

He was now in a strange land, with not a shilling in his pocket. To enable him to reach Philadelphia, he borrowed a small sum from a fellow-passenger of the name of Oliver, and feeling that he was free, shouldered his fowling piece, and walked, light as air, thirty-three miles to the capital of Pennsylvania. His love for American ornithology was kindled by a redheaded woodpecker, the first bird he saw in the western world.

After working as a copper-plate printer, and at his old trade of weaving in Philadelphia, he tried Shepherdstown in Virginia; but only finding employment as a weaver, he returned, and in 1795 travelled through the north part of New-Jersey as a pedler, keeping a journal, full of interesting observations, and not only increasing his knowledge but his cash. He now opened a school, and for several years followed the honourable profession of a teacher, assiduously studying those branches of learning in which he was deficient; and making himself a

mathematician, to the business of a teacher he was enabled to add that of a surveyor.

The companion of his journey of emigration was his nephew, William Duncan, whose mother had been compelled by poverty to follow her son, bringing with her a family of small children. To find an asylum for these, Wilson combined with Duncan, and, by the aid of a loan, purchased a farm in Ovid, Cayuga county, New-York, where the son resided with his widowed parent.

After changing his place of residence several times, Wilson's good fortune placed him in a school house on the banks of the beautiful Schuylkill, and but a short distance from the residence of the philosopher, philanthropist, and naturalist, William Bartram, and within four miles of Philadelphia.

At a former period of my life, when the study of botany filled a portion of my time, I made a delightful pedestrian excursion from Philadelphia to Bartram's botanic garden, in company with Doctor Elihu H. Smith, my fellow student in the science, and Charles Brockden Brown, now so well known as a novelist. Although this has no connexion with Wilson, the reader may forgive the feeling which dictates it. We found the botanist in his garden, dressed, as an European would say, like a peasant, and spade in hand; but we found the simplicity of a lover of nature and the courtesy of a gentlemen under the homely garb. Such was the man into whose vicinity, and within the sphere of whose instruction, Wilson was now thrown. Bartram was pleased to find in Wilson a lover of nature, and an observer of the manners of birds, a subject dear to himself, and they soon became intimate and ardent friends.

Mr. Alexander Lawson told me that he often accompanied Wilson in his visits to Bartram, but the drudgery of a school, the confinement and the poverty that still haunted Wilson, rendered him melancholy, and instead of the exercise which might have cheered his mind, he played the flute and wrote verses, only tending to increase the evil by dwelling on it. He sometimes, in conversation, dwelt on his fruitless efforts and disappointed hopes, and hinted at suicide. Lawson suggested drawing to him—he thought it impossible—"if he could only draw as well as Bartram, he should be delighted." "You shall draw better, if you will follow my advice." Bartram had not devoted much time, or shown much talent for delineating the objects he loved to study and cultivate. Wilson consented to try drawing; but on endeavouring to copy some small human figures, he saw the imperfection of his work, and was confirmed in his opinion that he could never draw. His

friend suggested flowers as subjects for his imitation : this was approaching the goal at which he was destined to arrive. He was encouraged, and persevered. He then tried to draw a bird, from nature—delighted himself and surprised his friend. He now approached his home—his resting-place. Reeves's colours were bought, and he painted, from nature, a bird he had shot. Thus was he, as far as a man can be at this time of day in civilized society, self-taught.

The study of ornithology went hand in hand with his progress in the art of designing the objects most interesting him. He read, and was dissatisfied—he sought the meadows, the rivers, and the woods, and found all he wished—he described—he painted—and found himself a draughtsman and an ornithologist. Then arose the desire to communicate to others. He formed the plan of publishing, and communicated with Bartram, who cautiously discouraged an undertaking that might involve him in difficulties ; but his mind had received its impulse, and he had an answer for every objection.

Lawson approved of Wilson's scheme of making a collection of all the birds of the middle states, or even of the union, but saw more difficulties in bringing such a work to perfection, and before the public, than the schemer did. However, Wilson went on ; and the time he had devoted, when not employed in teaching, to flute playing, verse making, solitude, and despondency, was now employed in increasing his collection of birds, of drawings, and knowledge of the nature, manners, and history of the subjects.

Wilson's letters to Bartram exhibit him in a most amiable point of light, and show that his studies at the school house had not failed to improve his style : these letters are before the public. Hoping that by some literary effort he might relieve himself from the confinement and the drudgery of a school, he sent some essays to my friend Charles Brockden Brown, who then wrote for and conducted "The Literary Magazine" for the proprietor, Conrad ; and he contributed to Denny's Port Folio, but these efforts produced no change in his situation.

In the month of October, 1804, Wilson, with two companions, made a pedestrian tour to the falls of Niagara. This produced on his return "The Foresters," published in the Port Folio. In 1805, Wilson was, like an honest man, inflicting privations on himself to pay his debt to his friend : "I associate with nobody, spend my leisure hours in drawing, wandering through the woods, or playing on the violin." He was now seriously employed in making a collection of all the

birds of Pennsylvania, and with all the ardour of genius conceived that he might etch them himself, and then colour them. Lawson instructed him in etching, but he soon found not only that much time must elapse before he could etch, but that the graver must finish the work. Full of his project of publication, he wished Lawson to join with him in it; but he saw objections which Wilson could not, and declined. "I will proceed alone then in the publication, if it costs me my life!"

The enthusiastic Wilson conceived hopes of visiting the Mississippi under the auspices of Mr. Jefferson, but was disappointed; but as a literary man he had better fortune in 1806, being engaged at a liberal salary by Mr. Samuel F. Bradford as assistant editor. Mr. Bradford, six years after, not only released Charles R. Leslie from the bonds of apprenticeship, but actively promoted that subscription which wafted him to Europe, being himself a liberal subscriber, and thus smoothed the path by which a truly virtuous man has attained the highest rank in the arts. Mr. Bradford thus opened the way for Wilson to prosecute his favourite object, and shortly after agreed to become the publisher of Wilson's Ornithology, and furnish the requisite funds. Lawson was engaged as the engraver, and admirably he acquitted himself.

In the month of September 1808, the first volume of the American Ornithology made its appearance; and although the prospectus had been before the public for two years, the surprise and delight was as great as if it had never been announced; for no one could conceive that America could produce a splendid work on science that vied with the proudest productions of the old world.

The author now set out on a journey to the eastward, in search of subscribers. He went as far as Maine, and returned through Vermont to Albany and Philadelphia, better freighted with compliments than subscriptions. Almost immediately on his return, he commenced a journey on the same errand to the south, through Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia. When at Charleston he had obtained a hundred and twenty-five subscribers; at Savannah they had amounted to two hundred and fifty, he says, "obtained at a price worth five times their amount."

The second volume of the Ornithology was published in January 1810, and in February the artist and author proceeded to Pittsburg, and thence alone in a skiff down the Ohio. His letters to Alexander Lawson, his friend and the engraver of his birds, have been repeatedly published, and can alone give a true idea of the man. He visited the numerous

towns which had even then sprung up in the wilderness, and every object of interest he could hear of and approach. Near Louisville he sold his skiff, and performed the journey to Natchez partly on foot and partly on horseback. In his diary he says, "This journey, four hundred and seventy-eight miles from Nashville, I have performed alone, through difficulties which those who never have passed the road could not have a conception of." He proceeded to New Orleans, and thence to New-York and Philadelphia.

Seven volumes of the Ornithology were published by the extreme exertion of Wilson, the unremunerated expenditures of S. F. Bradford, and the friendly labours of Lawson. The United States were proud that such a work should originate and be thus far perfected in the country—Philadelphia, still more delighted, claimed the honour of being its birth place, yet among all her learned and rich, the literati, the men of benevolence, and the men of wealth—among her thousands of high minded men, and well minded men, only seventy became subscribers for Wilson's Ornithology, "more than half of whom," says his biographer, "were persons of the middle class of society."

In 1812, Wilson was chosen a member of the "Society of artists of the United States." In 1813, Mr. West sent him a proof impression of his "Death of Nelson." The same year he completed the letter-press of his eighth volume; but before the plates were ready, on the 23d of August, 1813, a dysentery put a period to his days, in the forty-seventh year of his age.

The admirable trait in Wilson's character is his undeviating adherence to, and innate love of truth. He was strictly honourable in his dealings, and in all trials through life rigidly a virtuous man. His fault, and I learn but of one, was irritability; which perhaps counteracted, in some measure, the good effect which his high moral character produced.

In person he was of the middle size, of a thin habit, his features coarse, and a "dash of vulgarity in his physiognomy," which was forgotten when the intelligence of his eye was called forth, or the charms of his intellect displayed in conversation.

Of his poetical and other essays I shall not speak; and I hope my readers are too well acquainted with the merit of his composition, in his descriptions of the subjects of his study and his work, to need my eulogium.

His remains are deposited in the cemetery of the Swedish church, Southwark, Philadelphia.

The following is from a Scotch paper: "July 13, 1833, Wilson's anniversary. On Monday night the anniversary of this celebrated ornithologist and poet was honoured by a number of his townsmen at Paisley. Thomas Crichton in the chair, Robert Lang, croupier." Crichton was the intimate friend and correspondent of Wilson. The memory of the deceased American ornithologist was "drank in solemn silence" after a speech from the chair. It is gratifying to record this testimony paid to the worth of a man of virtue and talent by his townsmen twenty years after his death.

My readers will be gratified by the perusal of a letter from my friend Dr. Francis, just received, which (as well as other matters relative to the arts) has so much original information respecting Wilson, as to make it a most valuable appendix to the foregoing memoir.

"Newport, September 8, 1834.

"Dear sir,—You will perceive that I breathe a new atmosphere, and I now purpose enjoying myself for some three or four days at Newport, renowned for its salutiferous air—as the birth place of Stuart and of Malbone, and the scene of some of the most active and laudable operations of the celebrated Bishop of Cloyne. I have again visited Mrs. W——, where we had the gratification of seeing once more *the Hours*, that exquisite work of genius and art by Malbone, which commands unmeasured praise from untold visiters at this place, who seek the opportunity of admiring this production of the pencil, not surpassed, in all probability, by the work of any foreign artist. We were also shown a number of unfinished heads, in miniature, by the same extraordinary master; a portrait of Mr. W. in crayons, done by Malbone, and his own portrait, a superior performance, kit-cat, in oil colours. From this an indifferent copy was taken by Gimbrede and subsequently engraved. There are other works of value by the same great artist to be seen in a distant part of the country; among them one entitled *Devotion*, and another the birth of Shakspeare, of peculiar merits, *in umbra*. Malbone's life, though short, was sufficiently long to secure to him a permanent reputation. Miss Hall seems to me the only artist who has made a close approximation to his best efforts. His "*Hours*" has awakened the powers of many a worthy poet. Among others, his personal friend, the late Dr. Farmer, wrote some clever verses on it; tinged, however, rather too deeply with his own sombre associations as well as with deep grief at the premature death of the painter

“We rode to the house where the Bishop of Cloyne once resided. Somewhat more than a century has elapsed since he occupied it; it was once a substantial wooden frame farm house of two stories, and the room which we considered as the bishop’s library, still retains its old Holland ornaments of earthen figures round the mantel and fire-jambs. It is contemplated soon to take down this venerated building, in which case I have made an engagement to be supplied with a relic to make two or three snuff-boxes, one of which shall certainly be reserved for you. And why not as well have a box of the residence of the good bishop, as of the tree so famous for the Indian treaty by Penn? The memorable line of the poet for Berkeley, will apply with like verity to both these exalted characters. At no great distance from the bishop’s house are the Paradise Rocks, seen projecting near the margin of the sea; they are called by the people the Bishop’s study. Here he used to retire and write, and few places are more romantic, or better calculated for health and inspiration. With your present bodily ailings, you would do well to come hither for a short time and finish your projected volumes. We shall have fine green tea and flap-jacks for your breakfast, water of the spring of Dr. Franklin’s temperature as your *medicina mentis*, and coppices of verdant beauty for your eyes to gaze upon, equal to any Humphrey Repton ever formed. It is affirmed, as you probably will recollect, that the bishop wrote his Minute Philosopher in America; and this sequestered spot, with its paradise rocks before us, is fitted for the contemplation of the most ardent votary of Plato.

“If it were not too professional I might also dwell upon the fact, that Newport is known in our medical annals as the first place on the American continent where a public course of anatomical lectures was given. They were delivered by Dr. William Hunter so early as 1754. Dr. Hunter was by birth a Scotchman, born in 1729, and like many others, engaged in the cause of the pretender in 1745. After the fight of Culloden he repaired to this country and settled at Newport, where he died in 1777. He had received the earlier part of his education under the elder Monro, and acted as surgeon’s mate in the contest just stated, his principal being Middleton; that Middleton who was afterwards the eminent professor of medicine in King’s College, New-York. There is an admirable portrait of Hunter in the family mansion, done by Cosmo Alexander in 1769; and also one by the same artist, of rather inferior merits, of Mrs. Hunter and her daughter. The curious who visit Newport sometimes

carry away with them some fragment of the renowned ship Endeavour ; a portion of whose hull is still to be seen at Wilkham's wharf. This vessel is associated with the discoveries of Captain Cook, who, with Banks and Solander, made in her their first circumnavigation round the world, about, I believe, 1769. I possibly may err a little in the date, but I am too far off to consult the Redwood library. The Endeavour was afterwards purchased as a whaler, and used some time in that capacity, but being pronounced not seaworthy, has been suffered to lie here and decay.

"I cannot, however, permit the present opportunity to pass without addressing you a few lines relative to your History of the Arts of Design in America. Your laborious and minute researches will probably leave little to be gleaned by your successors, in those inquiries in which you have so long been employed. The subject is of deep interest to all who feel a becoming pride in the talents which our native artists have so amply displayed, and on the reflection that Stuart, West, and Trumbull ; Allston and Newton are of American origin. It seems to me that *Wilson*, the ornithologist, will have claims to your notice, and if he falls within the scope of your work, you will probably find it in conformity to your plan to precede your account of him by some slight sketch of his predecessor, in our natural history, the celebrated Catesby. Like Wilson, Catesby was an artist ; his zeal and industry were scarcely surpassed by Wilson, and his honesty and integrity in preserving faithful memorials of the objects of his attention, have been such as to secure the strongest approbation of experienced and qualified observers. A copy of his *Natural History* may be seen in the library of the Rev. Dr. Hawks ; it is in two volumes, large folio ; the edition by Edwards. The figures of this work were originally etched by himself, and the colours were done either by him or under his inspection. As the reputation of this amiable, unassuming and excellent man has been somewhat impugned by Gordon and others, I hope you will allow me to give you the testimony of one of the best judges now living, on his merits. Wilson often refers to Catesby with suitable consideration, and with the ardour of a true worshipper. We are to remember that Catesby's plates do not afford specific distinctions of all he saw ; it was not his object ; his delineations of the various parts of a flower are imperfect, but for the best of reasons ; botanical science among us had not yet received the aids of the Linnean classification, though Colden, on the banks of the Hudson, about that period, took up with increased delight

his investigation of plants, excited by new feelings the inspiration of his Swedish master. According then to the testimony of the best judges and most eminent naturalists, no delineator of the works of the Creator has excelled in merits Catesby, considering the time when he published, and the circumstances in which he was placed. Audubon, in speaking of him, remarked to me distinctly that the utmost confidence might be placed in all his statements. I have examined, him, he added, with the closest severity, and I have scarcely seen in his descriptions, so far as they go, a single error. I confide in all he says. Others since his time have enlarged upon certain parts of him with the additional advantages of modern and more precise science. After the triumphant declaration of Audubon let us no longer hear it asserted that Catesby defaced nature, and that his magnificent volumes cannot be consulted without regret and indignation.

“It was my happiness to be personally acquainted with *Alexander Wilson*. The first time I saw him was in the latter part of October, 1808 : he had just completed the first volume of his Ornithology, and had come to New-York to solicit subscribers. The slender countenance he received to aid him in his vast undertaking, was somewhat depressing to his feelings. He stated briefly the great efforts he had made, the better to justify his application for subscriptions. ‘I determined,’ said he, ‘to let the public see a perfect specimen of my work, before I sought their pecuniary support, and I carry my volume with me. I shall not abandon my design, however lukewarm it may be looked upon : but cherish the hope that there is in this widely extended and affluent country, a number of the admirers of nature sufficient to sustain me in my enterprise.’ What pains me, he further remarked, is the indifference with which works in natural history are often regarded, by men of cultivated understanding and rank in life. I have just returned to your city, after a visit to Staten Island, to submit my volume to your governor. He turned over a few pages, looked at a picture or two ; asked me my price ; and while in the act of closing the book, added, ‘I would not give a hundred dollars for all the birds you intend to describe, even had I them alive.’ ‘Occurrences such as these distress me ; but I shall not lack ardour in my efforts.’—This little incident I confess to you it was sufficiently mortifying to hear. Moreover, the governor of the state of New-York is always presumed to be an enlightened character : by charter he is a member of the board of regents, a body constitutionally created, who direct and control the intellectual pursuits of an empire state.

“Wilson on his subsequent visits to New-York, seemed to be in better spirits, both on account of the patronage he had received, and the progress he had made in his work. He seized the moments of leisure he had, in closely examining books in natural science, in different libraries to which he could obtain a ready access. The American Museum, which had now been well fitted up, was, however, his most gratifying resort. Scudder, the founder of this institution was indeed a rough diamond; but few could surpass his enthusiasm in studying the volume of nature, as he termed every subject in natural history. Wilson was loud in his praises of the *preservative* talents of this *artiste*, of materials in natural science: but at that day we had not the experience and results of Waterton before us. Few greetings could be more joyous, than that of these men; great as was the disparity in their scientific knowledge and intellectual culture. Scudder remarked, ‘I have many curiosities here, Mr. Wilson, but I myself am the greatest one in the collection!’ Scudder continued, and stated the trials he had passed amidst rocks and glens, referred to the time when he carried his museum on his back, and exulted at the success which thus far crowned him. He believed that a taste for nature’s works was more diffused: he said he had travelled thousands of miles, in order to bring various objects of natural science together, worthy of study. All this was listened to by Wilson with feelings of great gratification: but when the museum-man added, ‘Yet, notwithstanding all, and my success so far, I still find that the Witch of Endor, and Potiphar’s wife, bring me ten dollars where my natural history does one;’ the Ornithological Biographer, filled with emotion and changing countenance, gave utterance to a vehement expression on the listlessness of man in contemplating the harmony of nature; and while recounting his pedestrian excursions through our extensive country, gave vent in a philippic against closet naturalists and sedentary travellers. He seemed to have as great dislike to this last named class of beings, as ever our old friend Dr. Williamson cherished.

“It was during one of these, his later excursions to the city, that Wilson waited upon our mutual friend Dr. Mitchill, whose fame had now extended far beyond the “Grampian Hills, or the chalky cliffs of Dover.” Wilson found the doctor in his study: he had about this time commenced his investigations of the qualities and numbers of the fishes of the waters of New-York. Surrounded by his cabinets of conchology and mineralogy, and with his room still further enriched with collections of Indian tomahawks and antiquities, and the dresses of

the inhabitants of the south seas, the doctor poured out of the immense treasures of his prompt memory, and gave ingenious illustrations on divers topics for the mental gratification of Wilson. The meeting was highly satisfactory to both: the ornithologist found the amiable and benevolent philosopher the most accessible of mortals, expert in disquisition, whatever the subject,—a monad or the Niagara; and no less ready at the composition of songs for the nursery, than in expounding his beautiful theory of the heavens. ‘You have wandered largely through our country, Mr. Wilson, (says Dr. Mitchell,)—I no longer travel—travellers come to me.’ The result of this interview was a promise on the part of the doctor to furnish Wilson with the history of the pennated grouse of Long Island, in relation to which such a mass of foreign ignorance has been displayed. How well he complied therewith, is known to all who have read his admirable letter in the Ornithology.

“We have strong reasons to infer, that Wilson was greatly disappointed at the state of society, and the condition of literature in America, so far at least as they might be associated with the encouragement of his designs. He had abruptly left his own country, the victim of indiscretion if not of persecution. He was tinctured with the political excitements of the times of 1790-4, and sought abroad what he deemed not within his reach at home. His whole life from its early dawn, to its unexpected close, was a perpetual struggle. Bradford was indeed his friend, and the venerable horticulturist near Philadelphia, William Bartram, delighted to speak of him to the passing traveller. His firmest resolves were often suddenly abandoned, and as often re-resolved. He was of the *genus irritabile*, and suffered at times from what is occasionally termed a constitutional morbidness. But this itself, doubtless, added to the intensity of his devotion to his sublime pursuits. When men of power and place were indifferent to his glorious plans of natural science, he sometimes betrayed a consciousness of the supremacy of his studies, and of his own mental superiority. Hence, republican as he was, he could not brook the frigid apathy of our republican governor.

“An instructive parallel might be drawn between Wilson and Michaux the younger. All who knew the latter, remember with admiration his personal intrepidity and hardihood. Like Wilson he had in reality abided the pelting of the pitiless storm. Nothing but unintermitting efforts, under the most discouraging circumstances, enabled him to complete his History of American Forest Trees. Michaux, like Wilson, sustained himself under every social privation, and became

a tenant of the woods ; scarcely for weeks, months, nay, seasons, participating of the shelter of the domestic roof and the comforts of the culinary fire. He was, moreover, often so outré in his appearance, from necessity and habit, as rarely perhaps to command the civilities of refined life : the metamorphoses of Naso, were at times almost outdone by the peculiarities of his outward attire. But the materials of his *Sylva* having at length been brought together, from every quarter of our widely spread country, he repaired with them to Paris, and there, under the patronage of the savans of that metropolis, gave to the world his elegant volumes. He still lives near the Sorbonne, blessed with the remnant of a good constitution, at comfortable ease, enjoying the national bounty willingly granted him for his services ; and the students of nature greet him as one of their choicest associates. All who visit the *Jardin des Plantes*, will learn how much he has enriched it, and behold the *platanus* and the *bignonia* associated as neighbours, though of distant climes, in amicable rivalry with the lordly *Adansonia*.—He has effectively benefited the arts and rural affairs ; he points to the furniture around his dwelling, as examples of the beautiful adaptation of the products of our native woods, to the elegancies of the dining-room and the boudoir. He loves America—it was the theatre of his reputation—and her forests yield the loveliest and the loftiest trees. Poor Wilson on the contrary, with all his high and ennobling aspirations, was ever subjected to the caprices of indigence and want. With the contemplative eye of philosophy, he enjoyed the luxury of interrogating nature, in the most attractive of her forms of animated existence ; and he saw in prospective, the accomplishment of his disinterested designs. But sickness invades him with his unfinished labours before him, and in his premature death, we have a striking illustration of the uncertainty of all human things.

“ Exalted as all will pronounce the contributions of Michaux the younger, I think that you should view the subject in another bearing, when considering the relative merits of the author of the *Forest Trees*, and of the *American Ornithology*.—Michaux cannot fairly be looked upon as a pioneer in his vocation. Not a few eminent arboriculturists had long ago given some account of the riches of our forests. Since the time of the Swede, Kalm, Wangenheim had penetrated into various parts of our country, the better to understand aright the capabilities of the North American tree, for transplanting and propagation in Germany, and had dedicated to his sovereign, the king of Prussia, his large folio with numerous plates. His drawings, I

understand, were made by himself; and when we consider the professional capacity to which he was restricted during our revolutionary war, it is almost marvellous what he effected. The ingenious Masson and the unfortunate Dombey, had also touched our shores, and Michaux the father having explored the North American regions for a period of more than twelve years, had illustrated in folio, in a manner corresponding to his subject, the Oaks of North America. These then with John and William Bartram and others had somewhat opened the field for subsequent and better qualified observers, and Michaux has deservedly secured the triumph.

How different is the fact as regards that department in which Wilson excelled: excluding the labours of Catesby, in a limited district, with the exception of a casual notice here and there, and the imperfect catalogue of birds by Mr. Jefferson, hardly a correct observation in ornithology is to be found, prior to the appearance of Wilson. The most improved works in our natural history abounded in narratives of the incantations of the serpent, the sub-terrene hybernation of the swallow, and a thousand other absurd stories touching the economy of animals, which, from the plausibility with which they were sustained, caused philosophy itself to be debased by its credence in such asinine hypotheses. Our birds were songless and without plumage, and the forebodings of the raven was our only melody. In this state of doubt and ignorance, like the dauntless mariner on unknown seas, without chart or compass, Wilson appears. With the force of genius he becomes an original explorer of untrodden wilds of vast extent and peril; shade and sunshine are alike to him; his pursuit is his happiness: with a diligence surpassing commendation, he enlarges the boundaries of human knowledge, and with the simplicity of truth, elevates American Ornithology to the certainty of a science, and worthy the cultivation of the highest intellect.

“You will pardon me, if, before I conclude, I record one or two circumstances concerning Wilson's reputation abroad. I allude to the popular and exalted renown he attained almost immediately after the completion of the Ornithology, by Mr. Ord his estimable friend who published his biography. The work of Wilson had indeed received from the American press, a few literary notices during the progress of its publication. Governor Clinton had written one or two friendly critiques, with his wonted earnestness for the promotion of the science, and Wilson was gratified that he enjoyed the consideration of a character so conspicuous. But with his

transatlantic countrymen, his memory became an object of deep interest. Paisley, his birth-place, had long known him as the author of *Watty and Meg*, a popular ballad, which I recollect in my earliest school-boy days, to have been echoed in our streets. I believe he was also the writer of some pathetic verses on the loss of a lovely boy by drowning, entitled, "*Pale wanderer of the silent night*," a production not alluded to in any notice of his muse that I have seen. Within a year or two after his work was finished, his countrymen at Paisley were urgent in their inquiries of American travellers concerning him and his great production. You must allow, after all, said they, that you are indebted to a Scotchman for the true account of the birds of America. He was our townsman, and it gratifies us to learn any particulars of him. Near this place, he was once a faithful weaver among us; and *Watty and Meg* please us e'en now. Perhaps these expressions of popular feeling struck me with the greater force, inasmuch as an occurrence of a somewhat different complexion took place a day or two before. Encountering a highland lad, who was discoursing sweet music to a song of Burns, I expressed my pleasure by remarking, we had no such poetry by American bards. '*You have not produced Burns*,' replied he, '*but you have produced a greater man than all Scotland has,—Doctor Franklin,—he taught the way to make money.*'

"When the Dukes John and Charles of Austria attended a converzatione at Sir Joseph Banks in 1816, the royal visitors expressed a desire to examine the library and vast collections in natural science of the venerable president of the Royal Society. '*I have nothing worthy of your special examination*,' said Sir Joseph, '*except the American Ornithology of Wilson*:' and further inquiries were dropt upon the inspection of this extraordinary work. '*Our Radcliff library is deficient*,' observed Dr. Williams, the Regius Professor of Botany: we have had no opportunity of procuring the *American Ornithology* by Wilson: we learn the work is terminated; and it is remarkable that no Edinburgh or Quarterly has taken notice of it: in what way can we soonest obtain a copy from your country?

"Thus the sod has scarcely covered the grave of the lamented Wilson, ere his matchless efforts as nature's historian, were the theme of popular and scientific admirers in regions far remote and distant from each other. While therefore his earthly remains have commingled with their kindred dust, like the delightful solo of that chief* of song among the feathered tribe, whose vocal powers amidst the fragrant magnolia, he

* The mocking-bird.

has so eloquently described as unrivalled, his own surpassing labours will ever command the admiration of the disciples of nature in every part of the habitable globe.

“But I am fearful of enlarging this epistle, and hasten to assure you of my sincere esteem and regard.

“JOHN W. FRANCIS.”

“WM. DUNLAP, Esq.”

CHAPTER XIV.

John Paradise—Samuel L. Waldo—instructed in letters by General Eaton; in painting, by Mr. Stewart, of Hartford—goes to Litchfield—finds two patrons and is in despair; but finds a friend and prospers—Goes to Charleston—Visits London—returns home---Waldo and Jewett---Mr. Catton's father—Charles the son studies animal painting and landscape—paints a horse for his friend Beechy, to mount the king on—Francis Kearney---James Frothingham---a builder of chaise-bodies-----attempts to paint a portrait---makes approaches to Stuart, and succeeds in gaining instruction---removes to Salem---tries Boston---removes to New-York---Anson Dickinson---Peter Maverick.

JOHN PARADISE—1803.

THIS very worthy citizen and pious man was born in Hunterton county, New-Jersey, Oct. 24th, 1783. His ancestors were English, his grandfather having emigrated to Maryland. The father of the artist was a saddler in Pennington village; and John, after a country school education, was taken by him into the work-shop. He, however, preferred printing to saddle-making; but, on trial, was not found strong enough, and returned to his father's. He had a taste for music, and learned to practise both on the flute and violin; but his great delight was in attempts at drawing, and after copying from prints, he even attempted faces from the life. As usual, there were admirers to encourage, and at the age of eighteen he took himself to portrait painting. He soon after became acquainted with Elizabeth Stout, and in a short time after married her. To this circumstance my informant attributes the future good of his life. He became a pious as well as a moral man, and pursued his chosen avocation with additional industry and perseverance. He went to Philadelphia, and for a very short time put himself under the tuition of Volozan; and in 1803 he commenced professionally as an artist. In 1810 he removed to New-York, and was actively engaged in his profession for many years: but his health declined, and he had affections of the head, which at times rendered him incapable of business.

The sect to which Mr. Paradise was attached contributed to his success and employment as a portrait painter. Most of the engravings in the Methodist Magazine are from paintings by

him. He died as he had lived, relying upon the mercy of his God. According to his wish, he had been removed to the house of his brother-in-law, Philemon Dickinson, near Springfield, New Jersey, that he might die in presence of his sister. His decease took place on the 26th of November, 1833.

SAMUEL L. WALDO—1803.

This gentleman was born in the town of Windham, Connecticut. His father was repeatedly elected, by his townsmen, to represent them in the state legislature; but, being of that honourable class of citizens, yeomen cultivating their own soil, young Waldo was early accustomed to habits of laborious industry. His education was that of a good country school, but had a circumstance connected with it worthy of notice—his first teacher was afterwards the well-known Gen. Eaton.

The usual fate of writing books belonging to boys, who as men become painters, attended those of Waldo; and the desire to become an artist induced him, at the age of sixteen, to request his father to place him with a portrait painter of Hartford; assuring him, that if he would pay for his tuition, he would never ask another dollar from him. His father indulged him, and paid one hundred dollars to a Mr. Stewart, whose skill and knowledge were not worth as many cents.

Waldo made the best of such instruction; and at the age of twenty, with (as he has said) fifteen dollars in his pocket, the price paid by a British commodore for the first portrait the young painter attempted from the life, he took a painting room, and set up his esel in the city of Hartford. Success did not attend his efforts, and even his moderate expenses exceeded his income. Happily he boarded at the same table with a young lawyer, who, although just starting in life's race himself, could feel for one who appeared to be lagging and heavily laden. This was Thomas Day, Esq. since secretary of state for Connecticut. Mr. Day advised Waldo to try Litchfield, and gave him a letter to a friend in that place.—He did more—he furnished credit for a new suit of clothes, to make a suitable appearance among strangers. Theodore Dwight, Esq. gave him a letter likewise to a person of wealth and official rank. The persons to whom these letters were addressed had both invited the young painter to visit Litchfield and promised him employment.

On arriving at Litchfield, with little else in his pockets but these letters, he, with fluttering heart, proceeded to deliver them. One of the patrons by promises was very glad to see him, but extremely sorry that the friend whose portrait he

wanted was sick and could not sit. He called on the other, who bowed him out with assurances that he should at all times be exceedingly happy to see him at his house. But there are friends as well as patrons in the world, and Mr. Waldo's conduct through life entitled him to expect friendship—and he found it. It so happened that a gentleman of Litchfield, at the time unknown to him, witnessed the cold reception and formal bow with which he had been received, or rather, dismissed; and being a warm-hearted man, benevolence dictated measures which he immediately put in practice, to counteract the effects of politeness. As he took leave of the last patron with heavy heart, and was proceeding to his inn, a gentleman followed him, and calling him by name, said, "My name is Gould—I saw your pictures at Hartford—I am happy to see you in Litchfield. Will you go with me to my house? it is but a few steps." The invitation was accepted; and the young artist introduced to Mr. Gould's family, and persuaded to stay and take dinner. Before dinner was ready Waldo observed a man entering the court-yard of the house, with his baggage and professional apparatus; which, by order of Mr. Gould, was carried up stairs into a spacious and well-furnished room, to which he led the painter, saying, "This is your chamber, and my house is your home: you may commence painting my wife's portrait as soon as you please, and then my face is at your service." There certainly are two kinds of people in this world of ours.

What a sudden revolution must have taken place in the feelings of a youth, who the moment before had in a strange place seen all his hopes blasted, and had not money enough to carry him back—and now found himself surrounded by friends—the employment he sought, offered spontaneously—free quarters provided for him, and a bright prospect for futurity opened before him. Day started him—Gould sped him on, and from that moment, though sometimes among shoals and shallows, he has sailed with the flood-tide to the haven he has found.

Mr. Gould introduced him to his friends—portraits were engaged—and the empty pocket was filled with \$160. At Litchfield, Mr. Waldo met the Hon. John Rutledge, of South Carolina, who employed his pencil and invited him to accompany him to Charleston. The offer was accepted, and having discharged debts and visited his parents, the young artist sailed before the wind to the south.

At Charleston he was employed constantly; but feeling as he advanced in his profession the want of instruction, he, after a visit to Connecticut, and a second voyage to Charleston, by

aid of the warm sons of the south, was enabled to visit London with letters to West and Copley. In 1806, he was received with friendship by Mr. West, and civility by Mr. Copley—and Charles B. King arriving about the same time, they took a room jointly in Titchfield-street. Mr. Copley introduced Waldo to the Royal Academy, the advantages of which he enjoyed for more than two years. Among those who had induced Mr. Waldo to visit London, some had done it by promises, and he found himself more than once placed in embarrassing circumstances. Mr. Elihu White of New-York, and Mr. Charles W. Green, of Boston, relieved him by loans which he has repaid by cash and gratitude.

Mr. Waldo painted a few portraits at five guineas each, in London, but had not employment enough to pay expenses.—Robert Fulton was in London, and did him essential service by his advice. After passing nearly three years in England, Mr. Waldo returned home, and landed in New-York on the 24th of January, 1809, (as he has said) “With two guineas in my pocket, and indebted to my friends six or seven hundred dollars.” In addition to this burthen, (for all debt is a burthen to an honest man,) he had made the dangerous experiment of bringing a wife from her native country, and had an increasing family depending upon his exertions. It is to his honour, that by industry and economy this gentleman has discharged all pecuniary obligations, and remains to this time, (1834,) a prosperous and popular portrait painter, who can talk of his bank shares and stock like a merchant, while his children are a joy to his increasing years.

About the year 1812, William Jewett came to him for instruction, and was to give his services for three years, but in the second, he proved so useful as to induce his teacher to give him a salary in addition to his board and lodging; and in a short time to take him into a partnership, which continues to this day with increasing friendship. They paint jointly as Waldo and Jewett, and most of their pictures have the labour of both on them.

Mr. Waldo being a director of the American Academy of Fine Arts, proposed opening a subscription for employing Lawrence to paint a full-length of West, as he has said, “That artists might see what constituted a work of art in that branch of painting.” To this scheme the president and directors assented, and Waldo beginning the subscription with \$100, most present followed the example. The list was filled up promptly by citizens of New-York, and the \$2000 raised and paid in due time to Lawrence by Mr. Rush, then our ambassador at London. On seeing this picture, George the Fourth

ordered a copy of it. This is the full-length of West, which Williams and Cunningham, the biographers of Lawrence, say that he presented to the American Academy on being elected an honorary member, and one of these historians tells us, that in consequence of Lawrence's generosity, and in hope to share it, an Italian Academy sent him notice of like honours.

It may be seen by this sketch, that industry and perseverance can raise a prudent man from poverty and debt to independence in fortune; and from a very middling standing, as an artist, (even after his return from England) to a decided degree of merit and popularity.

CHARLES CATTON—1804.

This intelligent and pleasant old gentleman (for he was old when I knew him, in 1813) was the son of Charles Catton, R. A. of London; a celebrated painter of heraldry, and Elizabeth his wife: the younger Charles was born in London on the 30th of December, 1756. Having become a widower, and being possessed of property which he supposed would render him independent in the New World, the republican institutions of which were congenial to him, he emigrated in 1804, bringing with him, to New-York, two daughters and a son.

To one of these daughters, (Mrs. Gill, of New-York) I am indebted for particulars relative to her father, which appear to me highly interesting, and eminently worthy of being rescued from that oblivion which must soon have enveloped them with impenetrable darkness.

The father of our subject had, in the pursuit of his art of blazonry, studied animal painting assiduously, and rendered the monsters of ancient heraldry beautiful and picturesque representations of nature, as far as the absurdities of the mystery would permit. He published a volume, with plates, on his favourite study. He died in 1798, having enjoyed the well-earned reputation of being the first artist in his branch of painting in Great Britain. Herald painters were in his time, ranked with artists in other departments of painting; and Mr. Catton's skill in animal painting, and knowledge of the human figure, gained him the rank of Royal Academician. Such was the instructor of young Charles; who, under so able a teacher, imbibed a love for his father's branch of art, and derived from him his intimate knowledge of animal painting—strengthened and confirmed by his own studies. He was a pupil likewise of the Royal Academy.

His father and grandfather having been victims to the gout, and Charles fearing the same inexorable tyrant, he was told

that the only probable means of escape was travel. He accordingly visited most parts of England and Scotland, making drawings ; from which, on his return home, he selected those he most approved, and painted them in oil. Many of these views are engraved and published, and some of the prints may be found in this country.

On the very respectable authority of Mr. Catton's daughter, Mrs. Gill, I give the following anecdote :—Mr. Catton, her father, was intimate with Mr. Beechy, since known as Sir Wm. Beechy. Mr. Beechy was a favourite painter with George the Third, and the king gave him an order for his portrait on horseback. Beechy proceeded to execute his Majesty's order, and had frequent sittings of the king, with opportunities of studying the horse intended to be commemorated. He, however, felt that he was not sufficiently *au fait* with the larger animal of the two, and applied to his friend Catton for assistance. Catton undertook to paint the living throne of the king; but expressly stipulated that the affair should be kept secret, and of course that no one should see him when at work. He had proceeded with his usual skill and knowledge in this branch of painting, nearly to a close ; when one day some one entered the apartment while he was at work, and thinking it was Beechy, he went on painting, and the intruder took his stand behind him, and looked on, as his friend frequently did.—“ Well,” said Catton, “ how do you like your horse ?” And looking up as he spoke, he was astonished to see the king ; who answered, “ Very well—very well indeed—I like my horse very well—sit still, sir—don't put down your palette—I will look on a little while—go on—go on—go on—you are doing very well, sir—go on.”

The painter went on, and the monarch entered into conversation with him in his usual rapid and peculiar manner, asking questions particularly respecting horses ; which Catton readily and promptly answered, much to the king's satisfaction.—Beechy came in, and found that the secret was discovered—the doors had opened of themselves on the approach of royalty—every precaution had been in vain. The king laughed at his painter, and expressed his satisfaction with Catton. Several other interviews took place between the king and the painter of his horse, during which the amiable monarch became very much pleased with Catton's conversation, as well as skill : and while sitting to Beechy, he expressed his approbation of his friend in very strong terms ; concluding with, “ I like him very much, Beechy—Beechy, I'll knight him—I'll knight him—tell him so.”

This is the cheap way in which monarchs can pay debts and confer favours ; and by a nick-name and a piece of ribbon tickle the vanity of the silly creatures who support them by their labour.

Beechy of course communicated "his majesty's gracious intention" to the astonished Catton ; who (probably after laughing at the proposal) begged his friend to make the proper apologies to the king, and decline the favour. Accordingly, when the portrait painter had the next sitting, he made excuses for his friend Catton, and announced his having declined the title and the intended honour. George took it all in good part ; but, as he determined to get rid of a portion of his knight-making power, he said, "Well, well, well, Beechy—if he will not be knighted I will knight you, Beechy—you must not refuse—ha? I will knight you." Such is my informant's version of the story of Sir William Beechy's knight-hood.

Mr. Catton, on his arrival in this country, purchased a farm up the Hudson, in Ulster county, and resided there many years, occasionally painting landscapes and animals. In 1813 he visited New-York, and I became acquainted with him. He painted a drop-scene for a theatre my friend John Joseph Holland opened in Anthony-street ; and he represented all the prominent characters of Shakespeare in appropriate costume, with good expression, and well managed throughout. I was at this time taking up the pencil for oil painting, after an interval of twenty years ; and the old gentleman frequently called upon me and encouraged me. "You shall be the portrait painter and I will be the historical painter," he has frequently said : but I never saw any historical composition from his pencil, or any grouping of human figures, except the Shakspeare characters, and two pictures mentioned below. My friend Elias Hicks, Esq. has a landscape of Mr. Catton's painting, with animals introduced.

The last picture he painted was Noah's Ark, and the animals entering and congregated for the purpose. This is in the possession of Colonel Bomford ; and a copy of it was shown to me by Charles W. Peale, painted for his Ark in Philadelphia. Mr. Catton died on the 24th of April, 1819, aged 63.

Some time after his death two pictures were shown in New-York, said to be painted by Hogarth, and brought to this country by Mr. Catton. It is said they were sent to this city for sale by Mr. Catton's son, and were in the possession of Mr. Samuel Maverick, the son of Peter R. Maverick, one

of the earliest engravers. I had no hesitation in saying, that one of them had no mark of Hogarth's pencil upon it, or of his genius in the design : the other, (a Recruiting Sergeant enlisting a Clown) was so good, and reminded me so forcibly of "The March of the Guards to Finchley," that I said,— "this may be Hogarth's, though I doubt it." The Drummer sitting at his porter potations was particularly good. A friend of mine asked Mrs. Gill if she knew any thing of two pictures by Hogarth, brought to this country by her father, and in his possession to the time of his death. She replied, that she had never heard of his having any picture by that master in his possession at any time. My friend described the Recruiting Scene ; when the lady stepped to one of her father's portfolios and produced the original coloured drawing ; saying, she remembered perfectly the time he painted it, and all the circumstances attending it ; particularly her delight, as a child, when she saw the monkey in the corner of the picture.

FRANCIS KEARNEY—1804.

This gentleman was born in the city of Perth Amboy, New Jersey, about the year 1780. His father, at one time a merchant in New-York, was likewise a native of Perth, and his grandfather, an eminent lawyer, long resided there, if not a native. The mother of Francis Kearney was the daughter of Judge Lawrence, of Burlington, New Jersey, and sister of the gallant Captain Lawrence, of the United States navy, whose flag he graced with one of its many victories, and afterwards fell, uttering the well known cry of "Don't give up the ship."

At the age of eighteen Francis, having a predilection for drawing and engraving, was placed with Peter R. Maverick, the best engraver, at that time, in New-York, but miserably deficient, as he had no education in the art, and owed all his attainment to his own persevering industry.

Maverick demanded and received \$250 for the instruction of this youth for three years, besides the advantage of his ingenuity and labour. The attention of young Kearney was principally directed to the human figure, and to such compositions as raise engraving from the mechanical arts to the arts of design. His first plate of any account was done for an Encyclopedia, published by Mr. John Law, of New-York.

Drawing he studied under Mr. Archibald Robertson and his brother Alexander. Line engraving, etching, aquatinto, stippling, and soft ground etching were all studied by the young engraver, principally by the aid of books.

At the end of the term agreed for, he commenced business as an engraver for himself, with the usual discouraging circumstances which attend the unknown; but some time after Mr. Collins, a publisher, commenced a quarto bible with plates, which was considered at the time as a great undertaking. Leney, an engraver of merit, who arrived in this country about 1808 or 9, Peter Maverick, the son of Peter R. Scoles, Anderson, and Kearney, engravers of New-York, with Tiebout, and Boyd of Philadelphia, were engaged on the plates for this work.

Philadelphia was at this time far before New-York in the business of publishing books, re-prints of English works, and the decorations of such works gave the principal employment to our engravers. In 1810 Mr. Kearney removed to the capital of Pennsylvania, and immediately found himself in full and constant employment, which continued for twenty-one years that he resided there.

In 1820 he entered into a partnership under the firm of "Tanner, Vallance, Kearney & Co.," for the term of three years. The object was bank-note and other engraving. This proved an unfortunate connection for him, and, as I am informed, at the end of three years he lost the amount of his labour for the whole time. Mr. Henry S. Tanner managed the financial concerns. The publication of the large North American Atlas was commenced; and at the winding up of the business, the financier took the plates, as the other partners complain, and, by finishing them, realized a great profit. However this may be, Mr. Kearney lost the labour of three years of his life.

Since this unsuccessful copartnership Mr. Kearney has been employed on various works for souvenirs and other publications, principally religious subjects, and in 1830 commenced engraving a large plate of the Last Supper of Da Vinci, from Raphael Morgau's celebrated plate. This has been successful, and added to his reputation as an artist. During the progress of this work he returned to his native place, on business relative to his father's estate, but continued his application to his great work of the Last Supper.

In June 1833 he returned to New-York, and there finished this plate, which he sold to Mr. Carpenter, who has already disposed of 1500 impressions at \$5 each, and the demand continues.

JAMES FROTHINGHAM—1805.

Mr. Frothingham, at this time (1834) one of our best portrait painters, commenced the working business of life as a

builder of chaise bodies, the trade his father followed and intended for him. He was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, near Boston, in the year 1786. James early commenced attempts at drawing, and as he succeeded, to the admiration of his schoolmates, applause excited ambition. In due time he gained the art and mystery of chaise building under his father's tuition; but his attempts at drawing having led him to dabble in colours, his first step towards the painting art was to colour the chaise bodies made by himself and his father. This was, at the time, one of those mysteries only imparted by masters to their apprentices under seal of secrecy, and the youth had to devise means by which to compel the colours to adhere to the wood, and make one layer of paint keep its place over another. Many unsuccessful experiments did not discourage him, and he finally, notwithstanding the extreme closeness of the coach and chaise painters in the neighbourhood, obtained the art.

In the mean time his experiments in drawing had been in progress; and from copying a print from a child's book, line by line, he had attained to the representation of a bowl, a hat, and other objects technically called still-life, with an encouraging degree of truth. At this period of his progress, towards his destined profession, some one suggested that portraits might be made with black and white chalk on grey paper. He tried with charcoal and chalk, and prevailed upon a relation to sit to him. This was pronounced a monstrous likeness. He next sat to himself, and produced a portrait in indian ink. The portrait of his grandfather, in oil colours, was the next experiment. He had never seen a painter's palette but contrived a machine for himself, such as he thought proper for the purpose—it was a piece of board, in which he made holes to receive as many *thimbles* as he had colours, which diluted with oil, were thus disposed of, every colour to its thimble and every thimble to its hole in the board, ready to receive the brush. Of tints or mingling of colours he knew nothing. With this original apparatus and without instruction, he commenced portrait painting, while yet applying himself to the discovery of some mode by which to accomplish chaise painting, at the same time working at his trade. His mode of making out a likeness was as unusual as his palette was original. He painted first the forehead and finished it, then one eye and afterwards the other, finishing each as he went, and so feature by feature to the chin. The hair was then put on, the drapery followed, and last a background. Even thus

working in the dark, he made such pictures as called forth the applause of his father's neighbours and his own associates.

That the lad should have been in the neighbourhood of Boston all his life, and striving to paint from childhood, and yet have remained in total ignorance of the mode of operation adopted by others, is a curious fact. Of the fact I am assured by Mr. Frothingham himself. It marks a degree of seclusion from that portion of society to which all these matters are familiar, which at first sight appears very strange; but perhaps we should find in the occupation of the father, and the associates of the young man, a sufficient explanation. So far Frothingham had been almost self-taught.

Having been sent on business to Lancaster, Massachusetts, he there first met with a portrait painter. Mr. Whiting was the son of General Whiting, an old revolutionary soldier. This gentleman did not continue long in the profession, but entered the army of the United States. At this time, however, he had the power and the will to show young Frothingham what kind of an instrument a painter's palette is, and how painters use it. Mr. Whiting had sought and received instruction from Stuart. He communicated freely what he had freely received, and Frothingham was told with what colours the great painter set his palette, how he mingled his tints, and in some measure how he used them.

The youth returned home elated with his acquired knowledge, and eager to put in practice the lessons he had received. He procured a palette—dismissed his thimbles, procured colours and oils as directed, and began a portrait in the usual manner as he had been instructed by Whiting. About this time likewise, he obtained the privilege of reading Reynold's Discourses—the first book he had seen on the subject of painting. This again marks the seclusion to which a young man may be confined, although within the precincts of a dense and enlightened population.

His success in the mode of painting now adopted by him was so great, that at the age of twenty he found sufficient employment as a portrait painter at low prices, to induce him to abandon the painting of carriages, just as he had mastered the mystery by his own efforts. He was likewise induced to marry, while yet he had to obtain a profession or property to support a family.

Stuart, as we have seen, took up his residence in Boston in 1805, and his name had previously reached Frothingham; but although desiring above all things to see the great painter, and obtain his instruction, it was far from his thought that

such good was attainable. He had found that coach painters had secrets, which could only be obtained by a long service as an apprentice, and he concluded that a great portrait painter would require still longer servitude or payment of money far beyond his means, before communication of his higher mysteries. At length, after Stuart had removed to Roxbury, and was surrounded by his family, after much debate the young man determined to approach the awful presence of the first portrait painter in the country. There was at this time, an ingenious painter of signs and ornaments in Boston of the name of Pennyman. This man had talents which had attracted the notice of Stuart. Pennyman accidentally saw the portrait of a Mr. Foster, painted by Frothingham, and advised him to see Mr. Stuart. The young man with great trepidation walked to Roxbury, determined to gain admittance within the lion's den. He thought he would present himself as one wanting his picture painted, and make inquiry respecting Mr. Stuart's prices. He was admitted without difficulty, but Stuart was not at home. His son Charles received him, answered his questions, and showed him the works of his father.

Encouraged by Pennyman, he soon after determined to show one of his own heads to Stuart, and again walked from Charlestown, through Boston and over the neck to Roxbury; this time carrying the portrait of Foster. He knocked and Mrs. Stuart opened the door. He presented himself without showing in the first instance that he had brought a picture,—leaving it out of sight of whoever might come to the door. "Your name, Sir, and I will announce you." This appeared as an awful ceremony to the young painter—but he must go on. He gave his name, and was ushered into the old gentleman's painting room. He mustered courage to communicate his business. "I will tell you any thing I know—have you brought any specimen of your present skill?" "I have brought a portrait, sir—it is out-o'-doors." "Bring it in, sir, we don't turn pictures out of doors here—bring it in."

On the great painter's esel was a portrait of Judge Jones, thought by Mr. Frothingham, one of his best. Stuart placed the young man's work by the side of it. He asked him what his present business was. "Coach painting, sir." "Stick to it. You had better be a tea-waterman's horse in New-York, than a portrait-painter any where."

Notwithstanding this damper, Frothingham saw and heard enough to encourage him; and he obtained permission to come again. On his next visit he did not see the painter, who was engaged with a sitter, but his son Charles told him that

his father had said, "That young man's colouring reminds one of Titian's." This was fixing Frothingham in the pursuit fated for him. He from this time forward carried his portraits to Roxbury, and never went without receiving a lesson of importance. The sixth picture he carried for criticism, he was amply repaid for his long and fatiguing walk by the remark, after due examination, "You do not know how well you have done this."

In the year 1810, Stuart said to his pupil, for such Frothingham must now be called, after looking at a recently painted portrait, "There is no man in Boston, but myself, can paint so good a head." And not long after, went further by saying, "Except myself, there is no man in the United States can paint a better head than that," pointing to the last his pupil had brought to him.

Mr. Frothingham removed from Charlestown to Salem,—it was there I first saw him. He was full of employment, but I remember nothing in his rooms at that time that would justify the high eulogium above given, or that could compare with portraits from his pencil since painted in New-York. He was induced to remove to Boston, but Chester Harding had gained the public favour, and even Stuart was left unemployed! In 1826, Mr. Frothingham removed to New-York, where he remains painting heads with great truth, freedom and excellence, but not with that undeviating employment which popular painters of far inferior talents at the same time find. He has, as he says, been made to remember Stuart's first characteristic advice and remark, "Stick to coach-painting. You had better be a tea-waterman's horse in New-York, than a portrait-painter any where."

But this is not a fair estimate of the profession. It will be found by every candid examiner of the disappointments and vexations attending upon the portrait-painter, that like all other troubles which befall man, much is owing to himself. It is hard to bear the supercilious conduct of the rich and ignorant who assume the patronizing tone, but it is best to smile in the confidence of superior knowledge. It is hard to have appointments broken which have caused hours of preparation; but it is best to receive a sitter so as to give token of the injury done you, but without ill-humour. When a well informed person engages a portrait, the engagement is held sacred, but with the vulgar a contract of that nature is not thought binding, although one for a hogshead of tobacco or pipe of rum, would be considered as not to be violated. The painter is injured in his feelings, and through the preparations he makes, and the

reliance he places on the faithless individual—but he has no redress, and had better smile than scold. I have heard of painters, who if a sitter came a few minutes beyond the time appointed, would turn him or her away—this is churlish and injures his practice.

ANSON DICKINSON—1805.

Was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1780. He was apprenticed to a silversmith, and worked as such. He commenced miniature painting in 1804, or before. I first saw him at Albany in 1805, and his painting was then indicative of talent. He became a very good colourist. He was a very handsome, promising young man, but the promise of his youth has not been realized. In 1811 he was the best miniature painter in New-York. He has led a wandering, irregular life, without credit to himself or his profession.

PETER MAVERICK—1805.

The son of Peter R. Maverick above noticed. Taught by his father, but far excelling him as an artist, Mr. Maverick was, for a time, in most prosperous circumstances, his emoluments principally accruing from bank-note engraving. Some misfortunes connected with a partnership business, left him late in life to commence anew, with a very large family to support. A. B. Durand was his pupil, and in him the arts owe to Mr. Maverick unbounded gratitude—for however great the talents of the pupil, much is due to the master. Mr. Maverick died when still in the prime of life at New-York, the place of his birth.

CHAPTER XV.

John S. Cogdell of Charleston, S. C.—Educated for the bar—Early visit to Italy in search of health—Returns and paints as an amateur—By Allston's advice applies himself to modelling and the study of anatomy—Models several busts of distinguished men—Prepares to visit Europe for study, but is cruelly disappointed, owing to loss of his property, by a bank failing in New-York—Mr. Cogdell's public employments and present eligible situation—Otis Hovey—Moritz Fürst—Robert Mills—Education as an architect—The buildings designed and executed by him.

JOHN STEPHANO COGDELL—1805.

THIS gentleman was born in the city of Charleston, South Carolina, on the 19th of September, 1778; and at about seventeen years of age left the Charleston college, and was

placed in the office of a distinguished member of the bar ; this gentleman, Judge Johnson, being promoted to the state judiciary, Mr. Cogdell, having charge in part of the business he left, found his health so much injured by application to it, that he seized the opportunity of a friend's visiting the Mediterranean and its shores, embarked with him in June 1800, and visited Gibraltar, Leghorn, Pisa, Florence, Sienna, and Rome. Previous to this he had felt no great passion for the arts, and only amused himself with water coloured copies from prints ; but the pictures of Italy and a visit to Canova called forth latent powers and excited ardent aspirations, which were counteracted by continued ill health. With little bodily amendment, he returned home in about eight months and resumed his professional labours.

The desire to become an artist, however, increased, and he solaced himself for the hours devoted to legal duties by procuring materials and attempting painting in oil, and at the same time imported casts and applied himself to drawing from the round : from the plaster he advanced to the living head for his study, and painted many of his friends' likenesses as presents.

His preceptor, Judge Johnson, having been removed to the federal court, invited him to visit Washington city, which he did in 1806. On his return he received from Mr. Jefferson, then president, an appointment as consul at Rome, no doubt with a view to gratify his taste, and facilitate his study of the arts of design ; but Mr. Cogdell could not avail himself of this kind intention, as his circumstances were not equal to the expense of the visit, and the appointment conveyed no emoluments.

After a happy marriage with Miss Gilchrist, Mr. Cogdell's business as a lawyer increased ; and although his study of art was diminished, he found time to paint a crucifixion as a present to his former instructor at college, the Rev. Simon Flex Gallagher, which was placed as an altar-piece in his church. He likewise painted a picture for the Orphan House, and many others, heads and landscapes, as presents to his friends.

Mr. Cogdell made frequent visits to the cities of the north, and found pleasure, encouragement, and instruction from his intimacy with their artists. In the year 1825, Mr. Cogdell visited Boston for the second time, and met his friend and fellow townsman Washington Allston, whom he had not seen for twenty years. Mr. Allston strenuously advised him to model in clay, and he promised that he would make the attempt.

In 1826 Mr. Cogdell very wisely applied himself to the study

of anatomy, and on one occasion mentioned to the professor, the promise he had made to his friend Allston : this led to an agreement with the professor, by which he submitted his head for a study, and Cogdell, although only verbally instructed in the use of clay, modelled his first bust. This year he again visited Boston, and was encouraged by Allston to proceed, and the result was, on his return home, a bust of General Moultrie, a cast of which was presented to congress, placed in their library, and occasioned very flattering compliments on the floor of the House of Representatives.

While pursuing his profession with industry, Mr. Cogdell found time to design and model not only busts, but figures. But he had one favourite object in view, which was to visit England, France, and Italy, and taking with him a wife, whose attachment and congenial taste would aid and encourage him to devote himself to the arts in the latter country. Steadily pursuing this object, he had accumulated a capital nearly amounting to what might support him in Italy, by its interest, when circumstances threw in his way a citizen of New-York—a member of the bar—a former president, and then solicitor and director of a bank in that city. By the recommendation of this gentleman, he was induced to sell out stocks in Charleston, and send the proceeds subject to his proffered friendly investment.

In a letter before me, communicated by the friend of Mr. Cogdell, from whom I derive my knowledge of the above particulars relating to him, he says, “ My fancy had almost numbered the months in which I should be enabled to plume my wings, and revel in the works of art in England, France, and again in Italy ; but in the spring of 1828 I received in about ten lines from the gentleman, a picture of my ruin in the bank’s failure, in which he had invested my funds.” He says in another passage : “ I have never heard since from the gentleman.”

Thus were his liberal and favourite hopes blasted. Happily he had a profession, and held an office under the general government in the customs, and summoning philosophy to his aid, he pursued his studies in art in unison, with attention to his immediate occupation as a man of business.

Mr. Cogdell has served in the legislature of his native state, and has held the office of comptroller general. In 1821 he was appointed by president Monro, naval officer of the customs of Charleston, re-appointed by John Q Adams, and afterwards by Andrew Jackson. From this situation he

was taken in July 1832, to superintend the business and interests of the bank of South Carolina, as president.

Mr. Cogdell has distinguished himself as a painter, and without having even seen any one model, he has modelled busts, figures, and groups, and without seeing any one chisel in marble, has executed several works in that material, particularly a tablet with three figures, which forms part of a monument erected in St. Phillip's church by himself and brothers, to the memory of his mother.

Thus happily situated, (notwithstanding his disappointment) with ample competency, honoured and intrusted by his country, Mr. Cogdell enjoys the blessings attendant upon a virtuous and industrious life.

OTIS HOVEY—1805.

It is questionable whether this name should be entered as that of an artist, or of one who furthered the progress of the arts of design in America; but as his pictures, though merely copies, were, as such, extraordinary for one in his circumstances, here he is. He was born in Massachusetts in 1788, and his father removing to Oxford, state of New-York, the boy's genius (as we call it) was first discovered there as usual, by his attempts to draw familiar objects. Samuel Miles Hopkins, Esq., of the city of New-York, saw the boy's attempts, and wishing to aid talent, invited him to the city in 1805, and supported him there. At this period he made several copies in oil, which are with Mr. Hopkins, and possess merit as such; and as the productions of an ignorant youth, much merit. An attempt was made by Mr. Hopkins to interest our rich merchants in the lad's fate, so far as to raise money to send him to Europe, but the plan failed—the money was not forthcoming. In the meantime, Hovey showed a vulgar disposition for vulgar enjoyment, and his friend was obliged to send him home. He there painted portraits of the neighbours for a time, and then sunk to oblivion.

MORITZ FÜRST—1807.

This gentleman is a die-sinker, well instructed in his art, which is in many respects so distinct from the other arts of design, that I hoped to give a sketch of its history, and an account of the process by which such beautiful works are produced. I had promises given me by Mr. Moore, the Director of the mint of the United States, and by a practical die-sinker of New-York, but they have proved—promises.

Mr. Fürst, in answer to my inquiries respecting himself, says that he was born at Boesing, near the well known city of Presburg, in Slavonia, a province of Hungary, in the month of March, 1782. His principal instructor was Mr. Würt, die-sinker in the Mint of Vienna. Under this gentleman, Mr. Fürst was taught the art of sinking dies for coins and medallions. He had a second instructor in Mr. Megole, at Manchester, who had pursued his profession at Vienna in his youth, but was afterwards superintendant of the mint of Lombardy.

In the year 1807 Mr. Fürst was engaged by the American consul at Leghorn to be die-sinker to the mint of the United States, and arrived in America in September of that year. Mr. Fürst says, "I was installed in that capacity by Joseph Clay, Esq. in the spring of 1808."

I have heard from others that Mr. Fürst has experienced injustice. That he is a good artist I know. He resided in New-York many years ago, and in 1816 executed some work under my direction for the swords presented by the state to military and naval officers who had distinguished themselves.

Mr. Fürst has again resided in New-York for the last four years, but I fear his emoluments from his profession have not been equal to his skill or deserts.

ROBERT MILLS—1807.

This gentleman is a native of Charleston, South Carolina, and was educated at the college of that city under the charge of Bishop Smith and Dr. Gallagher.

In the year 1800, Mr. Mills was sent by his father to the city of Washington, and placed in the office of James Hoban, Esq. architect of the public buildings then erecting in that city. Here he prosecuted his studies about two years, when he made a professional visit to all the principal cities and towns in the United States; and on his return to Washington was introduced to Mr. Jefferson, President of the United States, under whose patronage Mr. Mills resumed his studies, being furnished from Mr. Jefferson's library with such architectural works as he had, (principally Palladio's.) Mr. Jefferson was a great admirer of architecture, and was highly pleased to find an American directing his attention to the acquisition of this useful branch of science with a view to pursue it as a profession, and therefore gave Mr. Mills every encouragement to persevere. The president was then erecting a mansion at Monticello, which he afterwards occupied, and engaged Mr. Mills to make out the drawings of the general plan and elevation of the building; the drawings of the details Mr. Jefferson

reserved to himself; and it is surprising with what minuteness he entered into these, every moulding was designated, and its dimensions, in figures, noted, so that nothing was left for the workmen to conjecture. He introduced every order of architecture in the finish of the various rooms, all true to the rules of Palladio. Mr. Jefferson was altogether Roman in his taste in architecture, and continued so to the day of his death, as may be seen on examining the University buildings in Virginia, designed by him, and carried into execution under his supervision.

Mr. Mills soon after visited his native city, and while there, designed the Congregational church of that place, a building of a novel form, a complete circle internally, ninety feet in diameter, and covered with a dome of equal span, the first attempt in this country to execute such an immense spread of roof without any intermediate support. He also laid before the governor of that state designs for a penitentiary institution, accompanied by an examination of its principles. He shared, sometime before this, in the premium given by the legislature of South Carolina for the best design for the new college, since built at the seat of government of that state, (Columbia.)

On his return to Washington, Mr. Mills was introduced by the president to Mr. Latrobe, then recently appointed architect of the capitol, and advised to enter as a pupil into that gentleman's office, which he did. His studies were now directed to engineering, and he was soon transferred to the seat of operation, in the state of Delaware, where the work of examination and location of the canal between the two bays began, of which Mr. Latrobe had been appointed engineer. This important survey was completed, and the work begun, when it had to be abandoned for want of funds. Mr. Mills removed to Philadelphia, where he was employed in designing and executing several buildings; among which was the Bank of Philadelphia, a Gothic structure, (the first attempt of this style of architecture in the United States) a work of the most intricate and difficult character to execute, from the curious forms of the vaultings, and great span of the centre arch, all of which were built of solid masonry.

He likewise designed and executed the Washington Hall, afterwards destroyed by fire in consequence of omitting that part of the plan which recommended making the first story fire proof. He designed, also, the Baptist church in Sansom-street, a building planned and constructed upon accoustic principles, expressly to insure a good hearing and speaking room

capable of containing four thousand persons. The result proved the correctness of the principles advocated by Mr. Mills: it is, perhaps, the most perfect speaking and hearing room, for its size, in the United States.

The fire proof wings of the State House in Philadelphia, for the public records, were also designed and executed under Mr. Mills's superintendence. The bridge near the Waterworks, Philadelphia, which spans with a single arch the Schuylkill river, and which has the largest chord of arch in the world, is the design of Mr. Mills.

The company had fortunately engaged in its service a man well skilled in the business of bridge building, and who had both enterprise and nerve to carry the plan proposed for a single arch into execution, and he effected it greatly to the honour and advantage of the bridge company, creditable to the builder, Mr. Lewis Wernwag, and gratifying to the architect; it was besides an achievement in the arts which the city of Philadelphia may justly be proud of. The chord-line of this bridge exceeds 340 feet.

All the timbers are sawn through the heart, and no two pieces touch each other, being separated by iron plates, securing by this means the works from the attack of the dry-rot. It is upwards of twenty years since its erection, and it is now as firm and sound in its main timbers as when first raised.

Mr. Mills was one of the first promoters of the Society of Artists in Philadelphia, and acted as the secretary of that institution while he remained there.

The court house at Richmond was designed by Mr. Mills, as well as several private buildings in that city.

The Burlington county prison, New Jersey, constructed upon the fire-proof plan, was also designed by Mr. Mills.

After the close of the late war a premium of \$500 was offered for the most approved design of a monument to Washington, to be erected in the city of Baltimore, which was adjudged to Mr. Mills; being an important work, he was invited to remove to that city and take the charge of its execution, which he accepted, and accordingly in 1817 took up his residence in Baltimore, and prosecuted this great work to its present state. He was soon after appointed president and engineer to the water company of Baltimore, and projected and executed many works of improvement connected with that city.

Among the public buildings designed and executed by him in Baltimore are the Baptist Church, a circular building, eighty

feet in diameter, surmounted by a dome, also the St. John's Church. Mr. Mills, while a resident of Baltimore, presented designs for the State house, then about to be erected at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and obtained one of the premiums. During the pecuniary pressure of 1819, when property was at a low stand in Baltimore, and there was a great falling off in the trade of the West, which was diverted down the Mississippi to New Orleans, Mr. Mills published a work on the internal improvements of Maryland, urging upon its citizens the importance of opening a permanent intercourse and trade with the Western country, by means of a continuous canal from Baltimore to Ohio river, with a branch to the Susquehannah. While this subject was under examination he was invited to his native state to enter into her service, in prosecuting a system of internal improvement there. Operations being suspended for the present on the Washington monument, he was at liberty to accept the invitation, and in 1820 removed to South Carolina, and was appointed one of the acting commissioners of the board of public works, and engineer and architect of the state. Here he designed, and had executed a number of public buildings for court houses, prisons, record offices, &c., all upon the fire proof plan. He designed also the Lunatic Asylum at Columbia, a very spacious and costly building, constructed entirely fire proof. During this period a premium was offered of \$500 by the legislature of Louisiana, for the best plan of a penitentiary, to be built at New Orleans, and Mr. Mills' design was approved of. The principle upon which this design was founded has been adopted in other penitentiaries, since erected. Aware of the importance of a more efficient system of internal improvement than was pursued by his native state, Mr. Mills published a work on the practicability and advantages of a continuous canal from Columbia to Charleston, to render effective what had been done, pointing out, at the same time, the all important object of opening an intercourse as speedily as possible with the western country, to secure the rich boon here freely offered, and to secure which, all the great atlantic cities were striving. Mr. Mills sent a copy of this work to Mr. Jefferson, and received in reply a very flattering reply.

He also called the attention of the citizens of South Carolina, to the improvement of their rich swamp lands, the mines of the state, as promising not only wealth, but health to the people of that state.

Among the buildings designed by Mr. Mills in Charleston, are the fire proof offices, for the public records; a fire proof

magazine, upon a new plan of dividing the powder among several buildings, (so that in the event of any accident happening to one, the other might be safe from explosion,) and a fire proof prison wing. The Baptist church in that city, was designed also by Mr. Mills. While in South Carolina, he undertook and completed a great work, "The Atlas of the state of South Carolina, from actual survey," embracing twenty-eight copper engraved maps of the districts of the state, on a scale of two miles to the inch : he also published as an appendix to the atlas, the statistics of the state, a voluminous work.

During the visit of General Lafayette to South Carolina, Mr. Mills assisted as architect, to lay the corner stone of the monuments dedicated to De Kalb, erected in the city of Camden, near the Presbyterian church, (which was also designed by him.)

During a visit which Mr. Mills made to Baltimore, about this period, he published a series of papers addressed to the citizens of that city, upon the importance of securing and facilitating the trade with the Susquehannah river, by the construction of a rail-road between Baltimore and York haven, which is now in considerable progress ; and would have been long since completed, but that a charter had not yet been granted by the state of Pennsylvania, to take it through its territory. On his return to South Carolina, he drew the attention of the citizens of that state, and particularly of Charleston, to the propriety and expediency of making a rail-road from that city, to Hamburg and Columbia, which has resulted in the accomplishments of the work, at least to Hamburg, much to the advantage of commerce and the travelling.

The Bunker Hill monument committee, having invited plans to be offered for the monument, Mr. Mills forwarded drawings of an Obelisk design for their approval, and it is now under execution, differing only from his design, by the omission of some decorations which he considered essential to the beauty and utility of the structure. In one of Mr. Jefferson's letters to Mr. Mills, who had mentioned the character of the design he had made for this monument, Mr. Jefferson remarks, "Your idea of the Obelisk monument is a very fine one. I think small temples would also furnish good monumental designs, and would admit of great variety, on a particular occasion, I recommended for General Washington that, commonly called the lantern of Demosthenes, of which you once sent me a great handsomely done by yourself."

Great complaints being made, from time to time, by the

members of congress, of the difficulty of hearing and speaking in the Hall of Representatives ; and no satisfactory plan being settled upon, to remedy the defect, Mr. Mills took an opportunity, when on a visit to Washington, to lay before the House a plan of alteration and improvement of this hall, which would remedy, in a great degree, the evil complained of. He went into a scientific examination, at the same time, of the causes of the existing difficulties, grounded upon well-established principles in acoustics ; and showed what the effect would be were these causes removed. The subject being referred to a select committee, they reported in favour of the plan proposed by Mr. Mills, and recommended an appropriation to be made to carry it into execution ; which has since been effected under his supervision ; and the present congress are now deriving the advantages of the alterations made, which have not disappointed public expectation, being acknowledged to be a decided improvement. Mr. M. is now engaged in the service of the general government, and resides at Washington.

CHAPTER XVI.

Beck—Dearborn—M. Bourdon—William West—William S. Leney—Bass Otis—William Mason, the first wood engraver in Philadelphia—Jacob Eichholtz—his birth place and early occupation—Sully instructs him—he visits Stuart—Sully's surprise at his great improvement—Successful practice and independent retirement—Eliab Metcalf—descended from the pilgrims—ill health—attempts painting—settles in New-York—obliged by feeble health to reside in the West Indies—great success—death—character—John Crawley—Thompson—John Lewis Krimmel—a native of Wirtemberg—invited to this country as a merchant—previously taught painting, and prefers the profession—revisits his native land—returns to Philadelphia—extraordinary talent for design—extraordinary love of truth—His election picture—untimely death by accidental drowning—moral character—Tilyard—his genius—misfortunes—madness—death.

BECK—DEARBORN—BOURDON—WM. WEST—1807.

MR. BECK is, as far as I am informed, only entitled to notice as the first painter who penetrated beyond the Alleghanies.

Mr. Lambdin says, in a letter to me, "Beck may be justly considered the pioneer of art in the West. His landscapes are scattered over the entire union. He was for many years engaged in teaching a seminary of young ladies in Lexington, Kentucky, and died in 1814. His widow survived until 1833, and painted many clever pictures from his sketches."

The same obliging correspondent says, "Dearborn is the first portrait painter of whom I can gain any knowledge as

having practised in the West. There are several of his portraits in Pittsburgh, painted from 1807 to 1810."

"About the same time," says Mr. Lambdin, "appeared at Pittsburgh a French refugee, who painted small portraits in an indifferent style. He figured in the triple capacity of painter, musician, and dancing-master." His name was Bourdon.

My friend, R. Gilmor, Esq. of Baltimore, says, that "Wm. West was the son of the rector of St. Paul's, Baltimore; and showing, by attempts at painting, that he had incipient talent, was sent, in 1789 or 90 to England, to his name-sake, Benj. West, and studied under his instruction." I am led to believe that this gentleman, after returning home, married and settled in Lexington, Kentucky, and became the father of W.E. West, who will occupy another page of this work.

WM. S. LENEY—1808.

An English engraver, and born in London. He served his time with Tomkins, of London, and before he emigrated had established a reputation in stipple engraving by several plates of magnitude. I remember particularly that from Rubens's "Descent from the Cross." He entered into a partnership with Mr. Rollinson of New-York, in bank-note engraving.

Leney was a prudent man, made money and kept it. His manners were remarkably simple, and yet the cockney was thoroughly impressed upon them. He retired from business and purchased a farm on the river St. Lawrence, a little below Montreal; where I passed a day with him, and went out on the river with him in pursuit of plover. His eldest son was the farmer; and he, having renounced his occupation to enjoy life—died.

BASS OTIS—1808.

Mr. Otis was born in the New England states, and apprenticed to a maker of sythes. As a portrait painter he appeared in New-York about the year 1808. He removed to Philadelphia, and exhibited portraits at the Academy in 1812. He painted a view of his master the sythe-maker's shop, and presented it to the Pennsylvania Academy. His painting began, as I am informed, by working with a coach painter.

Mr. Otis, as a portrait painter, has strong natural talents, and a good perception of character. Many of his heads are well coloured. At one period he painted many portraits in Philadelphia, but they were all of one class; if not so originally, he made them so.

Mr. Otis has occasionally returned to New-York and set up his esel with temporary success.

WM. MASON—1808.

This gentleman, one of our early engravers on wood, was born in Connecticut in the year 1804. He was apprenticed to Abner Reid, copper-plate engraver, of Hartford; who, at the same time, painted signs, and occasionally executed a wood cut, in what his apprentice calls "the old type-metal style." The beautiful effects produced in wood, by Doctor Anderson, of New-York, excited the admiration and ambition of Mr. Mason; and in 1808 he made his first essays in wood engraving on ornaments for toy-books. Want of proper tools and want of experience impeded his efforts, and stimulated his ingenuity to supply deficiencies in both. His success determined him to persist in wood engraving. Learning that there was no engraver on wood in Philadelphia, he proceeded thither as soon as out of his apprenticeship, (1810) and was well received and amply employed.

During the last war with Great Britain Mr. Mason entered into other employments, and relinquished his wood engraving to his pupil, Mr. George Gilbert.

JACOB EICHHOLTZ—1809.

I cannot do better than to let this gentleman tell his own story.

"I was born in the town of Lancaster, Penn., in the year 1776, an eventful year it was to Americans, and I often bless my stars that I was born some time after the declaration of independence, not wishing to have been a British subject, this smacks of democracy you will say, but so it is, I can't help it, I took in the fresh air of independence; but I digress—my parents were both descendants of Germans, and reared a large family of children,—I must digress again, and state that my father and three brothers, all carried arms in our struggle for independence. My parents being in moderate circumstances, could ill afford to give their children more than a plain English education. The first impulse I remember to have felt for drawing, was when a child not more than seven years of age, generally confining myself in the garret, when I should have been at school, to delineating objects that struck my fancy, on the wall with red chalk. My father not knowing the full value of the arts, felt little inclined to foster my first rude efforts. 'Tis true, a common sign painter was at length called in to give me the first rudiments of drawing. This painter being a man of strong passions, in a fit of unrequited love, committed suicide by shooting himself. I shall ever remember the pang I felt on first hearing of the destruction of my teacher, I

considered myself forever cut off from a favourite pursuit. The instruction I received from this source was little better than nothing, yet the seeds were sown. At the proper time I was put apprentice to a coppersmith, (a wretched contrast with a picture maker,) when still my predilection for drawing showed itself in the rude sketches of my fellow apprentices pictured on the walls of the shop with a charcoal. After the expiration of my apprenticeship, I commenced the coppersmith business on my own account, with pretty good luck; still the more agreeable love of painting continually haunted me. Chance about this time threw a painter into the town of my residence. This in a moment decided my fate as to the arts. Previous to the arrival of this painter, I had made some rude efforts with tolerable success, having nothing more than a boot-jack for a palette, and any thing in the shape of a brush, for at that time brushes were not to be had, not even in Philadelphia. At length I was fortunate enough to get a few half-worn brushes from Mr. Sully, being on the eve of his departure for England, this was a great feast to me, and enabled me to go on until others were to be had, (1809.) About this time I had a family with three or four children, and yet had not courage to relinquish the coppersmith and become painter. To support my family as a painter, was out of the question. I divided my attention between both. Part of the day I wrought as coppersmith, the other part as painter. It was not unusual to be called out of the shop, and see a fair lady who wanted her picture painted. The coppersmith was instantly transferred to the face painter. The encouragement I received finally induced me to relinquish the copper business entirely. About this time a Mr. Barton, whose memory I will ever gratefully cherish, strongly urged me to visit the celebrated Stuart at Boston. I went, and was fortunate enough to meet with a handsome reception from that gentleman, through the co-operation of the late Alexander J. Dallas and his son George, who were at Boston at the time, and who felt a lively interest in my success. Previous to visiting Boston, I had painted a portrait of Mr. Nicholas Biddle, President of the United States Bank, and as it required, in visiting Stuart, that I should have a specimen of skill with me, in order to know whether I was an impostor or not, Mr. Biddle very politely offered me the picture I had painted for him, and which was well received by the great artist. Here I had a fiery trial to undergo. My picture was placed alongside the best of his hand, and that lesson I considered the best I had ever received: the comparison was, I thought, enough, and if I had vanity before I went, it left me all before my return. I must do

Stuart the justice to say that he gave me sound lectures and hope. I did not fail to profit by them. My native place being too small for giving scope to a painter, I removed to Philadelphia, where by an incessant practice of ten years, and constant employment, I have been enabled again to remove to my native place, with a decent competence, and a mind still urging on for further improvement, having but now, at this period of my life, just conceptions of the great difficulty of reaching the summit of the fine arts. I look forward with more zeal than ever.—It is a fire that will never quench; and I hazard nothing in saying that I fully believe that the freedom and happiness of the citizens of this free country will one day produce painters as great, if not greater than any that have embellished the palaces of Europe.”

I copy from a letter of Sully’s, his account of his first meeting with Mr. Eichholtz:

“When Governor Snyder was elected, I was employed by Mr. Binns to go on to Lancaster, and paint a portrait of the new chief magistrate of the state. Eichholtz was then employing all his leisure hours, stolen from the manufacturing of tin-kettles and copper-pans, in painting: his attempts were hideous. He kindly offered me the use of his painting room, which I readily accepted, and gave him during my stay in Lancaster, all the professional information I could impart. When I saw his portraits a few years afterwards, (in the interim he had visited and copied Stuart,) I was much surprised and gratified. I have no doubt that Eichholtz would have made a first-rate painter had he begun early in life with the usual advantages.”*

ELIAB METCALF—1809.

One of the many of our artists who sprung from the true nobility of America, the yeomanry of the land. He through life displayed the virtues which are derived from good early education—an education in the bosom of a family where order, morality and religion were the practice and joy of the inmates.

Eliab Metcalf was born in the town of Franklin and state of Massachusetts, on the 5th of February, 1785. His ances-

* In my intercourse with Mr. Eichholtz, I have admired in him a man of frank, simple, unpretending manners, whose conversation marked his good sense, and whose conduct evinced that propriety which has led to his success and ultimate independence. Mr. T. B. Freeman informs me, that in 1821 he saw at Har-
risburgh a portrait by Eichholtz, which excited his curiosity; and going to Lancaster, he called upon him, and invited him to Philadelphia, where the first portrait he painted was Freeman’s, and soon afterwards Commodore Gale’s.

tors, from the time of the landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth had, in successive generations, occupied the same farm, and tilled it, prosperously serving their country, and ever bearing the character which led to the flight from European oppression. Eliab's father bore the same high character. His name was James. The mother of the painter was Abigail Harding, a near relative of Chester Harding, now one of our first portrait painters. Eliab was the third son of his parents, and was intended to succeed his father as an agriculturist; but it was written otherwise in the book of that law by which the universe is governed and is advancing to its perfection.

After a common school education, the youth was occupied in the labours of the farm, until the age of eighteen, when a cold affected his lungs and disabled him for the employment. This *cold* was the foundation of the disease which pursued him through life. At this time, 1807, he became acquainted with a youth of the name of Loviel, a native of Guadaloupe, who was receiving his education in the United States, and accepted his invitation to pass the winter with him in his native island, as a mean of restoring his health. This visit to Guadaloupe influenced his movements in after life. In the spring Metcalf returned home, but on the passage renewed *his cold*, and was confined under the care of my early friend Dr. Wright Post, for many weeks at New-York. To his care and skill Mr. Metcalf attributed his recovery from this attack. Less fitted than ever for agricultural labours, Metcalf, always partial to drawing, thought of painting as a profession better suited to his impaired health and debilitated frame. His friends opposed this wish, and by their advice he passed the succeeding winter in mercantile pursuits in the West Indies. He was unsuccessful in commerce, but returned home in the spring with renewed health, and his books filled with attempts at drawing. Fully determined to pursue painting as a profession, his father reluctantly consented, for the worthy yeoman could see no prospect of fortune in an occupation which appeared to him trifling. Young Metcalf now commenced painter of miniatures, without any knowledge of drawing, like a great many before and since. He was confined to his father's house under care of a physician, but improved himself in painting by copying pictures. Being sufficiently recovered, he travelled as a miniature painter for several years in the eastern states, Canada and Nova Scotia. Feeling his deficiencies, he came to New-York, and in that city, a perfect stranger, established himself as a painter, and studied drawing under John Rubens Smith,

whose instructions have forwarded many artists, although he never could paint decently himself.

In September, 1814, Mr. Metcalf married Ann Benton, the daughter of Captain Selah Benton, an officer of the revolution. In 1815, Metcalf made his first effort in oil painting, under the kind instruction of Messrs. Waldo & Jewett, who resided in his neighbourhood. They lent him pictures to copy, and directed his efforts. Business slowly but gradually increased with his increasing skill; but his health, which had been gradually failing, had, in 1819, become so poor that his physician recommended a journey to the south. He could not well take with him a wife and two children, and to leave them and his friends, and his increasing employment, was a hard trial to a man devoted to domestic quiet and the happiness of a husband and father. But even for the sake of those dear to him, the effort must be made; and with letters to influential persons in New-Orleans, he, in the autumn of 1819, arrived at that city. He was the only portrait painter in the place, and found abundant employment. His health improved. He gained many friends, prominent among whom was the late Rev. Mr. Larned, who introduced him to men of taste and literature, that could appreciate the artist and the man. Mr. Metcalf remained three years in New-Orleans, with the exception of one visit to New-York, travelling, by advice, on horseback through the western states. In the autumn of 1822, he visited the island of St. Thomas. His success, and the high estimation in which he was held there, has been mentioned to me by my young friend the Rev. Mr. Labagh, who is settled in that island, a native of New-York, and son to our worthy alderman of that name.

At the islands of St. Thomas and St. Croix Mr. Metcalf remained four years, fully employed in his profession. He painted the governors, and many of the principal men of both islands. Being invited by the men in authority at Porto Rico to paint the governor of that island for a stipulated sum, he consented to go thither for that purpose, and a government vessel was sent for him. He was treated with the greatest possible respect, and remained six months on the island fully employed.

Mr. Metcalf improved constantly in his profession, and the pictures he sent home and exhibited at Clinton Hall placed him on a permanent stand of high elevation among our portrait painters. After remaining four years among these islands, the artist thought his health sufficiently re-established to allow the indulgence of passing a winter with his beloved family, and perhaps to remain with them. The experiment failed—he

was confined to his house most of the winter—his cough grew alarmingly worse, and in the autumn of 1824 he again took leave of his wife and children, now four in number, and sailed for the Havana. The Spaniards received him coldly, but for two years he found ample employment from Americans; his health improved, and for six more years he found a more general employment. During these eight years, he visited his family every summer. When the jealousy of the Spaniards was overcome, he had friends and employers of the first grade. The bishop, the governor, and other inhabitants of distinction, treated him with marked kindness; and his family particularly point out among his friends Wm. Picard, Esq. and Mr. Cleveland, the American vice consul.

In April, 1833, the cholera raged in Havana. Mr. Metcalf was seized with this disease, but recovered so far as to be pronounced out of danger. But he never touched pencil more. The pictures begun were left unfinished, yet such was the esteem in which their author was held, that in that state they were sought for, received, and at full price paid for.

The invalid recovered so far as to return to his family in June, but no effort could restore his wasted frame. Hope that the warm clime of the West Indies might yet restore him, led him to return to Havana accompanied by his second son, and his faithful servant Francis, who for the last eight years had scarcely left him for a moment, and to whose kindness and care the artist was indebted for a great portion of the comfort his feeble health had permitted him to enjoy.

The voyage was short, tempestuous, and cold. The sufferer was received with open arms by kind friends—lingered in growing debility until the 15th of January, 1834, and then closed his eyes in death as in sleep.

Mr. Metcalf was among the many amiable men I have known, and I always highly esteemed him. Those who were intimately acquainted with his virtues, speak of him as a model of purity, charity, and exalted piety. His moral character was never tarnished by a single stain, nor has calumny ever dared to affix a blot upon his fair fame.

JOHN CRAWLEY—1810.

The father of Mr. Crawley was an Englishman, who emigrated to New-York and married a lady of the name of Van Zandt. He was successful as a merchant, and returned to his native country, where John was born in 1784. His parents, however, after a very few years, returned to America, bringing him with them when very young, and settled at Newark,

New-Jersey. John's love of painting, and desire to become a painter, was excited by the portraits of Sharpless; and after an education at a country school, he was sent to New-York for instruction in painting. He was placed with Savage soon after John Wesley Jarvis left him, and had as a fellow-student Charles B. King. From Mr. Archibald Robertson he obtained more than from Savage, and learned those rudiments of drawing, and the management of water colours, which has enabled him to be useful as a drawing master.

Mr. Crawley painted portraits in Philadelphia, and exhibited at the first opening of the Pennsylvania academy of fine arts. After marrying, he took up his abode at Norfolk, in Virginia, where he has continued to this time.

Previous to marriage, Mr. Crawley had made arrangements to go to London, and had visited the brother of Benjamin West on the old Springfield farm, and obtained a letter from him to the painter. He was stopped by the embargo which preceded our last war with England. Mr. Crawley has a son (likewise John Crawley) now in New-York, who has devoted himself to lithographic drawing, and is eminently successful.

THOMPSON—1810.

A person of this name painted poor portraits in Norfolk, but managed to procure employment and make money enough to buy a farm in his native village "down east" and retire, independent of all but mother earth, and the rain and sunshine which fertilize her bosom and ripen her products.

JOHN LEWIS KRIMMEL—1810.

This very extraordinary young man appears to me to have possessed a combination of talents with integrity, wit with kind feelings, genius with prudence, imagination with industry, that must have given him a distinguished station in society, if he had lived to the ordinary bounds of man's earthly sojourn, notwithstanding the impediments which the state of society in our country a few years back presented in the path of the man who devoted himself to the muses rather than to the powers who preside over dollars and cents. I do not recollect any foreigner, who has visited America, who had superior claims to admiration as an artist, and esteem as a man, to Mr. Krimmel.

J. L. Krimmel was born in the town of Edingen, in the duchy or principality of Wirtemberg, Germany, in the year 1787, and came to this country in company with his countryman Rider, in 1810. He had been well instructed in drawing

and the management of colours. The brother of the young painter had preceded him in emigration, and having been some time in Philadelphia as a merchant, sent for the subject of our memoir to come over to him, his intention being to connect him with himself in commerce, but the young man preferred the pencil; and finding this difference of opinion made his situation onerous, he renounced trade and threw himself upon the resources of his own skill and genius.

He at first painted portraits, and those of the master and mistress of his boarding-house, and the boarders who were its inmates introduced others, until he found himself independent, or only dependent on his own exertions. I have reason to believe that these portraits were miniatures in oil, somewhat in size like those with which Mr. Trumbull commenced his career. He soon showed that the style in which Wilkie excelled, and the humour which had inspired the pencil of Hogarth, were his own; such scenes were his delight, and to display them on the canvas his sport. The first effort of this kind which attracted public attention to the young stranger was his "Pepper-pot Woman." Pepper-pot is an article of food known no where else in the United States but in Philadelphia—I presume introduced from the West Indies; and though it is, year after year, and day after day, cried in the streets, it is never seen at the house of a citizen by a stranger. The pepper-pot woman is an animal only known in the streets of Philadelphia.

About this time the print of Wilkie's Blind Fiddler came out, and Krimmel was so delighted with a composition congenial to his taste and feeling, that he made a picture in oil colours from it, of the same size, and in every respect truly admirable. His "Blind-man's-buff," an original picture of the same size, soon followed; this was likewise in oil and of great merit, but the sketch in water colours has even more. These were followed by the "Cut Finger," and others in the same style, which all elicited admiration. In 1811, the year after his arrival, he exhibited the "Pepper-pot Woman;" "Cecadon and Amelia," "Aurora," and "Raspberry girls of the Alps of Wirtemberg," all marked in the catalogue *for sale*.

Small was his remuneration for these extraordinary efforts; and he, with his friend Rider, likewise an artist, became teachers of drawing. Such was Krimmel's strict economy, that at the end of a few years he found himself enabled to revisit his dear *fader-land*. He took passage for and landed in France, travelled to Vienna, visited other parts of Germany, particularly his native town of Edingen—the steeple of whose

church appeared much lower to him than when he had looked back upon it from Philadelphia, and probably many other things had diminished in the same proportion ; and after seeing many good pictures and good people, he appears to have been content to return to America as the land of his choice. The store of gold with which he left Pennsylvania was not great, yet, with honest pride, he threw a portion of it on his friend's table at his return, as a proof of his prudence, temperance and economy.

On returning to Philadelphia, Krimmel resumed his occupation of teacher of drawing. The principal portion of the emolument resulting from this source proceeded from a great boarding-school for young ladies. Krimmel, like an honest and conscientious man, was in the habit of teaching the girls what to do, how to do, and then leaving them to do it, under instruction. The consequence was, that his pupils did not produce, in a given time, such pretty pictures as were presented to their parents by the young ladies of a rival establishment, where the cunning and complaisant teacher put his lessons in practice by finishing the work his pupils were utterly incompetent to the production of, and thus cheating papas and mamas, and increasing the reputation of the school. Krimmel was told by the proprietor of the establishment that he must not only teach her scholars to draw and paint, but must draw and paint for them, or give up the school. The unbending Wirtemberger did not choose to be an agent in deceit, and chose the latter part of the conditions. Honesty, poverty, a clear conscience and independence were preferable, in his mind, to money, servility and falsehood.

My valued correspondent, John Neagle, Esq., says of Krimmel: "He confessed to me that he could not paint in a manner broad, and at the same time delicate enough to please himself. He could not paint hair well, arising perhaps, from his having too perfect a vision, which conveyed every minute particular. He could stand at a great distance and count the different courses of bricks in a building without a glimmer before the eyes. He was candid and honest to every one, very blunt to those who asked his opinion, but too kind of feeling to wish to wound. He was free to communicate any thing he knew, he had no secrets to sell. His acuteness of vision led him to the use of very small brushes, some no thicker than a common pin. After his death I purchased, at a sale of his effects, all his brushes, many were so small as to be useless to me, and I gave

them to his friend Rider, who works with the same kind of tools."

In 1812 Mr. Krimmel exhibited in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, a picture representing a crowd in the Centre Square, Philadelphia, which is said to rival Hogarth in truth, nature, and humour.

Notwithstanding his extraordinary talents, Krimmel received no commissions, and had little to do. He did not seek to paint portraits, and works of the species he delighted in were not sought after by the wealthy patrons of art. He wanted little—he called upon no one for aid or employment—he enjoyed the friendship of his brother artists—he studied, sketched, and occasionally painted.

The last work he finished is a great composition of several hundred figures in miniature oil, executed with a taste, truth, and feeling, both of pathos and humour, that rivals, in many respects, the best works of this description in either hemisphere. This picture I have seen. It is a Philadelphia election scene, in Chesnut-street, in front of the state house. It is filled with miniature portraits of the well known electioneering politicians of the day. It has a portrait of the venerable building within whose walls the independence of America was declared. The composition is masterly, the colouring good, every part of the picture carefully finished, and the figures, near or distant, beautifully drawn. This picture was either painted for, or purchased by, Mr. Alexander Lawson, who began to engrave it, but, for some reason to me incomprehensible, has been discouraged from proceeding with the work, after bestowing much time and labour on it. Surely the citizens of Philadelphia alone would amply remunerate him.

Mr. Lawson advised Krimmel to paint his favourite subjects without waiting for commissions, and take his chance for the sale. The advice was good, and one would suppose the employment would have been pleasant to him; but he was adverse to the plan, and continued to study and sketch. At length he was engaged to paint a picture of Penn's treaty with the Indians. But while preparing for this arduous task, he went to visit a friend in Germantown; and going with the children of the family to bathe in a neighbouring mill-pond, he strayed from his young companions, and they having finished their sport, waited for him a long time to accompany them home—as he did not return they sought him, but found only his corpse. In the prime of life, with increasing skill and accumulating knowledge, brilliant genius, and immoveable in love of the good and the true, this fine young man was lost to the world, probably

owing to the circumstance of choosing a solitary spot to bathe unobserved by his young companions, who might perhaps, when the cramp seized him, have afforded the necessary succour.

The moral character of Krimmel was faultless. His love of truth exemplary. His simplicity of manners endeared him to his friends, and his shrewd remarks made him at all times an entertaining companion. There was a downright bluntness in his conversation which, although justly appreciated by those intimate with him, did not serve to smooth his path in life, perhaps even retarded his progress.

My friend Francis B. Winthrop possesses several of Krimmel's pictures. He had corresponded with the artist, but had not seen him. One day a man entered and announced himself in a manner partly characteristic, and partly the effect of foreign education, "I am Krimmel." Mr. Winthrop was soon much pleased with his guest.

There is a pleasing mode of behaviour, evincing a wish to accommodate one's self to the wishes of others, which is serviceable to a man by gaining good will, even if it is only the product of education, and the habit formed in early good society; but when suavity of manner and the wish to oblige is perceived to be the result of a feeling, and a true sense of man's duty to man, it is irresistible in its effects, and attaches all hearts to its happy possessor. Such manners are the result of good feeling, united to an extensive knowledge of human nature, a cheerful disposition, and a true sense of our duty. Such manners are therefore rare.

TILYARD—1810.

An honest and unfortunate man of genius. He was born at Baltimore in 1787; and was taught the rudiments of art as a sign painter, which was his original occupation. He committed a fault in buying a lottery ticket, and was grievously punished by drawing a prize of \$20,000. The possession of this wealth induced him to enter into commerce, and in a short time he broke—failing for more than he was worth. His sense of justice and propriety was so outraged, that he never recovered from the shock. He resumed his original business of sign painting. My friend Sully says of Mr. Tilyard, in 1810 "his attempts at portrait are admirable: he made great efforts to get on as a portrait painter, and I helped him all I could. Peter Hoffman told me that Tilyard, after his failure, visited him. He did not know him, as his business as a merchant had been transacted by his partner. Tilyard reminded

Hoffman of the loss his failure had occasioned him, and said the object of his visit was to request Mr. Hoffman to permit him to paint portraits for him to the amount of the debt. He thus relieved his mind and made a friend of Hoffman, who employed him, and *paid him*. A few years before his death (which occurred in 1827, at the age of forty) he lost his reason." The worldling will say he was always mad.

My friend Robert Gilmore, Esq., of Baltimore, says of Tilyard, "He had a true genius, and taught himself to paint excellent portraits. He died mad. Had he been well educated, he would have been a distinguished artist." In another letter Mr. Gilmore says, "He attained considerable excellence as a portrait painter, but died poor and insane; from dwelling too much on his situation, and the difficulty of supporting his family by his pencil."

CHAPTER XVII.

Leslie's parents Americans—They visit London, and he is born there—brought home in childhood—Encouraged by his father in drawing—Apprenticed to S. F. Bradford, the friend of Wilson the ornithologist—Bradford's liberality—Leslie's sketches of actors—instructed to use colours by Sully—Friends who enabled him to go to England—A room-mate with S. F. B. Morse—West, Allston, and C. B. King—First employment by Americans—West's fatherly attentions to him—"Saul and the Witch of Endor"—"Anne Page and Master Slender"—"Sir Roger de Coverly going to Church," painted for his friend James Dunlop—Marriage—Accepts an appointment at West Point, and returns to America, 1833—Sancho and the Duchess—The Earl of Egremont—West's theory and practice—Washington Irving and Leslie—Mr. Leslie returns with his family to London.

CHARLES ROBERT LESLIE—1811.

THIS gentleman's talents, and the taste with which he has exerted them, has placed him in the foremost rank of living artists. His father, Robert Leslie, and his mother, Lydia Baker, were both Americans. They visited England in 1793 or 4, and on the 19th of October, 1794, the subject of this sketch was born in London. Our cousins of Great Britain, who are very willing to cozen us out of any thing that might do us credit, have claimed Leslie as an Englishman, although his parents returned to their native country and carried the boy with them before he was five years old. We would ask an English ambassador residing at Pera, if he has sons born to him there, are they therefore Turks? No: Charles Robert Leslie is an American, and received his first instruction as a painter

in America, and imbibed his taste and love for the art before he left the country to study systematically in Great Britain.

It has so happened that many of our eminent artists were born in England, and removed to this country by their English parents while infants or children. Sully, Jarvis, Cummings, and Cole, all born in England, all imbibed their love for the fine arts, and their love for the institutions of this country in childhood. Two of them have never been out of the country, since brought into it, and the others were good painters before they sought additional knowledge by returning to the land of their nativity.

The father of our painter was long established in Philadelphia as a watch-maker, and there are persons living who recollect him as a very ingenious man. He was himself fond of drawing, and had attained both accuracy and skill in the art. His drawings of ships and of machinery are spoken of as being beautifully executed. Such was his attachment to this art, that when he sent his boy to school in New Jersey, he stipulated that he should be permitted to draw. Great facility of hand had been acquired by young Leslie in the exercise of his pencil and water colours during his apprenticeship, and his propensity was never discouraged by the liberal gentleman to whom he was bound, nor by any of the Americans around him. His first lessons in painting were received in America, and Americans enabled the youth to seek in Europe for further instruction. He found it, but still he found in Americans, though in Europe, his most efficient advisers and instructors.

In the year 1811, happening to be in Philadelphia, my friends spoke to me of the cleverness of young Leslie, and I went with Mr. Sully to the house of Mrs. Leslie, the young painter's mother; but though introduced to her and her daughters, I did not see him. On the 16th of April I went with Mr. Trott to Mr. Edwin's, the engraver, for the purpose of viewing Leslie's drawings of Cooke, Jefferson, Blisset, and others, which he had made merely from seeing them on the stage in character; and which were to be published in the "Mirror of Taste." I thought them very extraordinary. Leslie was then in the book store of Messrs. Inskeep and Bradford, an apprentice. Two days after I saw him at the fish club on the Schuylkill, where he came with Bradford to sketch the scene, or some of the characters there assembled. I never saw him again till he called with his friend Morse to see me a day or two before he returned to England in April 1834.

On Mr. Leslie's arrival in this country in 1833, I addressed

a letter to him, requesting such information as would enable me to be accurate in my biographical sketch of him for this work: his prompt, frank, manly reply is before me, and it would be injustice to him and to the reader not to give his own words.

After mentioning the facts already given respecting his parents and his birth, he proceeds: "In 1799 my father returned to America with his family, consisting of himself, his wife, and sister, and five children. We lived for a short time in the state of New Jersey, close to the Delaware, and directly opposite Philadelphia; and there I remember that, on being sent to school for the first time, a condition was made with the schoolmaster that I should be permitted to amuse myself with drawing on a slate, when not engaged in saying my lessons. My father, whose health had been long declining, died in 1804, in Philadelphia, where we then resided. Before this event, I had been sent to the university of Pennsylvania, where, under Dr. Rogers, professor of English grammar, history, &c., and Mr. Patterson, professor of mathematics, I received all the school education I ever had. Here, as well as at the little country school in Jersey, I was more attentive to drawing than to my other studies, though now obliged to practise it by stealth. In the year 1808, I was bound apprentice for seven years to Messrs. Bradford and Inskeep, booksellers, my mother being unable to give me the education of an artist. I had served nearly three years of my time when Mr. Bradford, who had acted more like a father than a master to me, became of opinion that I might succeed as a painter. He informed me that if I wished to devote myself to that art, he would cancel my indenture; and as some theatrical sketches that I had made had been shown, by him and another excellent friend, (Mr. Joshua Clibborn,) to some of the principal gentlemen of Philadelphia, he had no doubt of raising a fund, by means of a subscription, that would enable me to study two years in England. As I had secretly resolved to commence artist that moment I should become my own master, it may be readily imagined how overjoyed I felt at this most kind and unexpected proposal.

"I know you object (and I think very properly) to the application of the title of *patron of the arts*"—still more to that of patron of the artist—"to the mere buyers of pictures; but I think you will allow that Mr. Bradford and the other friends who enabled me to become a painter, were *patrons* to me. I believe the following is a correct list of their names: S. F. Bradford, Mrs. Eliza Powell, J. Clibborn, J. Head, Joseph

Hopkinson, J. S. Lewis, N. Baker, G. Clymer, E. Pennington, William Kneass, Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist, G. Murray, Engraver, and one hundred dollars was also voted by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. I went to England in 1811 with Mr. John Inskeep, Mr. Bradford's partner, who visited London on business; and after the sum subscribed was exhausted, Mr. Bradford continued to supply me with money until I could support myself. Just before my departure, Mr. Sully, with his characteristic kindness, gave me my first lesson in oil-painting. He copied a small picture in my presence to instruct me in the process, and lent me his memorandum books, filled with valuable remarks, the result of his practice. He also gave me letters to Mr. West, Sir William Beechy, Mr. King, (Charles B.) and other artists in London. My earliest friends in England were Messrs. King, Allston, and Morse. With the latter gentleman I shared a common room for the first year, and we lived under the same roof, until his return to America deprived me of the pleasure of his society. From Mr. West, Mr. Allston, and Mr. King" (all Americans) "I received the most valuable advice and assistance; and I had the advantage of studying for several years at the Royal Academy under Fuseli, who was keeper. I attempted original compositions, but received no money for any thing, excepting portraits and copies of pictures, for several years. My employers at that time were almost entirely Americans, who visited or resided in London; among whom I may mention Mr. James Brown, the brother of Charles Brockden Brown, (as I believe you know him.) (You will be glad to hear that I saw this gentleman in good health on the 18th of September, 1833.)" Mr. James Brown is an estimable friend of the writer's, whom he has not seen for many years, and of whose welfare he is always rejoiced to hear.

I have now before me a portrait of my friend Doctor John W. Francis, painted by Leslie in London among his earlier portraits, and that and the portrait of the painter's friend Mr. Dunlop, are the only portrait heads I have seen by him. He painted a most spirited group of children for Charles King, Esq., when his family were in England: it is in a bold style, and admirable for attitude and expression. While my mind is occupied by the pictures of Leslie brought to New-York, I will mention one which has always given me great delight—it is a citizen's family enjoying the delights of the country, and is in the possession of Mr. Donaldson.

In another letter Mr. Leslie writes: "I presented the letter Mr. Sully had given me to Mr. West immediately on my ar-

rival, and he at once offered me all the assistance in his power in the prosecution of my studies. This offer was amply followed up by the most useful acts of kindness during the remainder of his life. He lent me his pictures to copy, allowed me to paint in his house, and spent a great deal of, what to him was of the greatest value, his time, in directing my studies. One of the first compositions I attempted was "Saul and the Witch of Endor." He came often to my room while I was engaged in it, and assisted me very greatly in the arrangement of the composition, effect, &c.* By his advice I sent it to the British institution for exhibition, but as it was too fresh to varnish, the directors thought it unfinished,† and turned it out. Feeling severely disappointed, I went to Mr. West for consolation, and I received it. He desired me to bring the picture to his house. I did so, and by his advice varnished it in his large painting room. He then told me he would show it to some of the directors of the institution, most of whom visited him frequently. In a few days I had the satisfaction to receive a note from him, telling me he had sold it for me to Sir John Leicester, one of these very directors."

In a periodical work called the Recorder, I find the following under the head of Master Leslie. The writer, after speaking of the interest taken by his friends in Philadelphia in his welfare, continues—

"That he has by his application and improvement justified the expectations of his friends, the writer a few days ago had ample proofs, by the examination of two pictures in oil, the first a copy from a Diana by our illustrious countryman West, the second an original composition of his own, the subject chosen from Scott's Marmion.

"In the first, Master Leslie has succeeded so perfectly, that it would require a connoisseur of more skill than I possess, to pronounce the picture a copy. It has the drawing, colouring, manner, and touch of Mr. West.

"The second, which is sent as a tribute of gratitude to a lady in Philadelphia, who interested herself in the young artist's fortunes, is a composition far above the level of mediocrity, and as it tested, so it proved, the talents of its author. The subject is Constance before her bigoted judges, and at-

* We may judge by this statement of Mr. Leslie's of the assistance Mr. West gave to those who painted their composition pictures altogether under his roof and his eye. In the pictures of such men, painted under such circumstances, we see all the knowledge, not of the painter, but the instructor displayed.

† This institution, like the American Academy of Fine Arts at New-York, is *not* composed of artists.

tended by the executioners of their cruelty. The disposition and grouping are in a style of chaste simplicity, the figures of the distance characteristic and well kept; an executioner in the fore-ground is the most laboured and best figure in the picture, and unfortunately the principal figure of the piece is the worst.

"I write some time after having seen the picture, which was immediately sent on to Philadelphia; but I fear not to assert, that the friends of Master Leslie and the fine arts may congratulate themselves upon proof to conviction, that his industry and talents have justified their efforts and their prediction."

Leslie's picture of the murder of Clifford (now in the Pennsylvania Academy) was painted before October, 1816, and had arrived in America. Allston spoke of it at the time as a work that did him great honour. A branch of composition, or rather a description of subjects more congenial to his taste soon after occupied his pencil, and his success has proved that such subjects are more to his mind than "battle and murder."

He had likewise, in 1816, painted the portraits of John Quincy Adams and his wife; Adams being at that time our ambassador at the Court of St. James's. It was in this same year that Mr. James McMurtrie, of Philadelphia, being in London, requested the favour of Mr. West to allow a copy of the head of Christ by Guido, in Mr. West's possession, to be made by some competent artist. The request was granted, and Mr. Leslie pointed out as the painter the owner wished to copy his picture. Of this picture, Mr. Allston says in a letter to Mr. McMurtrie, "the copy is a very close one, and would embellish any collection."

In 1818 Mr. Allston says that Leslie had just finished his beautiful little picture of "Ann Page and Master Slender," and intended coming to America in the spring of 1819: but in 1820 Leslie writes to a friend that the state of the arts in London is not in the most flourishing condition, notwithstanding, he says, "I have no other view for the present than that of remaining where I am. I am now painting a picture of "May day in the time of Queen Elizabeth, which, if I can do any thing like justice to the subject, will, I think, be interesting. I shall endeavour to give as close a representation of the manners of the times as I can."

In 1825 an artist writes from London to his friend in America, "The best pictures in the present exhibition are of Wilkie, Leslie, Hilton, and Lawrence." Sully says of Leslie's portrait of Sir Walter Scott, that is a "commanding work."

The expression natural, the effect forcible and true. The flesh colour has too much of light red in it—I think so—notwithstanding the complexion of the original, because I find Leslie has too great love of that colour and yellow oker.”

I will now recur to Mr. Leslie's first letter, in which he gives a rapid account of the principal events of his life, to the period of his returning to America in 1833. “The first original composition that made me known was ‘Sir Roger de Coverly going to church,’ painted for James Dunlop, Esq. my warm and steady friend from that time to this. In the year 1821, I was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, and in 1826 an academician. In 1825 I married Miss Harriet Stone, of London, and in 1833 my brother, without my knowledge, asked and obtained for me the situation of teacher of drawing at the Military Academy of West Point. This induced me to remove to America with my wife and children, and we arrived here in the autumn of 1833.*

“Having given you an account of the patronage I met with before I left America, I feel it due to the country, where for twenty-two years I enjoyed the greatest advantages the world has now to offer to an artist, to mention one among many instances I could relate of the liberality of Englishmen. In the year 1823 I received a commission from the Earl of Egremont to paint him a picture, leaving the subject and price to my determination. I painted for him a scene between Sancho Panza and the Duchess, from Don Quixotte. While it was in the exhibition he called and asked me, if I had received any commission for a similar picture? I told him I had not. He then said, you may, if you please, paint me a companion to it, and if any body should take a fancy to it, let them have it, and paint me another. *I wish to keep you employed on such subjects instead of portraits.* Soon after I received other commissions, and Lord Egremont desired me to execute them, and

* On the arrival of Mr. Leslie and his family, I mentioned the circumstance in a letter to Mr. Allston, and in his next to me (November 4, 1833,) he says “I am glad to hear of the safe arrival of my friend Leslie and his family. He is a valuable acquisition to our country, for he is a good man as well as a great artist. Leslie, Irving, and Sir Thomas Lawrence were the last persons I shook hands with on leaving London. Irving and Leslie had accompanied me to the stage-office, and Sir Thomas, who was passing by on his morning ride, kindly stopped to offer me his good wishes. It is pleasant to have the last interview with those whom we wish to remember associated with kind feelings. I regret that the *res angusti domi* prevent my being one at the *dinner of welcome* which you propose giving to Leslie. Pray say for me that I bid him welcome from my heart; no one values him more, for no one better knows his value.” Mr. Leslie declined the dinner proposed by the National Academy of Design, but he passed his last evening in America with them by invitation.

reserve the one he had given me until I should be in want of employment. An offer was made to me before the picture of Sancho and the Duchess was sent to him, from an engraver, with great prospect of pecuniary advantage to me. I asked Lord Egremont if he would permit an engraving to be made? He wished to know how long the picture would be required. I wrote to him (he was then at Petworth) to say two years, and immediately received the following reply. 'It is a long time, and I am afraid, at seventy-three, that I shall not live to see the picture in my possession; but however you shall have it.' The engraver, however, changed his mind, and begged I would release him from his engagement, which I was not sorry to do, and the picture went directly to Petworth. When Lord Egremont heard of my intended departure from England, he wrote to me in the kindest manner upon the subject, and expressed his fears that I had not met with sufficient encouragement. He concluded his letter with these words: 'For my own part I can only say, that I will gladly give a thousand guineas for a companion picture to Sancho and the Duchess.' As this was more than double the price I had received for that picture, I replied that I should consider it a robbery to receive it for one of the same size, but that I should be most happy to paint him a picture in America, if he would allow me, on condition that the price should not exceed 500 guineas; and this picture I am now to paint for him." But, alas! not in America. Leslie has returned to London, and while I am writing, may be painting for Lord Egremont, or some other capable of appreciating his worth, in the metropolis of Great Britain. The letter proceeds, "I have mentioned this last circumstance because a statement of it has appeared in some of the newspapers, in which it is erroneously said I refused the commission. Next to Sir George Beaumont, the Earl of Egremont was the first to appreciate Mr. Allston's merit. Sir George employed Mr. Allston to paint a large picture of the Angel delivering Saint Peter from prison, which he presented to the church of Ashby de la Zouch; and Lord Egremont purchased his 'Jacob's Dream,' and a smaller picture of a female reading. Lord Egremont remarked to me that the figures in 'Jacob's Dream' reminded him more of Raphael, than any thing else he had seen by any modern artist.

"I omitted to mention in its proper place, that in 1817 I visited Paris, with Messrs. Allston and Collins. I spent three months there, making studies from pictures in the Louvre, and then returned to England through the Netherlands, in com-

pany with Mr. Stuart Newton, whom I met in Paris on his way to London from Italy."

From another letter of Mr. Leslie's, I will make an extract showing the intimate terms he was on with his great master, West, and some of the opinions of that profound artist.

"The simple expedients of an artist are sometimes instructive as well as amusing. I was one day in Mr. West's room, while he was painting his great picture of 'our Saviour before Pilate.' On remarking that the helmets of some of the Roman soldiers were painted with a degree of truth that I thought could only be obtained from models, he took up one of the fire-irons, and pointing to a small ball of polished steel that surmounted the handle, said, 'That was my helmet, sir.'*

"Mr. West often condensed a great deal of the most important instruction in a few words. In speaking of *chiaro scuro*, he used to say, 'light and shadow stand still.' And he frequently expressed by a single word, '*continuity*,' the great leading principle of composition, colours, and light and shadow.

I have heard him say that among the old masters there were but two that knew how to draw a tree—Titian and Annibal Caracci.† In the same spirit Fuseli used to say, there had existed but two poets—Shakspeare and Milton. Mr. West was of opinion that the superiority of the Venetian painters in colouring was in no respect owing to the materials they used. He thought we had better colours and oils than were known to Titian and Paul Veronese. I believe he was right, and that the *Venetian secret*, as it is called, was not a chemical secret. We must study nature, as they did, in the *fields* and in the *streets*, to arrive at it. Most of us confine our observations too much to our painting rooms. In the arrangement of colours in his pictures, Mr. West had adopted a theory taken from the rainbow, which he considered an unerring guide. I cannot help thinking that his too strict adherence to this rule produced a sameness in his works during the latter part of his life. He said Raffaello was the only painter who understood this theory, and that it was from the study of the Cartoons he (Mr. West) had discovered it.‡ In a small copy

* The reader will be reminded of Mr. Sully's anecdote of the parouet's wing, which served for the genii, in "Love conquers all."

† It may be remarked, that the trees and foliage of West's Calypso and Telenachus, are perfect contrasts in manner to those of his other pictures—yet, all true to nature, and of great beauty.

‡ Those who recollect Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture of West, (which Lawrence's biographers say he made a present to the American Academy, but for which he received \$2000 from gentlemen who subscribed the sum in New-York.)

of the 'Peter Martyr' of Titian, which I saw at his house, I observed that colours were arranged on a plan diametrically opposite to that of the rainbow. I asked him if he thought Titian was wrong, but he evaded the question by saying that Titian's eye was so fine that he could produce harmony by any arrangement.

"It is fortunate for the art, that many of Mr. West's best works were engraved under his own eye, and at a period when line engraving had reached its utmost perfection. The 'Lear,' by Sharpe, and the 'Death of Wolfe,' by Woollett, have never been surpassed—perhaps never equalled. Woollett left behind him a fine etching of West's, 'Telemachus and Mentor shipwrecked on the island of Calypso;' it has been well finished by Pye, within these few years, though it is not yet so well known to collectors of engravings as it deserves to be. This charming composition is alone sufficient to prove, that Mr. West felt the poetry of landscape. In colour, the picture is inferior to Claude—in every thing else the production of a kindred mind."

The following, from a periodical, expresses my opinion of Mr. Leslie so well, that I give it here :

"Leslie stands high in the rank of our painters of domestic scenes, on subjects connected with life and manners. He is all nature, not common, but select—all life, not muscular, but mental. He delights in delineating the social affections, in lending lineament and hue to the graceful duties of the fireside. No one sees with a truer eye the exact form which a subject should take, and no one surpasses him in the rare art of inspiring it with sentiment and life. He is always easy, elegant and impressive; he studies all his pictures with great care, and, perhaps, never puts a pencil to the canvas till he has painted the matter mentally, and can see it before him shaped out of air. He is full of quiet vigour; he approaches Wilkie in humour, Stothard in the delicacy of female loveliness, and has a tenderness and pathos altogether his own. His action is easy; there is no straining; his men are strong in mind without seeming to know it, and his women have sometimes an alluring *naivete*, and unconscious loveliness of look, such as no other painter rivals.

"It is so easy to commit extravagance—to make men and women wave their arms like windmill-wings, and look with all their might—nay, we see this so frequently done by artists

will recall to mind the rainbow introduced in it and one of Raphael's cartoons, both explanatory of this theory of colours, the subject of that lecture which Lawrence represents him as in the act of delivering.

who believe, all the while, that they are marvellously strong in things mental—that we are glad to meet with a painter who lets nature work in a gentler way, and who has the sense to see that violence is not dignity, nor extravagance loftiness of thought. We could instance many of the works of Leslie in confirmation of this; nor are his pictures which reflect the manners and feelings of his native America more natural or original than those which delineate the sentiments of his adopted land. We are inclined, indeed, to look upon some of Leslie's English pictures as superior even to those which the remembrance of his native land has awakened. Roger de Coverly going to church amid his parishioners—Uncle Toby looking into the dangerous eye of the pretty Widow Wadman, and sundry others, are all marked with the same nature and truth, and exquisite delicacy of feeling. He touches on the most perilous topics, but always carries them out of the region of vulgarity into the pure air of genius. It is in this fine sensibility that the strength of Wilkie and Leslie lies; there is a true decorum of nature in all they do; they never pursue an idea into extravagance, nor allow the characters which they introduce to overact their parts. In this Leslie differs from Fuseli, who, with true poetic perception of art, seldom or ever made a true poetic picture. Leslie goes the proper length, and not one step farther; but Fuseli, in his poetic race, always ran far past the winning-post, and got into the regions of extravagance and absurdity. When Leslie painted Sancho Panza relating his adventures to the Duchess, he exhibited the sly humour and witty cunning of the Squire in his face, and added no action. When Fuseli painted the Wives of Windsor thrusting Falstaff into the bucking-basket, he represented Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page as half-flying: the wild energy with which they do their mischievous ministering is quite out of character with nature, with Shakspeare, and with the decorum of the art.

“The pictures of Leslie are a proof of the fancy and poetry which lie hidden in ordinary things, till a man of genius finds them out. With much of a Burns-like spirit, he seeks subjects in scenes where they would never be seen by ordinary men. His judgment is equal to his genius. His colouring is lucid and harmonious; and the character which he impresses is stronger still than his colouring. He tells his story without many figures; there are no mobs in his composition; he inserts nothing for the sake of effect; all seems as natural to the scene as the leaf is to the tree. His pictures from Washington Irving are excellent. ‘Ichabod Crane’ haunts us;

'Dutch Courtship' is ever present to our fancy ; 'Anthony Van Corlear leaving his mistresses for the wars,' is both ludicrous and affecting ; 'The Dutch Fireside,' with the negro telling a ghost-story, is capital ; and 'Philip, the Indian Chief, deliberating,' is a figure worthy of Lysippus."

Washington Irving, Esq., has told me, that on arriving from the continent of Europe, where he had been some time, he found Newton and Leslie in the same house, and that while he was writing his Sketch Book, he saw every step they made in their art, and they saw every line of his writing. Here was a communion of mind that could not but lead to excellence. Irving's admiration of Leslie, both as a man and an artist, is extreme. A cultivated mind, purity of moral character, refined taste, indefatigable study, by which his knowledge of drawing and skill in composition were such, that having determined his manner of treating a subject, and drawn it in, no change or alteration took place : in this a perfect contrast to his friend Newton.

I have above said, that Mr. Leslie returned to London. In the only interview I had with him, which was in my sick chamber a day or two previous to his embarkation on his return, he did not express any feeling of disappointment. With the government of the United States he certainly had no cause of complaint. He was invited to West Point as *teacher* of drawing, with the same emoluments and accommodations which his predecessor had enjoyed. But his friends, anxious that he should be with them, had assured him that the teachership would be made a professorship, with additional advantages corresponding with the other professors, and that a painting room should be built for him. But in our representative government, this required an act of Congress, and the passage of the yearly appropriation bill. This act and appropriation were intended ; but Mr. Leslie had taken post at West Point, at the commencement of winter, with his family, never before out of London. The winter is a trying season in a bleak situation on the Hudson—a situation at other times redundant with charms. Mrs. Leslie is a London lady, and her family remained occupants of the house left by the artist ; her heart was naturally at home. Leslie, I am told, upon an answer from the Secretary at War, that he could not order a painting-room built until appropriation was made for it, gladly resigned the situation, and took his family to London again, no doubt happy to escape from the bleak promontory on which they had passed a discontented winter.

CHAPTER XVIII.

N. Rogers—Mysterious Brown—Bowen—Beet—Boyd—Exilius—Charles B. Lawrence—P. Henri—T. Gimbrede—L. White—W. R. Jones—Wm. Jewett—Throop—Ames—J. R. Smith—Titian Peale—Thomas Birch, a good landscape painter and excellent painter of sea pieces—Stein—Pennyman—Charles B. King; instructed by Savage; goes to England; friendship for Sully; they room together; Sully's opinion of him; amiable and virtuous character—T. Dowse—Williams—Volozon—Miller—Bishop—James Peale, jun.

NATHANIEL ROGERS—1811.

MR. ROGERS has long been of the first in rank among American miniature painters. He was born in Bridgehampton, near Sag Harbour, east end of Long Island, in the year 1788. His father was John Y. Rogers, and Nathaniel has the honour of springing from the same class of citizens that gave birth to Benjamin West, Joseph Wright, John Vanderlyn, Ashur B. Durand, Alvan Fisher, Joseph Wood, Francis Alexander, William S. Mount, and a long list of artists; the yeomanry of the country, commonly called farmers, because they till the fields that support them; but in America, those fields are the property of the man who ploughs them, and their harvest *his alone*.

His mother's name was Brown; the daughter of the clergyman of the parish. This couple had the blessing of five sons, and the father, though an independent yeoman, knew that the territory, ample for one, would be a poor provision for five, and destined his boys after a good common school education, to be put apprentices to mechanic trades. Nathaniel was placed with a ship carpenter at Hudson; but when sixteen years of age, he accidentally received a cut on the knee, from which he never perfectly recovered, but which seems to have decided his fate for life. He had always had a desire to make himself a draftsman, and now returned to the paternal dwelling, and being disqualified for active life, he was indulged in the intervals of pain with opportunities to gratify his love of the art. He was threatened with amputation of the injured limb, but by care, probably that of a mother, the leg was saved, and though the knee was never perfectly restored to action, it has increased in usefulness. Thus present evil, if not the consequence

of vice, is often the parent of future good. He read, copied prints, and even made essays at designing, during his confinement.

His physician, Dr. Samuel H. Rose, had a mind, education, and taste, that might have placed him among those who gain distinction in cities. Above all, he had a benevolent disposition; and seeing the efforts of the suffering boy, he to alleviate them, and forward his love for the art, presented Nathaniel with a box of colours and pencils, and gave him some instructions as to their use. This decided young Rogers' fate. He copied two miniatures which were in the house, and attempted the likeness of some friends. His father, as soon as he could walk, thought of sending him to New-York for surgical advice—the son thought more of obtaining advice and instruction in painting. In the meantime he accepted the charge of a school, but his mind was more occupied by the children of his fancy, than by those of the rustic yeomanry intrusted to his care; and he soon relinquished a task which his youth, and extremely mild disposition, made him, as I should judge, very unfit for.

On a visit to Connecticut, having taking some ivory and his colours with him, he seems to have commenced miniature painter, like many others, without a knowledge of any portion of the art required. Those around him had never seen any thing so pretty. Encouraged by their praises, and wishing to relieve his father's anxiety, who could not believe that a living was to be made by colouring pieces of ivory, he persevered in painting at very low prices, until he accumulated sufficient to enable him to visit New-York. The family that first gave him a start as a painter, was that of captain Danforth Clark, of Saybrook. A man, from the painter's account, as amiable as himself.

In 1811, when Wood had separated from Jarvis, Rogers came to New-York and found him established, and full of employment, in Broadway. Rogers was received by Wood and instructed in his art. For his instructor he ever retained a strong attachment, and in the days of his adversity, proved a friend to him and his children. This the virtue and prudence of Rogers enabled him to do bountifully.

Mr. Rogers' father was long an unbeliever in the *profitability* of the choice his son had made of a profession; but Nathaniel now set up for himself, and found increasing employment; and by way of proving to the old man that he was doing well, he sent a handsome sum in bank-notes to him, to remove his doubts, and dissipate his anxiety. This was a

proud moment for the young painter, when he could ask his father to invest his money as he saw proper, for his future benefit. Wood removed to Philadelphia, and left the field open to Rogers, who, from that time to this, has continued prosperously to maintain a large family honourably, educate his children to his wish, and accumulate property.

Mr. Rogers' first opportunity of deriving profit from painting when in New-York, was by Wood's employing him to work in the subordinate parts of his pictures ; which, after Rogers had been with him one year, he liberally paid for. His independent establishment was in 1811. He married in 1818 to Caroline Matilda, the daughter of captain Samuel Denison, of Sag Harbour ; and they have a family of five children. Brown the miniature painter, whom I have call *mysterious Brown*, was of great service to Mr. Rogers, for he could teach him much. They reciprocally served each the other ; for when Brown found his sight fail, he made use of Rogers' young eyes, and repaid him by instruction.

Mr. Rogers possessed a good constitution, but from his close application to his sedentary occupation, his health declined, and in 1825 he was near falling a victim to the demon who had destroyed Malbone : but by hard riding, and relaxing from business, he was happier than his amiable predecessor ; and has long been restored to health. For twenty-three years he has painted in New-York, and there alone. He now is independent, and contemplates relinquishing painting as a profession, though he never can as an amusement. He is a member of the National Academy of Design, and of several of our charitable and moral institutions. As a trustee of our public schools, he has devoted a large portion of his time to those foundations of our republican happiness. The life, conduct, and prosperity of this gentleman, are lessons for our younger artists.

MYSTERIOUS BROWN—1812.

This gentleman was an Englishman, and had been thoroughly instructed in drawing with chalks and in miniature painting, as accomplishments. He came to America at the age of fifty, and by the elegance of his female portraits attracted and deserved employment. He was an amiable man, of genteel manners ; but in literature or any portion of knowledge beyond the chit-chat of the moment, he was ludicrously deficient. He resided in New-York about twelve years, and then returned home. I am convinced that Brown was an assumed name. He was always poor and always well dressed. He

would market for himself and cook for himself, sleeping and painting, and eating in the same room. With half his skill as a painter another man would have accumulated a fortune in this country; but he was *shiftless* and imprudent, constantly in debt for paltry sums, and haunted by the image of an imaginary catch-pole. There was no quackery about him: he readily communicated his professional knowledge, and Mr. N. Rogers received much information from him, which he repaid by assisting him in various ways. He was as ignorant of the ways of the world as he was of history, mythology, or geography, and with superior talents as an artist, and an amiable disposition, lived in obscurity and returned poor to his family connexions in England, from whom he had been hidden for years under the name of Brown. He practised Sir Joshua Reynolds's method of using the ideas of others in the composition of his pictures, and kept carefully in his trunk a collection of prints, as assistants. He was not singular in this practice, which by inducing the student to rely on others, prevents that observation of nature, which can alone lead to perfection.

ABEL BOWEN, C. DE BEET, J. BOYD, EXILIUS—1812.

Mr. Bowen is an engraver on wood settled in Boston. He is said to be a gentleman of talent and a skilful artist. He was the instructor of Alonzo Hartwell in this art.

Cornelius De Beet painted landscapes in Baltimore in 1812, and likewise fruit and flower pieces.

J. Boyd was an engraver in Philadelphia in 1812.

J. G. Exilius exhibited landscapes in Philadelphia in 1812.

CHARLES B. LAWRENCE—1812.

This gentleman was born near Bordentown, New-Jersey, and the indications he made of talent induced Judge Hopkinson to encourage his efforts. Rembrandt Peale has mentioned him as a pupil of his. He is said to have studied with Stuart, who said that Charles always had the start of him whenever he suggested any thing. For example, when Stuart, who was instructing him in portrait painting, would say he thought some light or shade or touch was necessary, the pupil would reply, "I was just going to do so." "You had better glaze down that spot." "I was just thinking of it." Stuart wishing to put an end to this, told him that he reminded him of the servant of a nobleman who, when asked why this, or that, was not done, would always reply that he was going to do it,

or thinking of it, until the master thought to stop this by ridicule, and said, "John, why the devil don't you *wash my books?*" "Just going to do it, my lord," said John, "I have got the water heating for the purpose."

Charles took the hint, and no longer teased the painter with "just going to do it."

I remember several of Mr. Lawrence's landscapes without merit, and a portrait in the Pennsylvania Academy that Mr. Thackara, the keeper, told me was much admired. It was smooth, hard, and destitute of any good quality. Mr. Lawrence wisely relinquished painting, and has found employment in private life, where he is said to be very estimable.

PETER HENRI AND THOS. GIMBREDE—1812.

Both by birth Frenchmen, and both at one period in their lives miniature painters. Henri painted in Richmond, Virginia, and afterwards in Philadelphia; his skill does not entitle him to notice: the same may be said of Gimbredé, but his indefatigable fund of animal spirits and his unwearied exertions made him a more conspicuous object. I have been told that he was first known in New-York as a dancing-master. I first knew him as a miniature painter without employment. He then tried engraving, and did some work for publishers of books, and had a work-shop of some extent and several apprentices. The prints he has published from drawings by himself show his utter want of skill or knowledge in the art, yet he was appointed teacher of drawing to the Military Academy at West Point. In this situation he continued until his death in December 1833.

It must have required uncommon talents, or what is called cleverness, to teach that which he did not know: but by placing before the pupils approved models and making himself acceptable, *he got on*. It adds to his celebrity, that the government, on his death, invited one of the best artists in existence to supply his place—no, not to supply his place, but to fill a situation to which he had proved incompetent. How he obtained the appointment which Leslie occupied and Weir now fills, is one of the mysteries never to be explained. He was an enthusiast in animal magnetism, and is said to have suffered from it.

L. WHITE AND WM. R. JONES—1812.

Both Americans, and both practised in Philadelphia. White was a pupil of Birch's. He copied very well and attained to

the painting of a tolerable portrait—but tolerable will not do in an egg or a picture. He became enamoured with the stage, but there again tolerable is not sufficient; he then turned his attention to teaching elocution, and has attained standing and reputation. Mr. Jones pursues another path, and is a designer for and engraver of bank-notes. This is inevitably a money-making business.

WILLIAM JEWETT—1812.

This excellent artist and good man has long been so intimately associated with his friend Waldo, that he will be scarcely known alone—Waldo and Jewett have become one appellation—but William Jewett can stand alone both as a citizen and an artist. He sprung, like many other of our artists, from the honourable class of American yeomanry, but was deprived of his father at a very early age; and his mother with her infant children were received into the family of his father's father, where as soon as possible he was inured to the habits, hardships, and labours of an agricultural life. He was born in the town of East Haddam, Connecticut, February 14th, but in what year my informant is ignorant, I presume it was about 1795.

William worked on his grandfather's farm, sighing for the time when he might he *put out* to learn a trade, and the time came, *in good time*. His mother (oh, how much are we all indebted to our mothers!) taught him the lessons which are usually taught at country schools, and the lessons of morality and religion which have guided him through life.

At the age of sixteen, Jewett was placed with a relative, who was a coach-maker at New-London, and there for more than two years his employment was preparing paints and assisting in colouring carriages. Mr. Jewett has from nature an eye for colours, and as a boy he was delighted with the bright; and the occupation he was engaged in awakened a desire to do more with such pleasing materials than he had then an opportunity of essaying. He was a most useful assistant to the coach-maker, who treated him well, but as it proved shortly after, from selfish motives.

Mr. Waldo came to New-London and painted several portraits. This was the first opportunity Jewett had had of seeing any painting of this kind, and he became dissatisfied with daubing carriages. In order to obtain more easy and frequent admittance to the sight of these wonders of art, Jewett offered to grind colours for the painter, who gladly accepted the offer. Thus commenced the connection of Waldo and Jewett.

About this time the future artist made his first attempt at painting a head, which, as is always the case, was much admired by the ignorant, however great a prodigy of deformity. Mr. Waldo, well pleased with his colour-grinder, invited him to accompany him to his place of permanent residence, New-York; and offered to take him into his family, instruct him, and give him a small salary for his assistance, sufficient to find him in clothing. This offer was made for the term of three years. Gladly Jewett accepted the friendly invitation; but the coach-maker interposed his veto, and although the youth was not bound to him, forbade the bans, on pain of severe punishment. The ship and packet masters were forbidden to take the youth off; but he knew that no just claims existed to hold him, and determined to pursue the path that had been opened to him. He dispatched his books and other articles that might encumber an elopement, by a vessel to New-York, and resolved to make his way on foot to the great city. The coach-maker seeing that he probably would lose his servant, thought best to offer him his liberty, provided he gave his note payable with interest for the sum at which he valued his time of service. Jewett agreed, and faithfully in seven years paid the bond. Borrowing two dollars to pay his passage in the steerage of a ship for New-York, and gaining credit for a "seven dollar coat," with a joyful heart, at the happy age of eighteen, the youth left all behind him that appeared cloudy in life, and looked forward to a world of brightness, beauty and roses. But the adventurer was aware that "evil communications corrupt good manners," and that temptations lay in his way, and he formed a few rules for his conduct which he religiously followed, when he entered amidst the vice and evil examples with which all large towns abound. The first was, not to profane the sabbath, and to attend worship at least once on that day. Secondly, to read every day at least twenty verses in the bible. Thirdly, to avoid all bad or questionable company. And lastly, to honour and faithfully serve his new master.

Mr. Jewett has said, "finding my home pleasant and my situation altogether agreeable, I had no inclination to change it for eighteen years." He studied drawing and passed much of his time at the receptacle of the antique casts, which were then deposited at the custom-house near the Bowling-green. After three years study in drawing he began to paint, making copies and paying great attention to colouring, and during another three, he assisted his instructor and improved himself by reading and other study. Painting from nature followed, and gave him still greater delight; his love for the art in-

creasing with his practice of it. He has said, that "the whole excellence of the art" at this time appeared to him to consist "in a bold and judicious opposition of light and shade, and a free light manner of handling the colour."

About this time, Jewett and his friend Waldo passed some months painting landscapes in the open air and fields, near the banks of the Hudson, with much pleasure as men and profit as artists. After being with Waldo ten years, he was offered a joint interest in his business of portrait painting, if he would devote himself entirely to that department of art, he accepted the offer, and the partnership of Waldo and Jewett has continued prosperously from that time to this.

With the practice of portrait painting grew the love of it, and a corresponding improvement. Mr. Jewett is altogether an American painter, and seems to have considered the study of nature at home of more use to him as an artist than the study of old pictures abroad. On this subject others may differ. When I look at the works of some of our painters, and without meaning disrespect to others, I would instance those of William Sidney Mount, I am inclined to the same opinion, and it is strengthened when I contemplate the pictures of some travelled artists; but when I see those of Sully, Morse, Weir, Leslie, Allston and many others, I wish that after the proper course of study and at a proper age, our artists may visit the schools and study the wonders of European art.

That several of our artists have already rivalled those of modern Europe in painting and engraving, is acknowledged: and I do not see any impediment to that progressive improvement, which shall in time place all our arts of design upon an equality at least with those of the best days of Greece and Italy.

THROOP AND AMES—1812.

Of *Mr. Throop* I only know that he practised engraving on copper in Boston, and was a teacher of Alonzo Hartwell, who afterwards preferred wood engraving.

Mr. Ames was a coach painter in Albany; but attempting portraiture, so far succeeded, that, in 1812, his portrait of Governor George Clinton was exhibited, much to the painter's credit, in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. He, for many years, painted the portraits of most of the western members of the legislature, and of many others: and I have reason to believe, that in old age he enjoys the blessing of competency, derived from his enterprise and industry. He has a son who paints miniatures.

JOHN RUBENS SMITH. T. PEALE—1812.

The first mentioned person is an Englishman, and the son of an English artist, who educated him for his profession. He painted portraits in water colours, in New-York, in 1812, (perhaps a little earlier) no way distinguished for their merit. I remember his attempting to copy one of Sully's portraits in oil, under his instructions, but it was a lamentable failure.

He removed to Boston and opened a drawing school, for which he was in many respects well qualified; but his manners, and utter want of every feeling necessary for society, rendered his residence there of short duration. He returned to New-York, and was a successful teacher of drawing. He likewise occasionally designed, and both etched and scraped in mezzotinto. His design and etching of George Frederick Cooke's monument, erected by Kean to the memory of his predecessor, in St. Paul's churchyard, New-York, with the figures of Kean and Dr. Francis, had some notoriety at the time, and more in England since Kean's death. He removed to Philadelphia, and, I believe, continues there, a successful teacher of drawing.

Titian Peale was born in Pennsylvania; the son of Charles Wilson Peale, a naturalist and draughtsman. He executed the drawings of the birds for the first volume of Chas. Lucien Bonaparte's *American Ornithology*, and part of those of the fourth volume.

THOS. BIRCH—1812.

This artist is the son of William Birch, the enamel painter above mentioned, and was brought to this country in 1794, when he was seven years of age. Like many others of our subjects, he is English by birth, but an American artist. He could from infancy (to use his own expression) "sketch a little." He of course had his father for an instructor: but, as he advanced in life and art, he preferred the instruction of nature, and studied on the banks of the Schuylkill, his father's place of residence being Philadelphia. He had for his companions, in sketching the beautiful scenes near the river, John Wesley Jarvis, Samuel Seymour, and sometimes Thomas Sully; but that could only have been after 1805, and when Birch was approaching manhood.

Mr. Birch is a good landscape painter, and a very fine painter of marine pieces. He has exhibited, at the gallery of the National Academy, Clinton-hall, New-York, many masterpieces in this branch of painting. Engravings from Vernet's

Seaports, and other marine subjects, first kindled in him the love of similar subjects. His first regular essays in this department were made at the commencement of the late war between his adopted and his native country. England was known as *his* country, but he felt as an American. The triumphs of the "bit of striped bunting" kindled his enthusiasm, and the desperate fights which could lower the flag and the pride of the boasted mistress of the ocean, were his chosen subjects.

His first picture of this description, painted to order, was the "Engagement of the Constitution and the Guerriere," for Mr. James Webster, a publisher, of Philadelphia. The next was the "Wasp and Frolic," for Nicholas Biddle, the present president of the United States Bank. The battles of the frigate United States with the Macedonian—those which resulted in Perry's victory on Lake Erie, and Mc Donough's on Lake Champlain, with a succession of similar subjects—furnished employment to his pencil in the path he had chosen, and in which he stands unrivalled in our country.

STEIN—1812.

A portrait painter of this name was born in Washington, Virginia, but principally exercised his professional skill beyond the Alleghanies. He is said to have had talent.

In 1820 he painted portraits in Steubenville; and the sight of his work, and his manner of working, kindled that latent spark in the mind of Thos. Cole, which has since burst into flame, and thrown a glow over the wilds of America and the plains of Italy. Mr. Stein died a young man.

PENNYMAN—1812.

This is the name of an ornamental painter, who flourished in Boston about this time and after. He had more talent and skill than many who aspire to higher branches of the art. If he had had that education, or those feelings, which would have led him to aspire to the character and conduct of a gentleman, he would have been a good artist and a respectable citizen; but he became a drunkard, and died despised or lamented, according to the feelings of those who were acquainted with his talents and his conduct. He had the honour of being the first teacher of Alvan Fisher.

CHARLES B. KING—1812.

This gentleman was born at Newport, Rhode Island, in the year 1785. What circumstances in early life led to the choice

of painting as a profession I know not, but may presume the inclination to imitate pictures and the objects by which we are surrounded, led him (as we find in every instance of boys who have become painters or engravers) to mar his copy and ciphering books, and after a time to copy some print which elicited the admiration of admiring ignorance, and roused the ambition of the youth to become another West or Raphael. When I wrote my *History of the American Theatre*, I remarked that all my heroes, future Alexanders, Othellos, Richards, and Henries, began the career of glory by running away—not from the enemy, but their friends. The heroes of the palette and maul-stick are equally uniform in their commencement, which is almost always as above supposed for Mr. King.

His first instructor was Edward Savage, who had a mingled establishment, half painting gallery, half museum, from 1788 onwards, in New-York. John Crawley was a fellow-student with King, and John W. Jarvis had preceded them and set up for himself. I must date Mr. King's sojourn with Savage at about 1800 and on to 1805. I am obliged to guess, as he refuses to satisfy my curiosity by giving me any information. In 1805 he found his way to London, and remained in that city a most assiduous student for near seven years, enjoying the benefit of the academy and the instruction of the benevolent West. In 1809 Mr. Sully found King in the above situation, and they became room-mates and fast friends from that time to this. In 1811, when Charles R. Leslie went to London, he there found King, and acknowledges his obligations to his friendship.

The reader of this work will find in the biography of Thomas Sully many particulars relative to his friend C. B. King. Sully says of him, "I found him, as a fellow student, the most industrious person I ever met with. He limited his hours of sleep to four—was jealous of the least loss of time—his meals were dispatched in haste, even then (while eating) he read some instructive book. By this unremitting assiduity he has amassed a fund of useful knowledge." I presume that it is his industry in painting that has served him instead of genius, in which nature has stunted him. It appears that all he has acquired has been by very hard study; and Mr. King is an example of a man of very moderate genius who has acquired much in his profession, and commanded that employment which has made him independent in his circumstances, and an object of attention in society.

In the communication from which I have made the above extract, Mr. Sully continues thus: "He has much mechanical skill, and good taste in architecture. As a man, he is one of

the purest in morals and principle. Steady in his friendship, and tenderly affectionate. I have known him receive many injuries, but never knew him to resent one—generally returning good for evil when he had the opportunity: in short, without professing to belong to any *particular* set of christians, he is the best practical christian I ever was acquainted with.”

Mr. King, as I have said, returned from England in 1812, and I remember with pleasure the picture of the girls and the cat which he brought with him, painted when he and Sully were together in London. He set up his esel in Philadelphia, but did not succeed to his wish, and removed to Washington City in the year 1816. Sully says, “He began the world at Washington with little other materials than his palette, pencils and books; and he has now amassed a secure independence—that is, with his moderate wants.”

King has remained a bachelor. He built a house at Washington, and a good picture gallery. In his gallery he has exhibited several of my pictures, and his conduct has not only been honourable but friendly. In 1824 I visited Washington and found Mr. King full of business and a great favourite, assiduously employed in his painting room through the day, and in the evening attending the soirees, parties, and balls of the ambassadors, secretaries of the cabinet, president or other representatives and servants of the people, and justly esteemed every where.

He has contrived several mechanical machines for facilitating the labour of artists. He uses a slender rod of wire about a foot long, to ascertain the proportions of his picture, compared with the original. It is gauged with white paint, about an inch from the top, which is held upright at such distance from the subject as to effect one division—the face of a sitter for example. If the proportion of the arm to the face is wanted, hold it in the same position and place the nail of the thumb in the corresponding place of intersection of the arm on the rod. By applying this guage to the picture you may correct the proportions. But all mechanical aids are mischievous. The artist should depend alone on his eye.

Mr. King is ever ready to impart instruction. Mr. George Cook acknowledges with pleasure and gratitude that he was his first instructor, giving him precept and example without fee or reward.

In person and manners Mr. King is prepossessing. He has not the polish of a court, neither has he the duplicity of a courtier. A frankness and naiveté have attended him through life, seldom found in men who have mingled so much in society.

DOWSE—WILLIAMS—D. A. VOLOZON—1813.

Mr. Dowse is not an artist, but has encouraged the progress of art in America. He is the proprietor of a large number of drawings, and a still greater number of prints, coloured and uncoloured; fifty-two paintings in water-colours, invaluable for their correctness and beauty, and for the truth with which they represent the style, the composition, the drawing, and the colouring of those masters, whose works we rarely see on this side of the Atlantic.

Williams painted both in oil and miniature, at this period in Boston. He was likewise a professor of electricity; and in addition modelled in wax. He was a small, short, self-sufficient man; very dirty, and very forward and patronizing in his manner.

D. A. Volozon was a French artist, who painted for some years in Philadelphia, principally in crayons. His exhibited portraits are said to be indicative of patience and industry, as well as classical knowledge of his art. He likewise taught drawing, and was the early instructor of Mr. Paradise.

G. M. MILLER—T. BISHOP—J. PEALE jun.—1813.

Miller was by birth a Scotchman. He would have been an artist of eminence, if he could have made bread enough to support himself and wife, by the profession of modelling. But he came to us before the time when merit could be appreciated, or the pretender known from the artist. His busts of C. W. Peale, Bishop White, Commodore Bainbridge, and Mrs. Jerome Bonaparte, are proofs of his talents. By these talents as an artist he could not live, and from necessity turned gold-beater. He died in the year 1818.

Bishop painted miniatures in Philadelphia. A lady of this name has exhibited some modelling in wax, probably the widow of Thomas Bishop, and sister-in-law to Miller, above mentioned.

James Peale, jun. painted and exhibited sea pieces in Philadelphia; probably the son of James Peale, and nephew of Charles Wilson Peale.

CHAPTER XIX.

Alvan Fisher—his letter—my recollection of his paintings and knowledge of his amiable character.—Lucius Munson.—John Frazee—his early struggles—apprenticed to a mason—tries stone-cutting—love of music—removal to New-York—first model—first bust in marble—great present success and employment.

ALVAN FISHER—1814.

THE following extract from a letter written by this excellent artist and estimable man, in answer to my request for information respecting his career, is so honourable to him, that I publish it, rather than give its contents in my own words :

“ I was born on the 9th of August 1792, in the town of Needham, county of Norfolk, state of Massachusetts. While young, I left that town for Dedham, where my connexions have resided, and some continue to reside to this day, therefore, I have always hailed from Dedham. Until past eighteen years of age I was engaged in a country store; and greatly against the wishes of my friends, (who intended that I should go into a mercantile counting-room in this place,) determined to be a painter—a fondness for which business the account books of the store in which I was engaged could most abundantly prove, could they be found: they probably would somewhat resemble the old illuminated manuscripts. In consequence of this determination to be an artist, I was placed with a Mr. Pennyman, who was an excellent ornamental painter, with him I remained upwards of two years. From him I acquired a style which required years to shake off—I mean a mechanical ornamental touch, and manner of colouring. In 1814 I commenced *being* artist, by painting portraits at a cheap rate. This I pursued until 1815. I then began painting a species of pictures which had not been practised much, if any, in this country, viz: barn-yard scenes and scenes belonging to rural life, winter pieces, portraits of animals, &c. This species of painting being novel in this part of the country, I found it a more lucrative, pleasant and distinguishing branch of the art than portrait painting, which I then pursued. I continued this course until 1819–20, when I gradually resumed portrait painting, which I have practised more or less to this time, so that at present my principal business is portraiture. It is seldom that I am without orders for painting other than portraits. April 1825 I visited Europe. During my absence I

travelled in England, France, Switzerland and Italy, visiting all that an artist usually visits. My journey in Switzerland was made on foot, the only way a traveller can see that picturesque country. In Paris I studied drawing at a private life academy, and made copies from the old masters in the gallery of the Louvre. Previous to my going abroad I travelled and painted in many parts of this country; since my return I have made Boston my home, and generally resided there, and am, I suppose, permanently fixed there for life. I believe, sir, that you have not seen a class of my paintings, such for example as the "Escape of Sargeant Champ," "Mr. Dustin saving children from the savages," "The Freshet," "Lost Boy," &c. As these paintings and many of the like character were painted to order for gentlemen in this city, it is this class of pictures which have been as advantageous as any other to my reputation as an artist.

"I do not know that I have communicated any thing which can interest the public; my life has been without striking incidents; it has been what I apprehend to have been the life of most of the American artists, a life of toil, seeking the realization of a dream—of hope and disappointment—of cloud and sunshine, so that it is difficult, perhaps, to say whether I was wise or foolish in choosing a profession."

I have seen many of Mr. Fisher's early works in scenes belonging to rural life—cattle and landscapes; and remember them as promising that excellence to which I doubt not that his pencil has attained. He opened an exhibition in Boston last year (1833) in conjunction with Messrs. Doughty, Harding & Alexander, which I understand has added to the reputation of all concerned, and given ample remuneration for their labour. Mr. Fisher's uniform conduct through life has evinced an amiable disposition and perfect moral worth.

LUCIUS MUNSON—1815.

This ingenious and lamented young gentleman was born at New-Haven, Connecticut, in 1796. Always attached to drawing and painting, he had, however, as he approached manhood, determined to become an agriculturist, and was about purchasing a farm, but a friend, himself a good artist, encouraged him to follow the bent of his inclination and become a painter. He accordingly devoted himself to the study of drawing and painting. I remember him assiduously drawing in New-York in 1817 and 18.

He had commenced as a professional portrait painter in New-Haven in 1815. In 1820 he visited South Carolina,

professionally, and the next year sailed for Bermuda. His mind was bent on visiting Europe, and he painted incessantly for the purpose of accumulating the means necessary to a residence in London, and travelling on the Continent. From Bermuda he went to Turks' Island—took sick and died, I believe in 1822. An amiable man and promising artist cut off in the springtide of his hopes.

JOHN FRAZEE—1815.

The struggles of an individual, who appears to have every circumstance that attends his situation, from the earliest childhood, opposed to his well being, but who ultimately places himself in the rank of those honoured for genius and for moral conduct, must be looked upon with admiration by all; and such a one is raised, in my opinion, above the favourite of fortune, who attains equal eminence in the scale of society.

The ancestors of John Frazee were emigrants from Scotland, and landed at Perth Amboy among the early settlers of that place. The family name was Frazer, and was changed to Frazee by the grandfather of John. Our subject was born on the 18th of July, 1790, in the upper village of Rahway. His mother's name was Brookfield, and he was her tenth child. Shortly after his birth she was deserted by an unworthy husband, and left to struggle with the ills of poverty.

At the age of five John was taken to the protection of his grandmother, Brookfield, whose character was similar to that of her daughter; and from these worthy women the child derived the basis of his moral and religious education. The boy was the household drudge, as well as the out-door labourer, but cheerfully assisted his aged relatives; even milking the cow, churning, and working for his grandmother, and doing the field-work. Neither the school-boy instruction nor the school-boy sport, fell in due degree to John; and his principal amusement, when not at work, was to cut the forms of familiar objects out of boards or shingles, and to chalk figures upon the doors. His reward for these efforts was, to have his ears boxed, and the prediction that he would be a *limner*.

John was removed from his grandmother, and placed with a farmer of the name of De Camp, whose character and conduct were of the most deplorable kind. The boy remained in this habitation of vice, a slave to a brutal family, for two years. He had eluded the propositions made to bind him to De Camp, and escaped from this bondage at the age of thir-

teen, to his mother and grand-parents, who joyfully received and protected him.

He was now strong enough to manage and work the little farm of old Brookfield, and his mother procured him the advantage of a little more schooling. Circumstances, however, removed him from the occupation of an agriculturist, and he was bound apprentice to a country bricklayer, of the name of Lawrence.

Another trial awaited young Frazee. The bricklayer took out a licence for tavern-keeping; and John, in addition to working on the farm, and laying bricks, had to become a tavern waiter. In the winter, when sleighing parties were frequent, many a night was passed in attending upon and supplying the reveller and the drunkard. But even here, with every temptation and example around him, the precepts of his mother and her mother preserved him. Besides, he had seen the evils of intemperance and gambling; and, at an early age, he resolved to eschew those vices, and kept his resolve firmly.

Sundays were his own, and he devoted them to teaching himself penmanship, and attempting to draw with his pen.

So far Frazee had proceeded in life's career without a knowledge of the instrument which was destined to open a brighter career for him—the chisel: but in the summer of 1808, Lawrence having contracted to build a bridge over Rahway river at Bridgetown, was ambitious enough to wish his name chiseled in a neat tablet of stone, with the date of the year the work was finished. Upwards of forty men were employed on the bridge, two or three of whom were stonecutters from New-York, but none would undertake to immortalize the bridge builder. John asked permission to try his hand with the chisel, and the master consenting, he prepared the tablet and engraved on it, "Built by William Lawrence, A. D. 1808." This was the first work with the chisel by the future sculptor. He was now eighteen years of age, active, strong and vigorous, and acknowledged as a skilful workman. From this period the chisel and mallet appeared to him the tools of his choice, and he aimed at becoming a stonecutter instead of a bricklayer.

Even before he was "out of his time" as an apprentice to the bricklayer, he was called upon to exercise his skill as a stonecutter upon a building his master was employed to erect for Peter De Wint Smith, near Haverstraw on the Hudson. He had acquired confidence in his skill, and having offered to undertake the ornamental stone-work of the building, his ambi-

tion was encouraged by Mr. Smith, and he succeeded to the satisfaction of all parties. I feel a pleasure in pointing out the first monuments of Frazee's progress towards the art he now excels in, and would willingly make a journey to see the tablet of Rahway bridge, and the ornamental work on the house at Haverstraw. I admire the energy of the youth who could thus rise above the depressing circumstances of his early condition; and I see a lesson to all in the manner his efforts were seconded, and his moral character preserved and improved.

At this time Frazee felt the want of early instruction. Reading, writing, and the first rules of arithmetic were the whole of his learning. As he mingled in society, he felt his deficiencies. But yet he had to look for bread—notwithstanding which he pursued his study of arithmetic, and by the aid of Mr. Wilson of Fairfield, Connecticut, improved himself in useful knowledge. To this friend Mr. Frazee remains unalterably attached. The first years of his freedom passed in bricklaying in summer, making headstones in winter, and in the evenings teaching psalmody.

In the summer of 1813, Mr. Frazee married Jane, the daughter of Garret Probasco of Spotswood, in his native state. For this partner he had prepared a home by purchasing a small house in Rahway, and adding to it a workshop for his business of stone-cutting. In 1814 he entered into partnership with a former fellow-apprentice, and they established themselves as stonecutters at New Brunswick.

At what time Mr. Frazee made his way to New-York, my guide has left me uninformed. I remember him in partnership with his brother in Broadway as a stonecutter. What induced him to attempt modelling the human figure I know not. Mr. Durand tells me that his first attempt was to copy the bust of Franklin. He found himself in the path intended for him, and soon modelled a figure of one of his children eating a pie. I remember the admiration I felt (when in one of our exhibitions of the National Academy, of which he became a student and a member,) at seeing a bust of his mother, modelled by him. I am told that as early as 1817 he executed a design representing fruit and flowers, even when he resided in Brunswick, New Jersey.

The first bust Mr. Frazee chiseled in marble was that of John Wells, Esq., 1824; this is in Grace church, New-York. It was executed from imperfect profiles, after his death. From this beginning he has progressed to a perfection which leaves him without a rival at present in the country. The bust of

Mr. Wells was, as I believe, the first portrait in marble attempted in the United States.

At present Mr. Frazee is full of employment. He has executed (having been commissioned to proceed to Richmond, Virginia, for the purpose) a bust of Chief Justice Marshall. I have seen with admiration his bust of Daniel Webster, and with more that of Dr. Bowditch: both chiseled in marble with skill and taste. He has also recently executed, with great fidelity, a bust of N. Prime, Esq. of New-York. He has seven busts engaged for the Athenæum in Boston, to which city he has recently been to model the likenesses.

CHAPTER XX.

W. E. West---His picture of Lord Byron---Leslie's opinion of him---His portrait of William Beach Lawrence, Esq.---Charles Cromwell Ingham---His education in Dublin---comes to America---great merit in oil and miniature---great success ---George Munson---Hugh Bridport---Nelson---William James Bennett.

WILLIAM E. WEST—1815.

THIS gentleman is one of those able artists who do honour to our country, and raise its reputation for talent and virtue in Europe; yet I have very imperfect information respecting him.

I suppose him to be the son of William West, the son of the rector of St. Paul's, Baltimore, who went to England and studied painting with B. West in 1789. My obliging and much-valued correspondent, J. R. Lambdin, Esq. upon whom full reliance can be placed, says, that "the father of Wm. E. West resided in Lexington, Kentucky, and was a man of uncommon mechanical talents." Of the son he says, "I know little of the early life of West: he painted miniatures several years before going to Philadelphia, where he studied with Sully," the friend and refuge of all who applied to him. "He practised several years at Natchez, where are many of his best pictures; (meaning, of course, of that time). His great patron, and the person who was instrumental in sending him to Europe, was the late Mr. Evans, of that city." He left the United States in 1822; and shortly after gained considerable notoriety by his portrait of Lord Byron, painted at Leghorn. He is now (1833) in London."

In a letter to me, C. R. Leslie, Esq. says, "We have ano-

ther countryman in England, Mr. W. E. West, who is probably known to you by the engravings from his portraits of Lord Byron and the Countess Guiccioli. In Moore's *Life of Byron* you will find a very interesting account of the poet, while sitting for his picture, written by Mr. West.

Moore says, "He sat for his picture to Mr. West, an American artist, who has himself given the following account.

"On the day of appointment, I arrived at two o'clock, and began the picture. I found him a bad sitter. He talked all the time, and asked a multitude of questions about America—how I liked Italy; what I thought of the Italians, &c.—When he was silent he was a better sitter than before; for he assumed a countenance that did not belong to him, as if he was sitting for a frontispiece to *Childe Harold*." How he could be a better sitter on this account I know not: perhaps the little word "*not*" has been omitted in Harper's edition. "In about an hour our first sitting terminated; and I returned to Leghorn, scarcely able to persuade myself that this was the haughty misanthrope whose character was always enveloped in gloom and mystery—for I do not ever remember to have met with manners more gentle and attractive. The next day I returned, and had another sitting of an hour; during which he seemed anxious to know what I should make of my undertaking.

"While I was painting, the window from which I received my light was suddenly darkened, and I heard a voice exclaim, *E troppo bello!** I turned and discovered a beautiful female stooping down to look in, the ground on the outside being on a level with the bottom of the window." This was Byron's mistress, the Countess Guiccioli. The painter being introduced to her, and the noble lord appearing very fond of her, he became "a much better sitter."

"The next day," proceeds the painter, "I was pleased to find the progress I had made in his likeness had given satisfaction: for when we were alone he said, he had a particular favour to request of me—would I grant it? I said I should be happy to oblige him; and he enjoined me to the flattering task of painting the Countess Guiccioli's portrait for him."

* As I copy this from Harpers' edition of Moore's *Life of Byron*, which has, for a frontispiece, an American engraving, marked as from a painting by Wm. E. West, I look in vain for the beauty attributed to the sitter or to the picture—It would be better for the Harpers to save the expense of their *decorations*, for they only deform their publications and do injustice to American art. I protest against such specimens as this of West's Byron, the portrait of Benjamin West, in Cunningham's Works; that of Mrs. Siddons, and many others. Our arts are not in so low a state as these paltry things would lead us to suppose.

This the painter did, and the noble lord told him the history of his "connexion with her."

This appears to me very much like "much ado about nothing," and I will spare my readers any more of the painter's account of this worthy pair. Leslie says :

"Mr. West is a modest man. His best pictures are from 'the Pride of the Village,' and 'Annette de l'Arbre.' The pathos and natural expression of the last attracted the admiration of Mr. Stothard and Mr. Rogers, two men whose good opinion is well worth having. His pictures have a merit not the most common in the art. The principal figures *are much the best*. Mr. West spent some years in Italy. If you meet with Washington Irving you will be able to obtain much more information than I can give you about him : Irving and he were very intimate."

Such is the testimony of C. R. Leslie : it is fully confirmed by Mr. Irving. West experienced some disappointment in respect to selling this portrait of Byron ; which he brought to London, thinking no price could be too high for John Bull to give for the acknowledgedly best likeness of the popular poet. He refused a very liberal offer, (I am afraid to say how much) and the public feeling fell and the value of Byron's head with it. I have seen but one of Mr. W. E. West's pictures, which is the portrait of William Beach Lawrence, Esq. late our *chargés des affaires* at the court of St. James's, London. This is a well painted portrait, and very fine likeness of the original.

CHARLES CROMWELL INGHAM—1816.

Charles Cromwell Ingham was born in Dublin in the year 1796. Descended from a gentleman who came to Ireland as an officer in Cromwell's army, the great protector's name has been given regularly to one of the family of Ingham, until it reached our painter. We have seen that Gilbert Stuart's father had, in his veneration for the exiled Stuarts, who, by their bigotry, vice, and tyranny, had been driven from the throne of Great Britain, given to Gilbert the additional name of Charles, which the painter dropped on arriving at the years of maturity : so our young Irishman, feeling indignant at old Noll's usurpation of kingly power and abandonment of democracy, dropped the name of Cromwell since coming to man's estate ; but hesitates even now as to abandoning an appellation which is associated with so many and so great virtues.

Every artist remembers his juvenile propensity to deform every substance placed before him by the evidences of his imitative genius and love of the beautiful. Every form, na-

tural, artificial, or fanciful, is subjected to the growing desire of rivalling the works of nature and of art, and of fixing the evanescent, or even the imaginary, so as to be subjected to the physical eye. Ingham has said, in conversation, that his first attention to pictures originated in being himself, when a child in petticoats, made the subject for a painter's skill, and placed upon a pile of big books on a chair, to raise him to a level with the artist's eye, who had undertaken to portray him, as well as all the taller personages of the family. From that time he remembers the pleasure he took in examining the portraits at his grandfather's house, and particularly the sparkling gold lace of the old-fashioned habiliments and glittering splendour of the buttons; and soon the white-washed walls of the kitchen received proofs of his talents whenever he could seize on a piece of charcoal, and work unobserved by the cook.

This childish propensity to imitate persons and objects he saw attracted attention, and he was, of course, pleased with being the object of attention, and carried the proofs of his skill from the kitchen to the higher regions. Full of the animal spirits incident to his age, he was often made the object of amusement to the ladies connected with or visiting his father's family. On one occasion, full of glee and childish prattle, sitting at a table with several ladies, suddenly the door opened, and a very large woman, of remarkable appearance, entered. "Give me a pencil," cried the child; "give me a pencil, and I will make her picture." The sister of Mr. Cuming, (afterwards his teacher) was present, and she gave him a set of her brother's brushes, to encourage his propensity for painting.

The praises bestowed upon his attempts, and the progress he made, encouraged him, and induced his friends to place him, at the age of thirteen, at the Dublin Institution; where he drew for one year, and then was received as a pupil by Mr. William Cuming, the best painter of ladies' portraits ever in Dublin, and a thoroughly accomplished artist.

With Mr. Cuming young Ingham studied four years. Of his teacher he uniformly speaks as being an excellent artist, a liberal man, and a finished gentleman.

After "the Union," when the wealth of Ireland was drawn to England, there were but three portrait painters in Dublin, and they had not full employment. What a contrast does this afford to New-York! Of miniature painters there were more and several painters of water-coloured views, but they relied principally upon teaching.

The young pupil of Cuming received a premium for a composition in oil colours, representing the "Death of Cleopatra," which, as I have seen, I can speak of as a wonderful specimen of skill, considered as the production of a boy.

Mr. Ingham came to New-York with his father's family in 1816, and his Cleopatra was exhibited at the gallery of the American Academy of the Fine Arts, at the first exhibition got up by that institution. The young painter was at that time twenty years of age, but with the appearance of sixteen. He soon attracted attention, and was established as a portrait painter; and has continued to paint in this city, from the time of his arrival to this day, with constant employment and uniform improvement. He has exercised his art generally in oil, but has occasionally painted miniatures in water colours, on ivory, with a truth of drawing, beauty of colouring, and exquisite finish, only rived by the best and first in the country. He never painted in that style, or with those materials, until he came to New-York. His last miniature, (and he says it *shall be his last*) a lady, half-length, will bear competition with any in that branch of the art, in all the qualities for which miniatures are valued.

The peculiar style of oil painting which this artist has adopted is (as it respects this country) emphatically his own. It may be designated as the style of exquisite finishing. His process is successive glazings; and he produces a transparency, richness, and harmony of colouring rarely seen in any country. It is my opinion, that no living artist can rival him in this mode of painting. His high finish, added to his knowledge of the more essential parts of his art, has made him principally the ladies' portrait painter.

This style is liable, when unskilfully attempted, to fall into hardness; and, instead of flesh, to represent polished ivory. Some of Mr. Ingham's earlier pictures, after he became an American painter, have this defect. But he has persevered in what he thought a manner suited to his powers, his taste, and his eye; and the public, as well as judges of the art, have rewarded him by applause almost universal and unqualified. His skill and his taste have appeared to be in a state of uniform and progressive improvement.

Besides portraits, Mr. Ingham has produced several compositions of figures in oil, of a size less than life, almost miniature. The most prominent of this is a scene from Byron's "Don Juan. His first very attractive portrait was a young girl laughing. His White Plume gained him great applause, but it has been followed by works that throw it in the shade.

With great frankness of manner, and some of the peculiarities of his country, Mr. Ingham is a most pleasant companion, and his virtues render him an inestimable friend. He is among that large class of our present artists who are looked up to, and sought for, in the most enlightened society. He has long been an Academician of the National Academy of Design, and an efficient member of the council.

GEORGE MUNGER, H. BRIDPORT, NELSON—1816.

Mr. Munger devoted himself in early life to miniature painting. He was born at Guilford, Connecticut, in the year 1783. After arriving at years of maturity, that loathsome disease, the small-pox, left him in a state that prevented his pursuing his studies for eleven years. In 1816 he painted miniatures of extraordinary merit, as I am informed by an artist well qualified to judge, and after practising his profession eight years, he died in 1824.

Mr. Bridport was born in London 1794, and emigrated to America in 1816, residing in Philadelphia principally, but occasionally exercising his art of miniature painting in other parts of the country. He studied at the Royal Academy and afterwards with C. Wilkin, miniature painter in London.

Mr. Bridport has forwarded the arts of design by teaching drawing and water-colour painting.

Nelson painted portraits in Pittsburgh in 1816, but where he came from or where he went I know not. Chester Harding took his first lesson from studying his portraits, which entitles him to a niche in my temple of immortality, not from any merit of his own, but from that of his pupil. He painted vilely, and required payment for communicating the art he did not possess.

WILLIAM JAMES BENNETT—1816.

Mr. Bennett's first appearance on the theatre of American arts was in 1816. He was born in London in 1787, and at a suitable age enjoyed the advantages of the Royal Academy. He was a pupil of Westall's, but seems to have had a greater taste for landscapes than for the species of composition for which his master is most known.

At the age of eighteen he had an appointment connected with the medical staff of the army, and was sent with the forces which Great Britain, in 1805, transported to Egypt. This voyage opened a fine field for the draughtsman and landscape painter, and he improved the opportunity for study. He saw a portion of that country of wonders, which sacred

and profane, ancient and modern history has made so familiar to us. But Egypt is not a country to delight a landscape painter—though a country of wonders, it is not in modern days a country of beauties.

The forces amidst which the young painter was enrolled, arrived only to be too late, and the next land submitted to his pencil was Malta. History and the romance of history have shed a lustre over this rocky isle, and the views which Mr. Bennett's portfolio possesses of this frontier of christendom, when the knights of the cross resisted the mighty power of the infidel, are worthy of one who felt that he represented scenes known to fame and dear to the imagination.

After returning home, the artist, still attached to the military hospital, was sent with Sir James Craig a second time into the Mediterranean. Craig is well remembered by the writer when he was the captain of the light-infantry company of the forty-seventh; often the guest of my father, and occupying a centre room in the barracks at Perth Amboy, whose ruins mark the time when France and England fought their battles in the woods of America. Under this commander Mr. Bennett visited several parts of Italy in the routine of duty, and Florence, Naples, and Rome with leave of absence. This gave him further opportunity to cultivate the art he loves, and to make drawings of scenes which nature and association render picturesque and interesting beyond most on our globe.

Since his arrival in the United States, Mr. Bennett has exercised the art of both painting and engraving, happily multiplying by one the products of the other. The gallery of the National Academy of Design at New-York (of which institution he is a member, and the keeper, *in the sense that term is understood in London*) is yearly decorated by his landscapes and sea pieces, in water-colours, the latter altogether unrivalled; and at the same time with prints from his engravings.

Within a few years this gentleman has, by taking a wife from the daughters of the land, become an American.

CHAPTER XXI.

Revival of the American Academy of the Fine Arts at New-York—Mr. Trumbull appointed president—Jarvis—Vanderlyn—John Rubens Smith—First exhibition—Purchase of some of Trumbull's pictures, afterwards returned to him—Circumstances which led to the formation of the National Academy of Design; a real academy, composed of artists alone, with schools taught by artists. S. F. B. Morse, president.

ACADEMIES—1816.

CHANCELLOR LIVINGSTON had been a president of the association for promoting the fine arts in New-York, and after him Charles Wilkes and others. The institution was almost forgotten for several years. In 1816, De Witt Clinton was the president, and under his influence and that of his friend Doctor Hosack, together with Cadwallader D. Colden, John R. Murray, Charles Wilkes, and William Cutting, an effort was made to revive an institution, the object of which was to cultivate taste, forward the progress of civilization, and all the refinements on which man depends for his enjoyments in life.

The time was propitious in some respects, and by the liberality of Dr. Hosack and the influence of De Witt Clinton, the object was accomplished to a certain extent.

Fortunately, a long building, facing on Chamber-street, which had been erected for, and occupied as an alms-house, was at this time empty. The paupers had been transferred to a palace at Bellevue. Application was made to the corporation, and the place was appropriated in part to the American Academy of the Fine Arts. Money was borrowed from the Bank of New-York, by Dr. Hosack, to fit the centre portion of the building for exhibitions. Galleries for pictures and statuary were made ready. The casts were removed, repaired, and put up. Preparations were made for borrowing pictures, and otherwise collecting them for an exhibition in imitation of Philadelphia, for the purpose of furnishing funds to repay the loan, and, as some persons hoped, to establish schools for designing.

De Witt Clinton, the present presiding officer, having used his influence to give this impulse to the body, proposed that Mr. Trumbull should succeed him in the office, and declared his determination to resign it.

Previous to this time, Mr. Jarvis had gained a name justly as a painter of eminence, and Mr. Vanderlyn had recently returned from a residence on the continent of Europe, and had

exhibited his noble picture of Marius, and his unrivalled picture of Ariadne, besides many fine copies from the Italian masters. In the formation of this intended academy, Jarvis seems never to have been thought of, and Vanderlyn, though at first associated with the founders, very soon retired; and when afterwards asked by De Witt Clinton, (Trumbull being president, and the society in operation,) to become a director answered, "It is too late." This application was made to Mr. Vanderlyn in presence of the writer, who was then a director, he and Clinton having gone to Vanderlyn's room for the purpose.

Mr. Vanderlyn was right. Previously to the first exhibition, an apartment adjoining the gallery had been allotted to Mr. Vanderlyn for his pictures. It was that afterwards called the library and director's room. And another apartment had been appropriated to Mr. John Rubens Smith, of London, as a private drawing school, (he being a drawing master,) in addition to his compensation for services as keeper. This man had knowledge in his profession; but was in his manners abrupt, pretending, at times dictatorial, and at times disgustingly obsequious. He was chosen by the president; but he was unmanageable.

At a public meeting of organizers, Smith rose and stated that he could not occupy the apartments allotted to him for his school, as the parents of his pupils would not allow their children to come to a room adjoining to which a number of indecent pictures were exhibited, making use of a term respecting them still more improper. All present stared at the speaker. He repeated, and concluded by saying that if these pictures were not removed "he declined the office of keeper." Silence ensued. At length a director said, "Very well, Mr. Smith." Smith was confused—again repeated—and stood hesitating. The words were repeated, "Very well, Mr. Smith." "Then I resign the office." "Very well, Mr. Smith." And Dr. Hosack rose, and bowed as he repeated the words. Smith was bowed out of the room, and out of office. The consequence of some silent influence, however, was, that Vanderlyn removed his pictures, and never would associate or take part with the institution. Mr. Trumbull was thus left dictator.

In the autumn of 1816, about the middle of October, the first exhibition of the revived American Academy of fine arts was opened. New pictures and old were borrowed, and all lent gratuitously; except that two hundred dollars were paid to the president for the use of his paintings. The receipts were

far beyond expectation, and the directors began to make expenditures, as if they had opened a never-failing mine. On the eighteenth of December 1816, a code of by-laws was adopted. The laws provided that the present board of directors should elect from the stockholders, "a number not exceeding twenty academicians, artists by profession. That after the election of January the seventh, 1817, twenty associates shall be elected, artists by profession. That "there shall not be more than three academicians in the board of five directors." The duties of the officers were pointed out. The law relative to exhibitions, says, "all artists of *distinguished merit shall be permitted to exhibit* their works." "Amateurs shall be *invited to expose* in the gallery of the academy, any of their performances which may be thought worthy of exhibition." "That at each stated monthly meeting, two directors shall be appointed visitors," to see that all duties are performed, and *report on the affairs of the academy.*

It was enacted by the legislature, that eleven directors instead of five, should govern the academy. It will be found that the directors of 1817 consisted of three lawyers, two physicians, one hardware merchant, one professor of mathematics, one architect, one drawing master, and two portrait painters. Dewitt Clinton delivered an address, and resigned.

At the election of January the seventh, the return of officers of the academy was, John Trumbull, *president*, John R. Murray, *vice-president*, Cadwallader D. Colden, William Cutting, John G. Bogart, David Hosack, Archibald Bruce, Archibald Robertson, Benjamin W. Rogers, William Dunlap, John McComb, Samuel L. Waldo, and James Renwick, *directors*. John Pintard, *treasurer*; Alexander Robertson, *secretary*; William Dunlap, *keeper and librarian*. Of these, including the president, four were artists: seven were lawyers, physicians, and merchants.

Several of the president's pictures were offered to the academy at \$3500 each, for the two largest, ("The Woman taken in Adultery," and "Suffer little children,") and others at lower prices. A committee was appointed, consisting of Murray, Hosack, and Dunlap, to purchase, and a debt incurred which could ultimately only be paid by returning the pictures.

This purchase, or debt, was one cause of the failure of the Institution to fulfill its intents. The other was, that the president opposed the opening of schools.

After it was found that the receipts of the exhibition *could* be exhausted, and money could be wanted, subscribers or shares were solicited, and a person employed and paid to obtain them. They were honoured with the title of *patrons*.

During some months of summer weather in 1817-18, the gallery of the statues, or saloon of the antique, was regularly attended by the keeper, and irregularly attended by some few students, and one artist, (Mr. Durand) who then was an excellent draftsman; as the casts were made part of the exhibitions, students could only be admitted early in the morning, and the whole business declined.

I will pass over rapidly what I fear may prove to the general reader uninteresting, (but what must stand recorded) and come to those events which led to the formation of a real academy of fine arts. In the year 1824-5, the American Academy again invited students to draw from the casts, provided they came between the hours of six and nine, A. M. The opportunity was eagerly sought, but it was soon found that the hope of advantage to be derived from the treasures of ancient art, was illusory. There was no keeper or instructor. The young men who attended at six o'clock—at seven o'clock—were sometimes admitted, and sometimes excluded, and generally had to wait at the door for hours, if admitted, and then were frequently insulted—*always*, if they had presumed to knock. At length a scene occurred which seemed to put an end to the pretence of an academy being open to students. Of this scene the writer happened to be a witness.*

I had been accommodated by the common council of the city, with a painting-room in the building, and coming to the place generally before breakfast, to prepare for the labour of the day, witnessed the treatment which those who wished to instruct themselves received. On the occasion alluded to Messrs. Cummings and Agate, even then artists, although young, came to the door and found that it was closed; they were turning away, when I advised them to speak of the exclusion to the directors.—They replied, “that it would be useless,” and at that moment one of the directors appeared, coming from Broadway towards them. I urged the young gentlemen to speak to him: but they declined; saying, they had so often been disappointed, that they “gave it up.” The director came and sat down by the writer, who mentioned the subject of the recent disappointment, pointing to the two young men, who were still in sight. The conduct of the person whose duty it was to open the doors at six o'clock, A. M. was promptly condemned by this gentleman, and while speaking, the president appeared coming to his painting-room, which was one of the apartments of the academy. It was unusually early for him,

*At this period some of the gentlemen who afterwards became members of the National Academy of Design, attended for a short time at the gallery, and their names are to be found in the matriculation book, as if regular students of an academy, although there was no teacher and, frequently no admission.

although now probably between seven and eight o'clock. Before he reached the door, the curator of the academy opened it, and remained. On Mr. Trumbull's arrival, the director mentioned the disappointment of the students; the curator stoutly asserted that he would open the doors when it suited him. The president then observed, in reply to the director, "When I commenced my study of painting, there were no casts to be found in the country. I was obliged to do as well as I could. These young men should remember that *the gentlemen* have gone to a great expense in importing casts, and that they (the students) have no property in them;" concluding with these memorable words for the encouragement of the curator, "They must remember that beggars are not to be choosers."

We may consider this as the condemnatory sentence of the American Academy of the Fine Arts.

During the autumn of 1825, S. F. B. Morse, Esq. was an active agent in forming what was called a drawing association. He, as well as his brother artists, and all who wished to study the arts of design desired that schools might be established for the purpose. They saw that the institution called the American Academy of the Fine Arts, had nothing in common with any existing academy for the teaching of art, and that from its construction and direction there was no hope that it could be made to answer the purposes of an academy. They saw that it was a "joint stock company," composed of persons of every trade and profession, who thought the privilege of visiting the exhibitions an equivalent for twenty-five dollars—such persons were the *electors* of the directors, and entitled to be themselves elected directors. Artists could only share these privileges by purchasing stock, and might be controlled in every thing respecting their professions by those who were ignorant of the arts. Artists had sprung up who might challenge competition with any in the world, and maintain the challenge.*

* Artists returned from Europe, who had devoted years to the study of their profession, amid the splendid galleries and collections of England and the continent, where their minds had become filled with devotion to the art, and earnest and anxious wishes for its advancement in their own country; with them they also brought experience, and an intimate acquaintance with the principles and systems on which the flourishing institutions of the old world are conducted. They saw, with regret, the deficiencies of the academy; the total inaptitude of the system upon which it was conducted; the want of energy in its management; and the little probability that, burdened as it was with debts, and governed by men who knew nothing practically of the arts for whose encouragement it professed to be established, the institution would ever prove a source of good to them, or the community. They saw that in fact the institution was not an academy of arts; that it was merely a company formed for the purchase and exhibition of pictures; that even this purpose was not fulfilled, for there were no funds wherewith to purchase, and the exhibitions were notoriously of the same pictures every year; and that in reality it was to them, as if no academy existed.

So circumstanced, Mr. Morse suggested to some artists that an association might be formed "for the promotion of the arts, and the assistance of students." It was merely a plan for improvement in drawing, to be called *the drawing association*; the members to meet a certain number of evenings each week, for mutual instruction and the promotion of union. Each member furnished a small sum for expenses, officers were appointed, and an organized body formed. Casts were produced by the members, and borrowed from the old institution, no enmity was thought of, and the meetings took place in the unoccupied apartments of the Philosophical Society.

The members of this association soon found that it was considered *as dependent* upon the American Academy of Fine Arts, and a director of that institution suggested that the gentlemen should sign the matriculation book, thus connecting themselves as pupils in drawing, painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving, to the very worthy lawyers, physicians, and merchants who composed and directed the *old* academy, as it began now to be called.

This proposition caused the suggestion of forming *a new academy*. It was proposed by some, immediately to return the casts borrowed from the old institution, but it was thought that it would indicate hostility. All were unwilling to be looked upon as dependent upon an institution which had neglected them, and was inefficient in its present form to the ends they desired. It was suggested that perhaps a plan might be fallen on which the artists might unite with the academy: "and that by becoming parties to a revision and re-modelling of its constitution and by-laws, the practical knowledge and experience of the artists, and the valuable collection of the academy, might be rendered reciprocally subservient to the promotion of the art, for whose cultivation they were associated. This was cordially received, and it was the general wish, that it might be found practicable. But before taking any measures to ascertain whether any plan of this nature could be devised and carried into execution, it was thought advisable by several of the members of the association, that some method should be resorted to, of uniting the views, and concentrating the opinions of all upon the subject of their situation. It was therefore proposed that a committee should be appointed, to draw up and lay before the association, a distinct statement of its views, and of the exact relation in which it stood to the American Academy of Fine Arts."

It was the wish of the associates to have an union with the academy, for though they felt themselves competent to form

a new academy to be governed by themselves, they knew the advantages that would be derived from the use of the casts of the old institution, (expressly intended by the original founders for the use of students,) and the disadvantages of being in appearance, hostile to the gentlemen who composed the body of stockholders of the American Academy. Therefore "it was their wish that there should be but one institution: and they held themselves ready to join, heart and hand, in building it up, so soon as it should be placed on such a footing, that they could unite in it with confidence and with well founded hopes of such a management, that the energies of all might be directed to the attainment of the noble ends of an Academy of Fine Arts." This wish was communicated to the American Academy, and the hope expressed that means should be found to admit the artists to such share in the direction, as should be for the benefit of all. This wish was reciprocated by the directors, and they transmitted a resolution, which "appointed a committee of three to meet a similar committee of the association, and to confer with them, upon the subject matter of the report, which had been laid before the board."

Committees were appointed, met, conferred and adjourned "leaving the form of the report to be adjusted by the two chairmen."

The result was, that the committee of directors, "engaged or guaranteed to exert all their influence to effect the election of six artists into the board of directors," and six artists were chosen from the artists of the city, "who, if not already qualified," by being stockholders, "should qualify themselves by the purchase of a share each, and be recommended to the electors as representatives of the whole body of artists."

Six artists were unanimously chosen by the associated artists, and four of them not being stockholders of the old institution, one hundred dollars was paid from the treasury of the associated artists for the shares necessary to qualify them.

The associated artists, and those elected to represent them, looked upon the affair as settled, and left the election to take its course; but the evening previous to the election they were informed by an anonymous letter that some of the names given in by them as candidates, would by the intrigues of certain directors be struck off the ticket. They announced that none of their candidates would serve, unless all were chosen. They considered themselves as the judges of their representatives, and of those fit to direct an academy. The election took place, and two of the six candidates chosen by the artists were *alone elected*. They immediately resigned. Here was not

only a breach of faith—an injury inflicted by taking the money of the association, (which was never returned)—but at the time of the election, the most contumelious expressions were used by members of the directory. The artists were declared unnecessary to the institution; and the writer heard one of the directors, whose name is spared, proclaim that “artists were unfit to manage an academy—were always quarrelling among themselves—and conclude with these words, explanatory of the transaction “Colonel Trumbull says so.”

“It is worthy of remark, that the names of the six candidates were given in to the officers of the academy, *seventeen days* before the election took place; and so far from any official objection being made to the *mode* or *purpose* of presenting them, that when a difficulty appeared which seemed likely to prevent the acquisition of the hundred dollars, which by agreement were to be paid to render them eligible, that difficulty was removed by a special vote of the directors, which the artists were certainly justified in considering as a tacit assumption of the agreement entered into by their committee, and a pledge for its fulfilment—else, why take the money of the association? That it was so intended, in my opinion there can be no doubt; nor do I believe that the intention was frustrated through the agency or with the concurrence of the directors; but that there was an agency within the government of the academy, hostile to the union; and that this agency was successfully exerted, is established by the facts.

The artists now resolved to organize a new academy, for their own instruction and the forwarding of the arts; and to govern it, as all other academies of fine arts are, and have been governed, by artists alone.

The National Academy of Design was formed—the officers were elected eighteen days after the repulse which the desire for harmony had experienced. Samuel F. B. Morse was elected president.

Immediately after the organization of the new institution, measures were taken to open its first exhibition; and notwithstanding the many difficulties under which they laboured in this commencement of their undertaking, such as the want of a convenient and properly lighted room, &c. the artists succeeded in collecting together such a display of talent as surprised every visitor of their newly-formed gallery, consisting of works of *living artists* only; which had never before been exhibited, and which, by the rule of the institution, can never be included in any future exhibition; a plan which insures *novelty* at least. The expenses of this, their first year of existence as an

academy, were somewhat greater than the proceeds of their exhibition, and the deficit was provided for by a small assessment upon the members, which was promptly and cheerfully paid. Not discouraged by this result, they immediately determined on another effort in the ensuing year; and to defray the expenses of the school, they concluded to receive from every student a small sum, sufficient to meet the expenses of lights and fuel. In their second annual exhibition (in which was found a more splendid display of living talent than had ever before been presented in this city,) they were more successful; their receipts not only defrayed their expenses, but left them something in their treasury. Now, however, their greatest difficulty arose—the room in which the students assembled to prosecute their studies, had been, till this time, loaned to them; but the society which had so generously befriended the Academy, could spare the room no longer. No alternative, therefore, was left to them, but to hire a room, or break up their school. An application for assistance to the Common Council, was not listened to; they therefore resolved to incur the risk of hiring for the year, the room in which they had made their exhibition, over the Arcade baths in Chambers-street.

They afterwards removed their schools and statuary to Clinton-hall. A noble collection of casts have been opened to students, and the eighth annual exhibition proudly announced and universally acknowledged as the most encouraging proof of the progress of the fine arts in the country, and of the propriety of the measures adopted by those who organized, and in despite of misrepresentation and obliquy, support the National Academy of Design.

SOUTH CAROLINA—ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

“In January 1821, my friend Morse had several conversations with me about the practicability of establishing an academy,” (this is from Mr. Cogdell.) “We agreed to have a meeting—we solicited the Main Hall of the city. Mr. Morse moved that the honourable Joel R. Poinsett take the chair; Mr. Jay, that Mr. Cogdell act as secretary. Mr. Morse then submitted a resolution asking of the council a site in the public square for the building, and we adjourned.

“A number of artists and amateurs were requested to meet at my office, where the first organization was made of the academy of fine arts. Gentlemen were named officers and directors, on my writing to them, they accepted. Thus was brought into existence the South Carolina Academy of Fine Arts.

"JOEL R. POINSETT, President.

Directors.

Samuel F. B. Morse,	Charles Fraser,
Joshua Cantir,	John S. Cogdell,
John B. White,	Wm. Jay, architect,
Charles C. Wright, die-sinker,	William Shields,
James Wood, engraver.	Chs. Simmons, engraver.

"The legislature granted a charter, but my good sir, as they possessed no powers under the constitution to confer taste or talent, and possessed none of those feeling which prompt to patronage—they gave none to the infant academy. We have had as splendid exhibitions as I have seen in any other city. On the presentation of my bust of Dr. J. E. Holbrook, I received, from the directors, under the eleventh rule, the title of academician; but *cui bono*?

"The institution was allowed, from apathy and opposition, to die, and the property has been sold recently to pay its debts; but Mr. Poinsett and myself, with a few others, have purchased with a hope of reviving the establishment."

CHAPTER XXII.

Mr. Durand—his early attempts—apprenticed to P. Maverick—his partner—engraves the Declaration of Independence—great success—his engraving of Vanderlyn's *Ariadne*—Chester Harding—his extraordinary commencement in life—various occupations—commences painting—success—great success in Boston—goes to England and great success there—return home and establishment—Hugh Reinagle—James Herring—Mr. Herring's union with Mr. Longacre in the splendid works of the National Portrait Gallery—G. Dixey—John V. Dixey—Ithiel Town—G. S. Newton—Leslie's letter on the subject of Newton; Washington Irving's letter and opinions given in conversation respecting his works—Monro's *Gondolfi*—John Evers—Coffee—Scarlett—Quidor—Jouett, the great painter of the west.

ASHUR B. DURAND—1817.

THIS gentleman, although our first engraver, by universal acclamation, has passed so far on the journey through life with so few of those struggles or vicissitudes which give pungency to the tale of the biographer, that I have little more to say of him, than that he is one of the most amiable men I have known as well as one of the best artists.

Ashur B. Durand, engraver and painter, was born at Springfield, New-Jersey, in 1776. His father being a watch-maker, gave him a very early opportunity of scratching on

copper, which, with drawing, was his delight from infancy. Finding that he could produce pictures from the plates of metal he worked on, by a process of his own in printing, he beat out pieces of copper, made tools to suit his hands and his notions of what such things should be, and finally, before his apprenticeship to an engraver, arrived at making something like an engraver's plate, and producing a print from it. One of the evidences of his propensity to engraving at a very early age, is a powder-horn, which he ornamented with figures and flowers, and is still preserved by him as a curiosity.

We all know that the most laborious patience is a necessary qualification for excelling in the art of engraving, but this qualification was denied by nature to young Durand, and only acquired by the effort of a superior mind. The first exercise of his patience occurred thus: A French gentleman who employed the elder Durand in his business of repairing watches, saw some of the boy's prints, and much pleased with the evidence of talent, requested him to engrave a portrait of a friend which he had on the lid of his snuff-box. This was a task which Ashur perceived to be beyond his power, but he was ambitious and was persuaded to undertake it. He procured a proper plate—made a drawing from the snuff-box—transferred it to the copper and began. Two days he worked incessantly, and then became impatient. Two whole days, and yet but little progress made on one piece of copper. He then in some sort, by anticipation, found how tiresome it is to work months and years on one plate. He was about giving up the portrait, but his better genius prevailed, and he persevered until he produced a work that excited the admiration of the owner of the snuff-box and encouraged himself.

During this early period of his existence books were sought after with avidity, but it was to examine and study the pictures in them, rather than for the information to be derived from letter-press. The images presented to his mind by the painter and engraver, filled it with a delight that almost excluded the ideas of the author as given by the printer.

In the year 1812, he was apprenticed to Mr. Peter Maverick, above-mentioned, the son of Peter R. Maverick. During this apprenticeship his principal employment was copying from English book-engravings for publishers—illustrations for Scott's works making a part. But becoming intimate with Mr. Samuel Waldo, he received advice and instruction from that gentleman respecting portraiture, which led to his execution of his first engraving in that department, where he now stands pre-eminent. Mr. Waldo had made a study from a

beggar, hired for the purpose, which gained him much credit on its exhibition ; and young Durand engraved a plate from it, following the dictates of his own judgment and evincing his powers in original engraving.

In the year 1817 Mr. Durand's term of apprenticeship expired, and he entered into partnership with Maverick. At this period Durand attended at the school of the Antique belonging to the American Academy of the Fine Arts, which for a short time assumed the character of a real academy. I was a director and the keeper, but Durand's skill in drawing far surpassed the keeper's. He was an artist before he came to the school, which indeed was only opened to students before breakfast, or from six to nine in the morning, and that for a short period. While the partnership with Maverick lasted, the usual employment of Durand was similar to that of the apprenticeship ; copying prints from English books and working on plates for banknotes.

The preference which Trumbull gave to Durand by employing him to the exclusion of Maverick, broke up the partnership, and Mr. Durand opened a separate establishment. The skill displayed by the engraving of the plate of "The Declaration of Independence," placed Durand at the head of his profession in America. The engraving was made from the miniature portraits in the painter's small finished picture, and happily the likenesses are admirably preserved, and some of the defects of the original in the drawing, amended.

Soon after the completion of this three years' work, for which he received the very inadequate sum of three thousand dollars, he designed and engraved his *Musidora* ; but his graver was in constant demand from that time to this for portraits of various dimensions.

A few years ago Mr. Durand became the purchaser of Mr. Vanderlyn's beautiful picture of the Sleeping Ariadne, and he has at intervals employed his burin in engraving a plate from it, which I have seen nearly finished, and which will immortalize him as an engraver. In the mean time, the engraver has solaced himself for the tedious operations of the burin, by employing the more rapid agency of the pencil and palette. The first effort he made with these instruments was a portrait of his mother. The next, and the first that I saw, was a portrait of John Frazee, since eminent as a sculptor. In portrait painting Mr. Durand has gone on in rapid improvement until his pencil may be said to rival his graver. I will mention as I recollect them at the moment ; his portrait of Governor Ogden, of his native state, a worthy revolutionary veteran who

never deserted the cause of his country, and that of James Madison, one of the sages of that revolution and a framer of our federal constitution, who has defended it with his pen, and as chief magistrate, supported its dignity by a war with Great Britain declared in opposition to the great aristocratical interest of the nation. This last portrait was made by Mr. Durand in 1833, and for the purpose he visited the ex-president at his residence in Virginia, experiencing the pleasure of the conversation of the veteran statesman, and that flowing from the first approbation elicited by his picture.

Mr. Durand was an original member of the National Academy of Design, and has long been one of the council, and is now likewise the secretary of the institution. The exhibitions of this academy have been uniformly enriched by his engravings and paintings. A group of his three children I remember with pleasure, and lately a group of two ladies, small full lengths, of still greater merit. But, not confined to busts or full-length portraits, Mr. Durand has produced several landscapes of unquestionable excellence.

He has lately been called upon by the president of the nominal American Academy of the Fine Arts, to cut an inscription upon a brass sword, which, as it seems to contradict the statement made to Mr. Herring, which I have inserted in this work, calls for my notice. This inscription runs thus :—

“ This sword was taken from a German soldier,
by John Trumbull,
In a skirmish near Butt's Hill, Rhode Island,
August 29th, 1778.”

The reader will find, p. 350, vol. i. of this work, the following words : “ A few days before the battle of Trenton,” (that is, in Dec. 1776,) “ news was at that time received that the British had landed at Newport, Rhode Island, with a considerable force. General Arnold was ordered to proceed to Rhode Island to assume the command of the militia, to oppose them; and Trumbull was ordered to proceed with him as adjutant-general. The head quarters were established at Providence for the winter; and there, in the month of March, Colonel Trumbull received his commission as adjutant-general, with the rank of Colonel; but dated in the month of September instead of the month of June.”

This was copied from a MS. written by Mr. Herring, and dictated by Mr. Trumbull. It proceeds to state that the commission was returned to congress declining the service, and the resignation accepted. I have shown that this acceptance

is recorded as of the resignation of John Trumbull *deputy* adjutant-general, and is dated in March 1777. Mr. Herring's MS. proceeds thus: "A correspondence of some length ensued, which terminated, after some weeks, in the acceptance of the resignation, and thus his military career terminated." That is, in March 1777. In the MS. in his own hand writing, he states the resignation to be April 19th, 1777. "He then," continues his amanuensis, "returned to Lebanon, (to the object of *his first love, he said,*) and afterward went to Boston to profit by studying the works of Copley and others, where he remained until 1779." This statement is the same as that published in the National Portrait Gallery, under the patronage of the academy over which Mr. Trumbull presides—yet here, in 1834, we have it recorded in brass, that he took a sword "from a German soldier in a skirmish near Butt's Hill, Rhode Island, Aug. 29th, 1778." The reader will recollect that both statements are from Mr. Trumbull.

As an engraver of flesh Mr. Durand stands unrivalled in America, and by his truth of drawing he gives portrait engraving all the advantages of the likeness preserved in the original paintings placed before him. His heads in Herring and Longacre's National Portrait Gallery are perfect representations of the painters' copies from nature.

In a late letter from Horatio Greenough to Washington Allston, he says, that "Durand's engraving after Harding's portrait of Charles Carrol, which he showed in a coffee house at Florence, quite astonished the Italians; they would hardly believe that it was executed by an American."

Mr. Durand's character is that of the most perfect truth and simplicity. As a husband, a father, and a citizen, he is without blemish from evil report. He is an honour to those arts which delight to honour him.

CHESTER HARDING—1817.

From himself.

"I was born in the town of Conway, Mass. Sept. 1st, 1792. My childhood and youth were spent in the way common to children of poor parentage, in this portion of the country; the winter months devoted to the acquisition of the rudiments of education, and the remainder of the time to agricultural pursuits.

"At the age of twenty-one I began the trade of chairmaking with my brother. This mode of life I followed for about two years; but as I did not entirely fancy the calling, I embraced

the first fair prospect that presented itself of my bettering my means of living. I tried various ways of accumulating property, amongst which was keeping a tavern in a country village in the western part of New-York. This and all others failing, I embarked at the head of the Aleghany river in a 'flat,' with my wife and one child, and floated down this beautiful stream in search of adventures.

"Pittsburgh was now to become the theatre for the new part I was to take in the great drama of life. I had no distinct notion of what I was to do for a living, and I felt for the first time in my life that I was a penniless stranger. After overcoming a great many difficulties, I opened a sign painter's shop, and continued in that branch of the useful arts until July 1817. During this period (a year and a half) I conceived the idea of painting portraits. I had become acquainted with a Mr. Nelson, 'an ornamental sign and portrait painter,' as his advertisement ran, and was much enamoured of his pictures. I sat to him for my own portrait, and also caused my wife to sit for hers, although I was by no means in a condition to afford the money they cost, which was ten dollars each. Mr. Nelson was one of that class of painters who have secret modes of painting faces, and would sell a 'receipt,' but saw no advantage that could possibly grow out of his *giving* his experience to another; so that I never saw my own portrait in an unfinished state, nor would he let me be present at the painting of my wife's portrait. Here I must date the commencement of my present line of life. These pictures, although as bad as could well be produced in any new country, were, nevertheless, models for my study and objects of my admiration. Soon after I took these pictures home, I began to analyze them; and it was not long before I set a palette, and then seating myself before my wife, made my first attempt. In this I was eminently successful; and I question if I have ever felt more unalloyed pleasure in contemplating what I might consider at the time my pet-picture, than I did when I first discovered a likeness to my wife in my own work. This success led me to think much of portrait painting, and I began to grow disgusted with my vocation, neglected my customers, and thought seriously of following my newly discovered goddess, regardless of consequences. I now conceived the plan of going to Kentucky, which was almost as soon executed as formed. During my residence in Pittsburgh I painted a few portraits, perhaps ten or twelve, and in each I could always trace some remote resemblance to the originals. This gave me some confidence in myself, so much so that I ventured,

though with some misgivings, to announce myself as a *portrait painter* in the town of Paris, Kentucky.

“Here my mode of life underwent a great change. I was now pursuing a profession which had always been deemed honourable, though of that circumstance I had not the most remote idea. I regarded it in a more favourable light than I did the calling I had just abandoned, because it gave me more pleasure in the prosecution of it, not that it was more honourable. I took rooms and commenced business at once. My price was \$25, which to the highminded Kentuckians was a trifle, though to me it seemed exorbitant; but that price I was advised to charge, and at that price I opened my new shop.

“In this small town I painted near a hundred heads, and found that I was sufficiently in funds to enable me visit Philadelphia. I forthwith set off, and passed five or six weeks in looking at the portraits of Mr. Sully and others, and then returned to Kentucky to renew my labours with increased strength. I had now begun to think more favourably of my profession, and I determined to distinguish myself in it. I felt at the same time that there were more difficulties in the way than I had dreamed of before I went to Philadelphia. A knowledge of these difficulties I believe for a while impeded my progress. I thought that my pictures, after my return, were not as good as those I painted before I had thought so much of the art and its intricacies; and I am now persuaded that the knowledge of the many obstacles that I must overcome before I could arrive at distinction in the art, had the effect of intimidating me, and it was a good while before I could get into my former free style of painting. About this time too, the currency of the state became sadly deranged, and all classes were obliged to curtail their expenses, so that my affairs did not prosper so well after I returned from Philadelphia as they did before I went.

“I shifted my place of residence several times, but failing to produce any very considerable interest in my favour, I made a grand move to St. Louis, Missouri.

“I had the good fortune to meet, with constant occupation, and at the advanced price of forty dollars. I remained in this place until July, 1821. During my stay here, I greatly improved my pecuniary circumstances, and for the first time began to think of visiting Europe. In the autumn after I left St. Louis, I made my debut in the city of Washington. I painted a few heads for exhibition; so that by the time congress met, I made something of a display. I was successful beyond my most sanguine expectations. I painted some-

thing like forty heads, during this winter and spring. The autumn following I went to Boston, chiefly on a pilgrimage to Stuart. I saw him and many of his works, and felt, as every artist must feel, that he was without a rival in this country. I spent a week or so in Boston, and then went back to my native country, Massachusetts, with my mind filled with feelings very foreign to those I started into the world with, many years before. I had while at Washington become acquainted with Mr. E. H. Mills, our senator at that time in congress, who induced me to open rooms in Northampton. Here I painted a number of heads; and while in that town I was employed by some gentlemen living in Boston, who thought so favourably of my pictures, that they urged me to go to that city and establish myself. I said no—not while Stuart was there. But they urged me so much, and at the same time offered to procure several sitters for me, that my reluctance was overcome, and I accordingly found myself in the same city with Stuart, seeking employment from amongst his admirers.

“The gentlemen who urged me to come to Boston, more than fulfilled their promises. They brought me many sitters, and in all respects were deserving of my highest gratitude. My room became a place of fashionable resort, and I painted the enormous number of eighty heads in six months; and I verily believe, I had more than twice that number of applicants for portraits in that time. Mr. Stuart is too well known to allow of the supposition, that my portraits could bear any sort of comparison with his; yet, such was the fact, that while I had a vast deal more offered than I could execute, Mr. *Stuart* was allowed to waste half his time in idleness, from want of sitters. Is not this a hard case? I can account for this public freak only in the circumstances of my being a back-woodsman, newly caught; then the circumstance of my being self-taught was trumpeted about much to my advantage.

“Perhaps, to the superficial observer, there is no circumstance in the history of an artist, that carries such a charm with it, as that of being self-taught—while to those competent of judging, it conveys no other virtue with it, than that of perseverance. By self-taught, is here meant not having any particular instructor. It matters little how an artist arrives at a sort of midway elevation, at which all with common industry may arrive. But it is the man of genius, who soars above the common level, and leaves his less favoured brethern to follow in his track with mingled feelings of envy and admiration.

“I now found myself in funds sufficient for a trip across the

Atlantic, and notwithstanding the thousand times I had been told that I could learn nothing by going to London, and the pressing business I must give up, I set sail for Liverpool the first of August, 1823.

"On arriving in London, I found myself in a wilderness of art, and an equally dense wilderness of people. For a month or two my mind was in the greatest confusion. I was perfectly solitary; and from seeing so much of art, instead of being stimulated to exertion by it, became in a degree indifferent to all the sublime works that were within my reach. I felt that the old masters had been much over-rated, and that the greatest merit their works possessed was, that they bore the undoubted marks of antiquity. I don't know whether any other artist, on his first visiting the treasures of art in the old world, has been for a time satiated with them as I was. But my experience proves satisfactorily to me the truth of the hackneyed quotation of, "Drink deep, or taste not," &c. By degrees, however, as I became familiar with the works of Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir Joshua and others, I began to perceive a change of feeling towards the old masters. I began to see new beauties every day in Raphael's cartoons, which at first struck me as little better than scene-painting at the theatre.

"If I was peculiar in my feelings of indifference, I cannot account for it to myself. I am willing to confess, however, that on my first arrival in London, my solitary life was made more so by the contrast that I was forced to draw between my lonely situation in London, and that I so lately left in Boston. I was now left to myself, and my thoughts naturally turned upon myself; and perhaps I felt more mortification than I was willing to admit, at discovering that I was not so rich in acquirements as my friends had very innocently led me to think. While in this state of mind, I did not derive all the advantage from my opportunities that I might have done, had my mind been bent on improvement alone.

"In a short time I began to get rid of this apathy, and it soon became my greatest pleasure to visit those very works, which had at first so disappointed my expectations. I soon found that my funds were insufficient to support me *one* year in London, though I thought them ample for two; and it became necessary that I should paint portraits, or shorten my contemplated visit. Amongst my first, was a head of Mr. Rush, our minister in London at that time.

"I was more than usually successful in the likeness. It had the effect of inducing others to sit, and it was the indirect

means of introducing me to the Duke of Sussex, whose patronage I subsequently enjoyed to a considerable extent. I was indebted to his royal highness for an introduction to the Duke of Hamilton, who was particularly kind to me during the whole of my stay in Great Britain. He sat to me for several portraits of himself, and invited me to stay with him at Hamilton Palace, which invitation I gladly accepted. I spent near three weeks at this splendid place. There are few richer galleries in Great Britain than that of Hamilton Palace; and amongst its rare gems is the original "Daniel in the Lions' Den," by Rubens, many splendid Vandyks, &c.

"During my stay in England I had the good fortune to spend a few weeks at Holkham, the seat of Mr. Coke. Here I saw a great deal of high life; and it requires but little imagination to see, that the transition from the back woods of Missouri to this seat of luxury and elegance, was most imposing, and, in some respects, embarrassing. My mornings were spent chiefly in looking at the "old masters," and the afternoons in shooting. In early life I had been in the frequent habit of shooting bears and other large game; but on this occasion I felt almost as ignorant of the fashions of the field as I was of those of the dinner-table and drawing-room. However, the sport of killing pheasants and partridges, that at first seemed to me so trifling, became, in a short time, very interesting. I met a good many noblemen of high rank during my visit here; and one of the most distinguished by the distinguished, was Mr. Chantry. I had the pleasure of shooting by his side by day, and sitting by his side at dinner.

"I was an exhibitor at Somerset House, every year while I was in England. I always profited by the comparison of my pictures with those about them, although it was always at the expense of my vanity. I invariably found that my pictures looked better to me, while in my own room, than they did by the side of the distinguished artists of the day. I used sometimes to indulge the feeling, that I had not justice done me in the hanging of my pictures at the Royal Academy: but I was compelled to admit, after due reflection, that the committee had done me more justice in placing me where they did, than if they had placed me more conspicuously in comparison with better painters. And I am led to believe, that the body of artists who have the management of this great institution are actuated by feelings entirely liberal, free from jealousy or envy. There is a charm in the bare walls even of Somerset House, that excites a student to emulation: but when those walls are filled with the works of cotemporary artists, one cannot but feel

proud of his profession, and disposed to give himself up to its study, caring for nothing else. Unfortunately for that state of mind, which is such perfect bliss, the worldly cares about house-rent, food, and clothing, for his wife and children, will break the spell. I am thoroughly convinced, that had I been a bachelor, when I was in London, I should have been there at this time. But I then had a wife and four children, which rendered it necessary that I should realize a certain amount of money every year. When an artist is harassed in his financial concerns, his mind is in no state to pursue the arts with pleasure or profit. In the course of the three years I was abroad I painted to the amount of 12,000 dollars; which sum was just sufficient for my expenses.

“I visited Paris; but my stay was so short, and my total ignorance of the language of the country so great, that I will make no comment upon the artists or the schools in that city. I returned to Boston in the autumn of 1826; since which I have made it my head quarters.”

The frank and manly manner in which Mr. Harding answered my request to contribute a portion to my history of the arts of design, by giving me some notices of himself and his progress, has induced me to publish the above in his own words. I can add little to the information it contains.

My personal knowledge of this gentleman is slight, and made at intervals. When I was painting portraits in Utica he introduced himself to me in my painting room, and I was pleased with his appearance and manners. I noticed that he immediately selected the best head I had painted there—a proof of a true eye and taste. I again met him in Boston, and witnessed the impression his talents made in that city previous to his going to Europe.

Of late Messrs. Harding, Fisher, Doughty, and Alexander, have, in conjunction, exhibited their pictures in Boston with great effect; and as I am informed, with great profit, both in money and increased reputation.

Mr. Harding, I am told, has purchased a beautiful country seat in the neighbourhood of Northampton, in his native state, where he and his family will probably enjoy the fruits of his industry, perseverance, and talents. He is now acknowledged as standing in the foremost rank of portrait painters in the United States.

HUGH REINAGLE—1817.

Mr. Reinagle was born in Philadelphia. His father was a professor of music, and partner with Wignell in the Chesnut-street theatre. Hugh was a pupil of John J. Holland. He painted landscape both in water colour and oil. A panorama of New-York was painted by him, which was exhibited in Broadway. For many years he was principal scene painter at the New-York theatres; and in 1830 went to New Orleans, in consequence of offers from Mr. Caldwell, manager of the American theatre at that place, and there died of Asiatic cholera in 1834. Mr. Reinagle was a man of amiable disposition, correct conduct, and unblemished reputation. He left a widow and large family, I fear slenderly provided for.

G. MARSIGLIA—1817.

Mr. Marsiglia, a native of Italy, arrived at New-York about the period above marked. He has painted many portraits, and exhibited several historical and other compositions of merit. He finishes with care, and colours with great clearness and brilliancy—not always with harmony. His productions of the complicated kind are remarkable for great beauties and obvious faults. He is an academician of the National Academy of Design, and is esteemed for his amiable manners and correct deportment.

JAMES HERRING—1817.

This intelligent and very enterprising gentleman is, like several other American painters, a native of England. The progress of the arts of design is at this time facilitated by the persevering enterprise of Mr. Herring as a publisher.

James Herring was born in London in the year 1796, and brought to this country by his father at the age of ten. The father was one of the many who sought in the United States of America the protection of a government more perfect, or less oppressive to the plebeian population, than that of Great Britain. Arriving at New-York, he established himself as a brewer and distiller in the neighbourhood of the Bowery; but the business failed in 1812, in consequence of circumstances connected with our second war with England. Two years after, James was left, by the death of his father, without property or profession, and with a wife, at the age of eighteen. He had served his father in his brewhouse and distillery, but had no inclination to be the servant of a stranger. The spirit

of the country was upon him, and he resolved to choose his own path in life. As a boy he had outdone his schoolmates in drawing, the desire to become a painter had grown with his growth, and he now thought of painting as the means of present subsistence and future prosperity. But the difficulties attending the commencement, and the struggles necessary for the present support of a family, required uncommon energy, and he possessed it.

He applied to a person of the name of Thatcher, who was then publishing prints manufactured by himself, and suited to the time; such as fights between our frigates and the English; and young Herring was employed by him to colour these triumphs of genius and patriotism. John Wesley Jarvis was engaged in scraping mezzotintos for the same market, and Herring got some employment in colouring from him. But a publisher of maps was his best patron; in colouring these his wife could assist him, and with her aid he earned a decent living. The patron, however, did not do so well, and found it necessary to make a precipitate retreat without notifying his creditors, among whom was Herring. Fortunately, the young man found that his debtor had stopped at Philadelphia, and he pursued him on foot, found him, and obtained part of the money due to him. But his employment in New-York had been diminished by the failure of the map-maker, and he looked about him for something in the city to which fortune had led him that might supply the deficiency; and he found it. Matthew Carey was a map publisher, and was willing to give him as much work as he could undertake. He removed his wife to Philadelphia, and they jointly carried on the business of colouring maps, until finally they employed girls to assist them, whom they taught. Carey paid three dollars a hundred, and Herring & Co. could make a clear \$20 a week. Such particulars of the steps by which a youth makes his way up in the world, are very interesting to me—I hope my readers participate in my feelings.

His attention was called to drawing, at this time, by an application for a profile. This led to making profiles and colouring them. He then attempted a delineation of the whole face; and by a successful experiment made in New Jersey, he succeeded in gaining employment in that state as a portrait painter in water colours, and finally in oil. From New Brunswick to Easton he was the portrait painter. A citizen of New-York saw his work, and invited him thither to paint some members of his family. This succeeded, he had more applicants, removed his family to the great commercial metropolis,

and in a short time was an established portrait painter in the Bowery, near the spot at which he commenced life in the brew-house and distillery of his father.

A fit of sickness caused him to reflect on the helpless situation of his wife and children if he should die, and he projected the establishment of a circulating library, which in such an event they could continue. When restored to health he, by the perseverance of several years, at times when not employed in painting, accomplished, and finally established one in Broadway, where it now yields him a handsome annual income of \$1500. This success, and the intercourse with prints and books, suggested that scheme of publication to which I alluded in commencing this memoir—"The National Portrait Gallery," a work honourable to our country.

Mr. Longacre of Philadelphia having a project of the same nature in agitation, the two were united, and the work now gives employment to many of our engravers, and stimulates to that exertion on which the progress of the fine arts depends. I have seen twelve numbers of this elegant publication, and seen most of them with sincere admiration. Many of the engravings are from approved paintings, and answer public expectation both for likeness and execution. The 12th number is the most highly and expensively ornamented, but is not satisfactory to me, and I feel myself bound to notice the cause of my dissatisfaction. The greater part of the number is very properly devoted to George Washington, and instead of one portrait of him the editors have given two, besides a beautiful medallion. But unfortunately neither of the portraits have a semblance of George Washington. One is a very finely engraved plate by Durand, our first engraver, and one of our best draughtsmen, copied by him from Mr. Trumbull's full-length picture of Washington at Yale College, which has not a feature like the hero. It must be remembered that the painter is president of the institution under whose patronage the National Portrait Gallery is published; and the picture is said, in that work, to be "regarded by the artist as the finest portrait of General Washington in existence." Apparently as a contrast, another portrait follows in the same number, neatly engraved in an inferior style, from a copy, and apparently from a poor copy, of one of Stuart's Washingtons, with most of the deformities attending these copies; and it is given as being from a portrait *painted by G. Stuart*. I would ask why was not Mr. Durand engaged to engrave from Stuart's original picture in the athenæum at Boston, (or his own fine copy of it,) that a fair comparison might be made by those still re-

maining who knew the hero, and that in reality the world might see the intelligent and benevolent countenance of Washington.

I do not attribute this arrangement to Messrs. Herring and Longacre: the influence which produced it is manifest. It reminds me of the mode in which Mr. Rembrandt Peale exhibited his certificate-Washington, with a wretched copy of a copy, made by himself and placed on the floor without frame, beneath the portrait which he had the authority of Mr. Custis, Judge Marshall, and in fact all he asked for their signatures, for calling the *only* likeness of Washington. There appears to be a sinister intention in publishing the work of an inferior artist by the side of an engraving from the burin (in beautiful line style) of our best engraver. The very valuable work of Messrs. Herring and Longacre is increasing in popularity: the effect of this malign influence, called patronage, is, that in No. 12 they have given, at great expense, two portraits of Washington, and neither like. The medallion is more like than either.

GEORGE DIXEY AND JOHN V. DIXEY—1817.

George is the son of John Dixey, an English sculptor heretofore mentioned. The subject of this notice was born in Philadelphia, and studied under the direction of his father. The only models of which I have any knowledge, executed by this gentleman, are Theseus finding his father's sword; Saint Paul in the island Malta, and Theseus and the Wild Boar.

John V. Dixey is the youngest son of John Dixey, and likewise instructed by his father. In 1819, he modelled St. John, writing the Revelations. I remember Mr. John V. Dixey well as a student of drawing with good promise and very prepossessing manners. He has painted several landscapes in oil, highly creditable to him, which have been exhibited at the gallery of the National Academy of Design.

ITHIEL TOWN—1817.

Of the time or place of this eminent architect's birth I am ignorant. He has long been prominent among the artists of New-York, and I believe is a native of New-England. Mr. Town travelled in Europe, and examined the works of art with a learned eye and judgment. His library of such works is truly magnificent, and unrivalled by any thing of the kind in America, perhaps no private library in Europe is its equal. He is connected with A. J. Davis, Esq., as an architect, and from him I have received a notice of some of the designs of Mr. Town for public buildings, as well as some of those de-

signed and executed in company. Under the head of A. J. Davis, this notice will be found.

It would give me pleasure to lay before the public a more full account of this scientific and liberal artist, whose splendid library is open to the inspection of the curious, and freely offered for the instruction of the student. I have been disappointed in not receiving promised information.

GILBERT STUART NEWTON--1817.

This gentleman is the nephew of Gilbert Stuart, being his sister's son. He was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, September 2, 1795, owing to the circumstance of his parents removing thither from Boston when the British were driven from that town by Washington and his undisciplined, half-armed host. After his father's death, Newton, a child, was brought by his mother to her home in 1803, and resided in Charlestown near Boston. When his uncle took up his residence in Boston he received his instruction, and at that time I heard of him as a youth painting with great promise of excellence.

Colonel Sargent in a letter to me says, (when mentioning Gilbert Stuart,) "his nephew Stuart Newton was very displeasing to him, for he affected to know so much, and disputed with him so frequently, that Mr. Stuart finally became cool to him and cut his acquaintance. Newton now," that is, at the time of his late visit to the United States, "speaks of his uncle most disrespectfully, as I believe he does of most American painters." This agrees with the story of his provoking the old man by telling him that he would show him how to paint, and of the uncle turning him out of the room.

Newton was a short time in Italy, and as he proceeded through France to England he met Leslie in Paris, and they travelled to London together in 1817, through the Netherlands, and from that time these extraordinary men have been linked together in the strongest bonds of friendship.

Many Americans had their portraits painted by Stuart Newton in Paris and London. I have seen several that were brought to New-York, which were nowise extraordinary. He had not yet got into the path which was destined to lead him to fame. The first picture that I saw, indicative of his high talent, was the poet reading his verses to a gallant whose mistress was at the moment waiting for him by appointment. I saw this at my friend Doggett's frame-store in Boston, and while I was admiring it, the author's uncle came in. I expressed to him my pleasure, and was surprised at his coldness, not then knowing that the uncle and nephew had parted coolly.

I afterwards saw in New-York the Sleeping Girl under the influence of an old man's lecture, in the possession of Philip Hone, Esq., but I saw at the same time, a picture which excelled it, notwithstanding its splendid colouring; that was Leslie's "Ann Page and Master Slender."

In a letter to me from West Point dated January 28, 1834, Mr. Leslie thus speaks of his friend: "You will no doubt like to have some account of my friend Newton. I met him for the first time in Paris in 1817. He was then on his way from Italy to England, and we travelled together through Brussels and Antwerp to London. Mr. Newton had gone from America to Italy for the purpose of pursuing his studies there. But he had the sagacity to discover soon after his arrival, that Italy with all its treasures of ancient art, is not at present the best place for a beginner. There is nothing more certain than that a young artist acquires his taste from the living artists that are about him much more than from the works of those who are gone. Mr. Newton painted a portrait or two in Italy, and some of the leading painters asked him what colours he used, and seemed desirous of receiving information from him.* When he arrived in London the artists were surprised to see a young man beginning so well; but none of them asked him what colours he used, and he now found he was among men from whom he could learn the art.

"Mr. Newton is blessed with an exquisite eye for colouring. He had also a great advantage in being from his childhood familiar with the works of his illustrious uncle Stuart. He very soon became known in England, and with less study than is usual, arrived at and maintains a very high rank among English artists. His comic pictures possess genuine humour; and as you have, no doubt, seen the engraving from his picture of the Vicar of Wakefield restoring Olivia to her mother, you can judge of his power in the pathetic—I know of nothing in the art more exquisitely conceived than the figure of Olivia.

"Mr. Newton was once asked if he was an historical painter. 'No,' said he, 'but I *shall be one next week.*' He, like all men who know what the art really is, estimated it by its intrinsic excellence much more than by the classifications of history, familiar life, portrait, landscape, &c. For my own part, I would much rather have been the painter of one of Sir Joshua Reynold's best portraits, or one of Claude's

* See hereafter R. W. Weir's remarks upon the present race of painters in Italy; and those of T. Cole.

landscapes, than of any historical picture by Guido, Doménichino, or Annibal Carracci, I ever saw. If dramatic invention, a true expression of the passions and feelings of human nature and a perfect knowledge of physiognomy, are to be estimated by their rarity, Hogarth was the greatest painter the world ever saw. Yet, according to the received classification, his art must take a lower rank than that of his father-in-law, Sir James Thornhill, who decorated the dome of St. Paul's with the history of the saint from which the church is named."

Notwithstanding my exalted opinion of Mr. Leslie, I must here remark, that his love for the branch in which he excels may mislead his judgment on this question. He appears to confound the rank of the painters Hogarth and Thornhill, with the rank of the branches of art they pursued. That Hogarth was incomparably the best painter, is no argument for the supremacy of familiar painting over historic. Sir Joshua Reynolds' Infant Hercules places him higher, in my opinion, than any portrait he ever painted; and if he could have executed a great historical event or scriptural subject as well, he would have been exalted still higher. My opinion of the qualifications required for historical composition, and the value to be placed on *choice of subject* are known, and as I have no pretensions to eminence in any branch of the art, my opinion must at least be received as impartial. Leslie says: "I have here and there mixed up some of my own notions with my accounts of other people. If you agree with me in any opinion I have expressed and think it worth publishing, I hope you will give it the advantage of your own language." Although I may differ in opinion from this eminent artist, I hold his opinions in too high estimation to keep them from the public; and I should as soon attempt to mend his pictures as his language.

To my inquiries respecting Newton, Washington Irving has given the following answer:

New-York, March 9th, 1834.

"My dear sir,

"I know nothing clear and definite about Mr. Newton's early life and his connexions. He was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, where his father held a post, I think in the commissariat of the British army. I am not certain whether his father was not a native of Boston, but feel sure that his mother was, and that she was sister to Stuart the painter, after whom Newton is named. On the death of his father, which happened when Newton was a boy, his mother returned to her relations in Boston. Here Newton was reared; and being intended for

commercial life, was placed with a merchant. While yet a stripling, however, he showed a talent and inclination for drawing and painting, and used to take likenesses of his friends. These were shown about and applauded, sufficiently to gratify his pride and confirm his propensity: and in a little while it became apparent that he would never become a merchant. His friends were determined to indulge him in his taste and wishes, and hoped that he might one day rise to the eminence of his distinguished uncle. One of his elder brothers, who was engaged in commerce, being about to make a voyage to Italy, took Stuart Newton with him, and placed him at Florence, to improve himself in his art. Newton was never very assiduous in his academical studies, and could not be prevailed upon to devote himself to that close and patient drawing after the living models, so necessary to make an accomplished draughtsman; but he almost immediately attracted the attention of the oldest artists by his talent for colour. They saw, in his juvenile and unskilful sketchings, beautiful effects of colour, such as are to be met with in the works of the old masters, gifted in that respect. Several of the painters would notice with attention the way in which he prepared his palette and mixed his colours; and would seek, by inquiry of him, to discover the principles upon which he proceeded. He could give none.—It was his eye that governed him. An eye for colouring, in painting, is like an ear for harmony in music, and a feeling for style in writing—a natural gift, that produces its exquisite result almost without effort or design in the possessor.

“Newton remained but about a year in Italy, and then repaired to Paris, from whence he soon passed to England—arriving in London about the year 1817. Here he was fortunate enough to find his countrymen, Washington Allston and Charles R. Leslie, both sedulously devoted to the study and practice of the art, and both endowed with the highest qualifications. Allston soon returned to the United States, but Leslie remained: and from an intimate companionship for years with that exquisite artist and most estimable man, Newton derived more sound principles, elegant ideas, and pure excitement in his art, than ever he acquired at the Academy.—Indeed the fraternal career of these two young artists, and their advancement in skill and reputation, ever counselling, cheering, and honouring each other, until they rose to their present distinguished eminence, has something in it peculiarly generous and praiseworthy. Newton has, for some years past, been one of the most popular painters in England, in that branch of historical painting peculiarly devoted to scenes

in familiar life. His colouring is almost unrivalled, and he has a liveliness of fancy, a quickness of conception, and a facility and grace of execution, that spread a magic charm over his productions. His choice of subjects, inclining chiefly to the elegant, the gay and piquante, scenes from Moliere, from Gil Blas, &c. yet he has produced some compositions of touching pathos and simplicity: among which may be mentioned, a scene from the Vicar of Wakefield, depicting the return of Olivia to her family.

"Of Newton's visit to this country, his marriage, &c. you have doubtless sufficient information. Should you desire any additional information on any one point, a written question will draw from me all that I possess. When I am well enough, however, to bustle abroad I will call on you, and will be able, in half an hour's chat, to give you more than I can write in a day.

"I am, my dear sir,

"Very truly yours,

"WASHINGTON IRVING."

Mr. Newton, it is said, congratulates himself upon being born a subject to the king and aristocracy of Great Britain: and on one occasion, in New-York, at a large dinner party, got up and disclaimed being a citizen of the United States.—He cannot, however, shake off the stigma of being an American painter. That he should prefer being thought a subject, and a native of a province, which places him in a kind of mongrel situation, neither Englishman nor American, though it lowers him in my estimation as a man, cannot detract from his great merit as an artist. Washington Irving, in conversation has represented Newton to me as a man of great talent, quick to conceive and powerful to execute. He agrees with Leslie in ascribing to him an extraordinary *eye for colour*; and says, that the rapidity of his execution almost exceeds belief. He has never applied himself with the necessary diligence to the study of drawing; yet, with the want of accuracy consequent to that neglect, his taste in composition and harmony of colouring, cover all defects, or cause them to be forgotten; while the eye is delighted and the imagination excited by his treatment of familiar subjects of pathos or of humour.

If a friend, who sees the progress of a picture, objects to any part, Newton defends it vehemently: perhaps, like Sir Fretful, asserts, that it is the best portion of his work; but if the friend returns the next day, he may find that part expunged and repainted. So great is his facility, that he never hesitates to dash out a figure, or a group: and, as Mr. Irving has said,

if one of his figures on the surface of his canvas could be scraped off, we should find half a dozen under it—or might detect six legs to one man—four painted and covered over, before the artist had adopted the last pair.”

Mr. Newton's manners have been stigmatized as pert, and occasionally approaching to puppyism. He is said to delight in contradiction, especially of widely received opinions. But he must have a great and solid mass of good sense under this surface, as well as great and uncommon quickness, both of observation and repartee, and, at the bottom of all, an amiable disposition; or he would not, as he is, be the friend and favourite companion of Charles R. Leslie and Washington Irving. When he was in New York, the rector of Grace church at that time displayed his collection of paintings to Newton, saying, (no doubt expecting a compliment to his taste and judgment in selecting,) “I think you will say they are tolerable.” “Tolerable!” said the painter; “tolerable! why yes; but would you eat a tolerable egg?”

When Mr. Irving returned to London, after a long absence on the continent, he anticipated great enjoyment from the society of Allston and Leslie; but he only arrived time enough to take leave of the great historical painter, who returned to the land he loved even better than England; his intimacy with Leslie he resumed, with renewed delight. On one occasion they had made an appointment to pass a day on Richmond Hill, and Leslie asked if he might take with them a young artist who had lately returned from Italy. It was agreed to: and on this occasion Irving first saw Stuart Newton.—They passed a day of frolic and fun, (such frolic and fun as became such men) and from that time Newton, Leslie, and Irving were inseparable while the latter remained in London.

Newton, as he disliked the labour of study, and found that historical or fancy composition required more exertion of mind than portrait painting, had determined to paint portraits, and not trouble himself with any other labour than that of copying his sitter. Irving, who had seen his talent for humorous and domestic scenes, (for he would dash off a sketch of an incident as rapidly as another could relate it, and then throw it away, as a thing of no value) remonstrated with him, and endeavoured to rouse his pride and ambition by depreciating portrait painting. But, as he defended a weak spot in his picture, so he defended the propriety of his choice—talked of Vandyke and Reynolds, and all the men famous for portraiture; and finally parted from his friend *in a huff*, saying, among other things, “that, knowing his predilection for por-

trait painting, it was improper," or perhaps using a harsher expression "in Mr. Irving to speak of that branch of art as he had done." Some days after, Irving called upon the offended painter, and found him engaged in painting "The Poet reading his Verses to the impatient Gallant." "Aha! now you are in the right road!" exclaimed the friend. And from that time forth the artist devoted himself to that species of composition in which he has been so eminently successful.

It is well known that, on his visit to the United States, Mr. Newton married a young lady of Boston, and carried her to the land he loved best: but unhappily his domestic happiness has been clouded, if not destroyed, by a malady which has cut him off from his friends, and deprived the world of those exertions which added to the innocent pleasures of life, and promoted a taste on which no small portion of human happiness depends.

MONRO GONDOLFI—1817,

The best foreign engraver that ever visited this country. He was a native of Bologna. In his youth he had studied and practised painting, and was noted for his skill as a draughtsman, and the beauty of his water-colour drawings. The art of engraving engaged his affections, and he soon made himself an engraver; but, on visiting Paris, where his roving disposition led him, he became a pupil of the celebrated Bervic for a short time. In Paris he engraved several of the plates for the splendid edition of the pictures in the Louvre. Returning to Italy, he engraved and published several justly admired works, particularly a holy family after Guido, and a St. Cecilia, after a painting of his own. This last I have seen and admired. I know of but one copy in New-York, which is in possession of Doctor Hugh M'Lean.

However admirable Gondolfi's works render him as an artist, his conduct as a man has been that of a detestable profligate. He a second time left his native city for Paris, abandoned an amiable wife, and discarded his son, a sculptor of much promise. He carried with him to Paris a vulgar and ignorant peasant girl, with whom, as his wife, he came to New-York in 1817.

Trumbull engaged him for four thousand dollars to engrave his "Declaration of Independence." Heath had demanded eight thousand. Gondolfi made his bargain before he knew the value of money in America, and the cost of living; he soon cancelled it, declaring that four thousand dollars would not support him and his madam, while he laboured at the

plate, and supply him with claret. He showed me a water-coloured painting of his own designing, which he called his "Fantasie." It consisted of beautiful heads, and parts of figures floating in clouds, here and there grouped and drawn, coloured, and finished exquisitely. He visited Philadelphia, but soon returned to New-York, and then, as my informant who went to Europe with him shortly after, tells me, he formed a design of visiting the South Sea Islands, and passing the remainder of his days in the fancied simplicity of nature and innocence, to do which, he thought it necessary to shake off his nominal wife, the Italian peasant whom he had brought from home—but she chose to share his simplicity and innocence with him, and he gave up the scheme. He then suddenly set off for Italy, after attempting again to leave behind him the specimen of Bolognese rusticity he had brought with him and introduced as his wife. She was tenacious, and like the fruits of all evil doing, kept her hold—his torment and his shame.

As an artist, Gondolfi deservedly ranks ² high. His engravings are distinguished for boldness, and at the same time, faithfulness to the originals: and what is particularly to be remarked in his works, is the variety of his style, and its adaptation to that of the painter he copies.

Some of his works, which are spoken of as masterpieces in the art, have not been seen in this country. He showed a sensitiveness about his reputation well worthy of imitation, not allowing his plates to be used, the moment after they began to fail, but destroying them at once. For this reason the prints from his works are not so numerous, as those of others who have engraved less—and his prints are all in fact proof impressions. Most of his works have been subscribed for, before they were finished, and are therefore scarcely ever to be met with, but in private collections.

Is it not strange, that any one should be so sensitively careful of his reputation as an artist, and utterly regardless of his reputation as a man, and blind to the consequences that must follow his dereliction of the duties of a citizen, a husband, and a father?

JOHN EVERS—1817.

This gentleman was born at New Town, Long Island, the 17th of April, 1797, and his inclinations leading him to landscape drawing, he chose as a profession scene-painting; in which branch of art he was instructed by J. J. Holland. Mr.

Evers has exhibited several landscapes in oil, of decided merit. He is a member of the National Academy of Design. In private life he is justly esteemed as an honourable and amiable man, and in his profession as a skillful artist.

SAMUEL SCARLETT—COFFEE—QUIDOR—1817.

Mr. Samuel Scarlett, a landscape painter, was born in Staffordshire, and came to America at the age of thirty-five. He went to London at twenty years of age, to study painting with Mr. N. Fielding, called the English Denner, from the high finish of his pictures. From London Mr. Scarlett removed to Bath, where he remained until he emigrated to Philadelphia. In 1829 he was appointed curator to the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, and has of late painted but little. Mr. Scarlett is one of those, who, if not the most encouraged as artists, do honour to their profession by their conduct as men.

Mr. Coffee is an Englishman, and a modeller in clay. He has executed many small busts in this way, with decided merit. I believe he now resides in Charleston, South Carolina.

Mr. Quidor was a pupil of John Wesley Jarvis. He had painted several fancy subjects with cleverness. His picture of Rip Van Winkle has merit of no ordinary kind. His principal employment in New-York, has been painting devices for fire-engines, and work of that description.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Mr. Morse educated at Yale College—Goes to England as a pupil of Allston's—Friendship of West—Success in London—Returns and paints in Boston—Visits Charleston with great success—His picture of the house of representatives at Washington—Practises in New-York—Establishes the National Academy of Design—Returns to Europe—Picture of the Louvre—Returns home—His theory of colour—Earle the traveller—Aaron H. Corwaine and M. Jouett—Joshua Shaw—Wm. G. Wall—E. F. Petticolas—D. Dickenson—D. C. Johnson—Henry Inman—his introduction to Jarvis—Practises with him at New Orleans—Marriage and great success in every branch of the art.

SAMUEL FINLEY BREEZE MORSE—1817.

THIS gentleman, the eldest son of the Rev. Jedediah Morse, D. D. the first American geographer, was born in Charlestown, Mass., April 29th, 1791. His maternal great grandfather, from whom he derived his first name, was the Rev. Dr. Samuel Finley, a former president of Princeton college. From

his mother came the name of Breeze. Mr. Morse received his education at Yale college under Dr. Dwight, and was graduated in 1810. Washington Allston, Esq. a little previous to this time had returned from Europe. Morse had from a very early age resolved on the profession of a painter, and his acquaintance with Mr. Allston confirmed him more strongly in his resolution. The father of Mr. Morse, finding the passion for painting incorrigable in his son, determined to indulge him in his wishes to take advantage of the means of studying in Europe; and Mr. Allston being about to sail for England, young Morse was put under his charge, and in August, 1811, he arrived in London. A few weeks only had elapsed when Mr. C. R. Leslie also arrived in London, from Philadelphia, to pursue his studies in the same profession. Similarly situated in so many respects, an ardent friendship was formed between the two young painters, which has continued unbroken to the present hour. They took rooms together at No. 8, Buckingham Place, Fitzroy square, a house which has become somewhat celebrated as the residence of a succession of American artists for some thirty years.*

Mr. Morse had letters to *West* and to *Copley*, (the latter then quite infirm and fast failing,) and received from both every encouragement, but especially from the former. An anecdote is related of West in relation to the first drawing shown by Morse, which is worthy of recording for the useful lesson which it teaches to students.

Morse, anxious to appear in the most favourable light before West, had occupied himself for two weeks in making a finished drawing from a small cast of the Farnese Hercules. Mr. West, after strict scrutiny for some minutes, and giving the young artist many commendations, handed it again to him, saying, "Very well, sir, very well, go on and finish it." "It is finished," replied Morse. "Oh no," said Mr. West, "look here, and here, and here," pointing to many unfinished places which had escaped the untutored eye of the young student. No sooner were they pointed out, however, than they were felt, and a week longer was devoted to a more careful finishing of the drawing, until, full of confidence, he again presented it to the critical eyes of West. Still more encouraging and flattering expressions were lavished upon the drawing, but on returning it the advice was again given, "Very well indeed, sir, go on and finish it." "Is it not finished?" asked Morse, almost discouraged. "Not yet,"

* It is now occupied by *Cheney*, a promising engraver from Boston.

replied West, "see, you have not marked that muscle, nor the articulations of the finger joints." Determined not to be answered by the constant "go on and finish it" of Mr. West, Morse again diligently spent three or four days retouching and reviewing his drawing, resolved if possible to elicit from his severe critic an acknowledgment that it was at length finished. He was not, however, more successful than before; the drawing was acknowledged to be exceedingly good, "very clever indeed;" but all its praises were closed by the repetition of the advice, "Well, sir, go on and finish it." "I cannot finish it," said Morse, almost in despair. "Well," answered West, "I have tried you long enough; now, sir, you have learned more by this drawing than you would have accomplished in double the time by a dozen half-finished beginnings. It is not numerous drawings, but the *character of one*, which makes a thorough draughtsman. Finish one picture, sir, and you are a painter."*

The first portraits painted in London, both by Morse and Leslie, were portraits of each other, in fancy costume. Morse was painted by Leslie in a Scotch costume, with black plumed bonnet and tartan plaid, and Leslie by Morse in a Spanish cavalier's dress, a Vandyke ruff, black cloak, and slashed sleeves; both these portraits are at the house of their ancient hostess, who retains mementos of the like character—some product of the pencil of each of her American inmates.

It was about the year 1812, that Allston commenced his celebrated picture of the "*Dead Man restored to Life by touching the bones of Elijah*," which is now in the Pennsylvania Academy of Arts; in the study of this picture he made a model in clay of the head of the dead man, to assist him in painting the expression. This was the practice of the most eminent old masters. Morse had begun a large picture to come out before the British public at the Royal Academy exhibition; the subject was the dying Hercules, and in order to paint it with the more effect, he followed the example of Allston, and determined to model the figure in clay. It was his first attempt at modelling. His original intention was simply to complete such parts of the figure as were useful in the single

* When Mr. West was painting his "Christ Rejected," Morse calling on him, the old gentleman began a critical examination of his hands, and at length said, "Let me tie you with this cord, and take that place, while I paint in the hands of the Saviour." Morse of course complied—West finished his work, and releasing him, said, "You may say now, if you please, that you had a hand in this picture."

view necessary for the purpose of painting, but having done this, he was encouraged, by the approbation of Allston and other artists, to finish the entire figure. After completing it, he had it cast in plaster of paris, and carried it to show to West. West seemed more than pleased with it. After surveying it all around critically, with many exclamations of surprise, he sent his servant to call his son Raphael. As soon as Raphael made his appearance, he pointed to the figure and said, "Look there, sir, I have always told you any painter can make a sculptor."

From this model Morse painted his picture of the dying Hercules, of colossal size, and sent it, in May 1813, to the Royal Academy exhibition at Somerset House. The picture was well received. A critic of one of the journals of that day, in speaking of the Royal Academy, thus notices Morse: "Of the *academicians*, two or three have distinguished themselves in a pre-eminent degree; besides few have added much to their fame, perhaps they have hardly sustained it; but the great feature in this exhibition is, that it presents several works of very high merit by artists with whose performances, and even with whose names we were hitherto unacquainted. At the head of this class are Messrs. MONRO* and MORSE. The prize of History may be contended for by *Mr. Northcote* and *Mr. Stothard*. We should award it to the former. After these gentlemen, Messrs. *Hilton*, *Turner*, *Lane*, *Monro*, and *Morse*, follow in the same class." (London Globe, May 14th, 1813.) In commemorating the "pre-eminent works of the exhibition," out of nearly two thousand pictures, this critic places the dying Hercules among the twelve first.

This success of his first picture was highly encouraging to Morse, but it was not confined to the picture: upon showing the plaster model to an artist of eminence, he was advised by him to send it to the society of arts to take its chance for the prize in sculpture, offered by that society for an *original cast of a single figure*. Finding that the figure he had modelled came within the rules of the society, he sent it to their rooms, and was not a little astonished a few days after at receiving a notice to appear on the 13th of May, in the great room at the Adelphi, to receive in public the *gold medal*, which had been adjudged to his model of the Hercules. On that day there

* This most promising young artist was the son of the celebrated physician Dr. Munro, of London, famous for his treatment of insane patients. He died but a few months after this notice of him

were assembled the principal nobility of Britain, the foreign ambassadors, and distinguished strangers; among them but two Americans. The duke of Norfolk presided, and from his hands Morse received the gold medal, with many complimentary remarks. It is worthy of notice, that at this period Great Britain and the United States were at war.

We see in this another instance of the impartiality with which the English treated our artists. Allston and Leslie were treated in the same manner during this period of national hostility. Allston says England made no distinction between Americans and her own artists; yet Trumbull, as we have seen, attributes his failures at this time to the enmity of the English. We are glad to bear testimony to the good feeling of the enlightened public of Great Britain, which placed them above a mean jealousy or a barbaric warfare upon the arts.

Encouraged by this flattering reception of his first works in painting and in sculpture, the young artist redoubled his energies in his studies, and determined to contend for the highest premium in historical composition, offered by the royal academy the beginning of the year 1814. The subject was, "The Judgment of Jupiter in the case of Apollo, Marpessa, and Idas." The premium offered was *a gold medal and fifty guineas*. The decision was to take place in December of 1815. The composition, containing four figures, required much study; but by the exercise of great diligence, the picture was completed by the middle of July. Our young painter had now been in England four years, one year longer than the time allowed him by his parents, and he was obliged to return immediately home; but he had finished his picture under the conviction, strengthened by the opinion of West, that it would be allowed to remain and compete with those of the other candidates. To his regret, his petition to the council of the royal academy for this favour, handed in to them by *West*, and advocated strongly by him and Fuseli, was not granted; he was told that it was necessary, according to the rules of the academy, that the artist should be present to receive the premium—it could not be received by proxy. Fuseli expressed himself in very indignant terms at the narrowness of this decision. Thus disappointed, the artist had but one mode of consolation, he invited West to see his picture before he packed it up, at the same time requesting Mr. West to inform him, through Mr. Leslie, after the premiums should be adjudged in December, what chance he would have had, if he had remained. Mr. West, after sitting before the pic-

ture for a long time, promised to comply with the request, but added, "You had better remain, sir."*

Morse, however, was obliged to return, and in August 1815, he embarked for his native country. Early in the following year Mr. West, true to his promise, sent him word that from the moment he saw the picture he had not a doubt respecting its rank ; as president of the academy he could not prejudge the case at the time, but he regretted the necessity of Morse's return home, as the premium he said would certainly have been awarded to his picture had he remained in London till December. This picture was shown for sale in the artist's room, in Boston, for more than a year, but without a single inquiry from any one respecting the price. It was afterwards presented to the late John A. Allston, Esquire, of Georgetown, South Carolina, a gentleman who had employed the pencil of the artist in numerous and costly pictures.

Morse returned to his country flushed with high hopes of success in that department of painting in which he had gained laurels abroad. With the exception of two or three portraits, painted principally with a view to study the head, the whole time, a period of four years, was expended in the study of historical painting. He opened his rooms in Boston, and so far as social hospitality was concerned, his reception was most flattering ; all the attentions of polite society were lavished on him ; at dinner and evening parties he was a constant guest, and he was buoyed up with the hope that this attention would lead to professional orders, but he was disappointed. After remaining a year in that city without receiving a single order for an historical picture, or even an inquiry concerning the price of those already painted, his thoughts were for the first time seriously turned to consider the precarious prospects of a professed historical painter in the United States. His father had given him a liberal education, and had with limited means and other children to educate, supported him for four years in London, while acquiring the knowledge necessary for the highest branch of the art to which he had devoted himself ; and finding no demand for his ability in that branch of the art, he determined that he would no longer call upon

* It is an interesting anecdote which I have from Mr. West's eldest son, that his father's mind was so vigorous during his last illness, (from which he expected to recover) that he contemplated painting another large picture on the scale of "Death on the pale Horse." The subject was "Christ looking at Peter after the apostle's denial." He was completing the sketch when taken ill. The subject is one of the finest, and justifies what I have said of West's judgment in selecting events suited to the high purposes of art.

his father for aid, but try what he could do in portraiture, although he had never made it his study. He prepared a few small pannels for painting on, packed up his painting materials and proceeded eastward, turning his back in sorrow and disappointment upon Boston. In New-Hampshire he found employment for small portraits at \$15 each, and his hands so full, that in a few months he returned home with his pockets well lined. Two important events happened during this visit which affected his future life. He became acquainted with Miss Walker, and engaged to become her husband when fortune should be propitious; and he fell in with a southern gentleman who introduced himself, and gave Morse assurance of full employment at the south, at four times the price he was painting for in New-Hampshire. He immediately wrote to Dr. Finley, of Charleston, S. C., his uncle, for advice respecting a visit to that city, and received his warm invitation to come as his visiter and make a trial. Accordingly Mr. Morse proceeded to the hospitable city. Some weeks, however, passed on and no employer appeared. "This will not do, sir," he said to the Doctor, "I must ask you to permit me to paint your portrait as a remembrance, and I will go home again."

He painted Doctor Finley's portrait, which was seen by his friends, and before it was finished he had three engagements made. The names were put down on a sheet of paper, and he began to paint the portraits in rotation—more names were subscribed, more sheets of paper wanted, and his list in a few weeks amounted to 150 names, engaged at \$60 each. His prospects were now bright, and he determined to work hard, and with money in his pocket and this list of subscribers, to return to New-Hampshire, marry, and return next winter to Charleston with a wife. Stimulated by such prospects, he did work hard, and for something more than three months, finished four portraits a week. He left Charleston with \$3000 and engagements for a long time to come.

His marriage and return to Charleston took place of course, and he continued his visits every winter to Charleston until the close of the fourth.

This brings my memoir to the year 1819–20. At this period the rumour reached him of the great success of the Capuchin Chapel, as an exhibition picture, and his hopes of becoming an historical painter were revived by a plan he formed of painting an interior of the House of Representatives, at Washington, with portraits of the members. This, he thought, might be sent with an agent to various cities, and the

revenue derived from its exhibition would enable him to employ himself in the branch of the art for which his studies in London had prepared him.

Having removed his family to New-Haven, he proceeded to Washington and made the necessary studies for this great subject. The picture he painted at home, and it cost him the labour of eighteen months. When finished, a most complicated work of beautiful architecture, with a multitude of figures, making a painting 8 feet by 9, it was exhibited to a loss of several hundred dollars, in addition to the cost of time lost in painting it.* Much of the little fortune accumulated by his labour in Charleston had been called for by a reverse in his father's situation, which he was not likely to spare his means in relieving. He was now again poor, and with a family to maintain.

At this period, 1822-3, he sought employment at New-York, and by the friendly aid of Mr. James Hillhouse, well known as a man of taste and a distinguished poet, he was introduced to the family of Isaac Lawrence, Esquire, where he found his works and talents justly appreciated, and his skill as an artist put in requisition. This led to an order from the corporation of New-York for a full-length portrait of General Lafayette, who being then at Washington, Morse went thither and painted the head of the venerable patriot, making the necessary drawings for the picture.

This was in the winter of 1824-5. I was at the time in Washington city, and embarking, in February, 1825, at Baltimore, on my return home, met Mr. Morse, likewise returning, and in deep affliction, having heard of the death of his wife. He had taken a house in New-York, and had the prospect, when he came to Washington, of returning to the enjoyment of domestic happiness as a man, and of prosperity as an artist.

His wife died at New Haven, and thither he proceeded, to his parents and his children. The full-length of La Fayette occupied his time for some months in New-York; but it was begun in misfortune and prosecuted in sorrow. A series of occurrences, all of the same funereal character, called him from his labours to his duties, as a son and a father, at New-Haven. One of his children lay at the point of death—his aged and venerable father, the first who taught us the geogra-

* This picture was rolled up and packed away for some years. Finally, a gentleman offered \$1000 for it, which was accepted, and our House of Representatives in a body removed to Great Britain.

phy of our country, died—his beloved mother died—and he felt himself a desolate being, with only the ties of parental affection to hold him to this earth.

It was amidst these afflictions that his love for his art induced him to form that association of artists for mutual improvement which resulted in the establishment of the only academy for teaching the fine arts that has existed in America, *The National Academy of Design*. A school for students, with competent teachers, professors, and lecturers. A notice of this institution, and the causes which led to its establishment, will be found under the head of Academies.

Mr. Morse's exertions and success drew upon him the bitter enmity and malignant vituperation of the dictator and leaders of the nominal American Academy of the Fine Arts; and of course, in consequence of sneers and misrepresentations, the ill-will of the friends of these gentlemen. Morse being elected president, and having been the original mover in the formation of the association for mutual improvement, had to bear the greater share of the calumny which was propagated against all the artists concerned in this establishment. He has borne it, or repelled it, until, as is the course ordained, the shafts have rebounded, and are fixed as thorns in the flesh of those who aimed them at the reputation (the heart of hearts) of men who were serving their country, by devoting their time and talents to the progress of those arts which are the pride of civilized society, and the source of all the elegant comforts of domestic life.

Mr. Morse delivered a course of lectures on the fine arts, before the New-York Athenæum, which was received by crowded audiences with delight. This was the first course of lectures on the subject read in America. These lectures were repeated to the students and academicians of the National Academy of Design.

In 1829 Mr. Morse found himself in circumstances to visit, not only England again, but to reside, for a sufficient time in Italy to study the works of art, copy many of the best pictures, and to improve in every branch of painting, to a degree which has surprised me as much as it has given me pleasure. On his arrival from America, he found his friends, Newton and Leslie, in London, and with them attended two lectures at the Royal Academy, both remarkable for circumstances of very different natures. Leslie introduced Morse to the academicians, who received the president of the National Academy of Design with peculiar honour. The first of these lectures was remarkable, as being the last time Sir Thomas Lawrence was out of his house. The second, for a compliment paid by the

lecturer to Washington Allston. Martin Archer Shee, the successor of Lawrence, was, on this occasion, requested to take the presidential chair: Morse, Leslie, and Newton, sat at his right hand. Mr. Greene, the lecturer, remarked, that he was glad Mr. Morse was present, as he had had occasion to mention an American gentleman who was an honour to the Royal Academy, Mr. Allston: and in the course of his lecture he quoted two of Allston's sonnets.

Returning homeward he made a stop in Paris, and pursued his studies in the Louvre. He there made a picture of that celebrated gallery, copying in miniature the most valuable paintings as hanging on the walls.* Of this splendid work my friend James Fennimore Cooper speaks thus, in a letter to me dated Paris, March 16th 1832: "Morse is painting an exhibition picture that I feel certain must take. He copies admirably, and this is a drawing of the Louvre, with copies of some fifty of its best pictures."

The picture of the gallery of the Louvre was not finished until Morse returned to New-York; but when nearly finished and removed from the gallery, the Chevalier Alexander Le Noir, conservateur of the Museum of France, (a celebrated antiquary, who is now engaged in arranging the papers on the ruins of Pelenque in Mexico, mentioned at page 11, vol. i, of this work,) wished to see the painting, and made an appointment for the purpose. He sat long before it, and complimented the artist highly, who received the praise as the effusion of politeness; but the next day he had a proof of the learned critic's good opinion, for he received from him two folios and a quarto, published by him, containing several hundred plates, descriptive of the ancient monuments of France and their history.

On leaving Paris he returned to London, and had the satisfaction of renewing former recollections and acquaintances, and particularly of enjoying the society of his friend Leslie. His good old friend and master, West, was no more, and his younger friend and instructor, Allston, was in America; but he had recollections of the latter brought to his mind very unexpectedly. Morse had brought a letter to a gentleman from Italy, whose direction was No. 11 Tinny-street, London. After an absence of sixteen or seventeen years, he had no

* This picture was finished in New-York, and exhibited in that city and in New-Haven. Every artist and connoisseur was charmed with it, but it was "caviare to the multitude." Those who had flocked to see the nudity of Adam and Eve, had no curiosity to see this beautiful and curious specimen of art. It has been purchased by George Clarke, Esq., of Otsego, and removed to Hyde Hall, on Otsego Lake.

remembrance of the street, or thought that it was connected with any transactions of interest to him. He sought the street, and on entering it he saw objects which appeared familiar to him; but which might only have reminded him of those dreamy sensations we experience throughout life, when entering a strange place we feel as if all the scene was merely a renewal of former impressions, made we know not how or when. He inquired for No. 11 of a gentleman passing, who exclaimed, "Surely I know you, sir." "My name is Morse." "And have you forgotten that house," pointing to it, "that is No. 11, my name is Collard, and there, with you and your friend Allston, and his friends Coleridge and Lonsdale, I have passed many happy hours in times past." The reality now flashed upon Morse—he entered the house, and found himself in the apartment where he had witnessed such poignant scenes of distress in former days—the chamber in which his dear friend and mentor's wife had expired, and where he had seen that friend deprived of reason in consequence of the sudden bereavement.

On the 16th of November, 1832, Mr. Morse arrived in New-York, and relieved me from the charge I had sustained as vice-president of the National Academy of Design, to the presidency of which institution he had been re-elected annually. I have mentioned his great improvement in his profession. I have a letter from Mr. Allston of late date, (1834,) in which he says to me, "I rejoice to hear your report of Morse's advance in his art. I know what *is in him*, perhaps, better than any one else. If he will only bring out all that is *there*, he will show powers that many now do not dream of."*

* Mr. Morse has told me that he formed a theory for the distribution of colours in a picture many years since, when standing before a picture of Paul Veronese, which has been confirmed by all his subsequent studies of the works of the great masters. This picture is now in the National Gallery, London. He saw in it that the *highest* light was cold; the *mass of light* warm; the *middle tint* cool; the *shadow* negative; and the *reflections* hot. He says he has tried this theory by placing a white ball in a box lined with white, and convinced himself that the system of Paul Veronese is the order of nature. Balls of orange or of blue so placed, give the same relative result. The high light of the ball is uniformly cold, in comparison with the local colour of the ball. "I have observed in a picture by Rubens that it had a *foxy* tone, and on examination I found that the shadow (which according to my theory ought to be negative,) was *hot*. Whenever I found this to be the case, I found the pictures *foxy*." On one occasion, his friend Allston said to him while standing before an unfinished painting, "I have painted that piece of drapery of every colour, and it will not harmonize with the rest of the picture." Morse found that the drapery belonged to the *mass* of light, and said "according to my theory it must be warm; paint it flesh colour." "What do you mean by your theory?" Morse explained as above. Allston immediately said, "It is so. It is in nature," and has since said, "Your theory has saved me many an hour's labour."

Mr. Morse has been appointed, by the university of New-York, professor of the literature of the fine arts.

MATTHEW JOUETT—1817.

My wish to gain accurate information of this gentleman and other painters of the west, induced me to write to the Hon. Henry Clay, as a known friend to the fine arts. He referred me to his son Henry Clay, jr. Esq., of Maplewood near Lexington, from whom I received a very friendly letter, of which the following is an extract: "Jouett, as you perhaps know, was a man of taste and possessed a vein of humour copious and rich, but unaffected and innocent in its tendency, which made him a charming companion, and which will perhaps greatly add to the interest of his biography. Of him I can send you a very accurate notice. Of Harding, the account will not be so full. He has removed from this state, but I can send you some particulars connected with his early career while a resident and painter in Kentucky. I will endeavour also to send you a similar account of West." This promise was made last January, and I have reminded Mr. Clay of it, but imperious circumstances, no doubt, have prevented the fulfillment. My correspondent John Neagle, Esq. of Philadelphia, says, "I saw Jouett in Lexington, Kentucky, in the year 1819. He was the best portrait painter west of the mountains. He studied with G. Stuart, and painted somewhat in his manner. I saw in his room a head of Henry Clay, much in general arrangement like Stuart. He was a tall, thin man. I know he admired Stuart much, and desired me by letter to send him a copy of my portrait of Mr. Stuart." From this circumstance, I judge that the death of Mr. Jouett did not take place until about the year 1826. J. R. Lambdin, Esq., writes to me thus of Jouett: "Matthew Jouett was born in Fayette county, Kentucky, and educated for the bar. He entered the army during the last war, and was one of those brave sons of Kentucky, who distinguished themselves on our western frontier. At the close of the war he practised painting for a short time as an amusement, but being dissatisfied with the life of a lawyer, determined on adopting the profession, and accordingly visited Boston in 1817, and was for several months, as is well known, a favourite pupil of Stuart's. No man ever made better use of the time than did Jouett. His pictures, though executed with an appearance of carelessness, possess much of the character of his master. He upheld the argument of Reynolds regarding vermilion and lake, and as he seldom varnished his pictures, the consequence is, that more than one fifth of them have so much faded in their car-

nations, as to be little more than a chalk-board. I have some of his portraits executed at the south, which would have done credit to Stuart in his best days. Having married early in life, he settled his family on a farm in the vicinity of Lexington, from whence during the winter, he migrated to the south, and practised successfully in New Orleans and at Natchez. His well stored mind—his astonishing powers of conversation and companionable disposition, caused his society to be constantly courted, and gave him an amount of employment never enjoyed by any other artist in the west. He died at Lexington, in 1826, shortly after his return from a visit to the south, in the forty-third year of his age." Of course this extraordinary man, gentleman and artist, was born in 1783.

JOSHUA SHAW—1817.

A landscape-painter of eminence, was born in the memorable year 1776, in Bellingborough, Lincoln county, England. Left an orphan at a very early age, he had to pass through the hardships which genius so often encounters in its way to the level it ultimately attains. A farmer's boy—a mender of broken windows—a post-boy carrying the mail—apprentice to a country sign painter, and at the age of manhood, a sign-painter himself, and a married man in Manchester. Through these various stages young Shaw had practised drawing and latterly esel painting, with a view to casting off the mechanic and becoming an artist. With a strong constitution and stronger determination, he persevered in improving himself in flower-painting, still life, portraiture and landscape, and finally succeeded in attracting public attention, had orders for pictures and dropped the business of sign painting for ever.

The exact time of Mr. Shaw's coming to this country I do not know ; but he had long contemplated America as the land of promise. I first met him in Norfolk, returning from a visit to South Carolina. He practised his profession in Philadelphia many years with deserved applause. Of late years he has turned his attention to mechanics, and invented improvements in gun-locks with eminent success. This pursuit has led him to Europe, and he has revisited his native country. I see by the public prints that he has obtained a premium from the emperor of Russia, for improvements in naval warfare. He is again in Philadelphia and actively engaged in establishing an exhibition of the works of living artists, preparatory to schools in which the arts of design may be taught. I remember a stag-hunt by Mr. Shaw with great pleasure, seen some years back.

EDWARD F. PETTICOLAS—1817.

Of this gentleman, my correspondent T. Sully says, "I think Petticolas must have been born in Philadelphia. His family settled in Richmond about 1805. I painted in miniature then, and gave some instruction to Petticolas; the father instructed my wife in music as an equivalent. Petticolas afterwards took to oil painting—visited England and France—returned and married a lady of Richmond, and again visited Europe and returned; after a short residence in Richmond he visited Europe for the third time, and is now (1833) in Richmond."

In 1821, I visited Mr. Petticolas in Richmond, and saw the portraits he had in his painting room. His style was chaste, his colouring clear, and I felt that he deserved all the employment of that city. Mr. George Cooke however found employers in Richmond, and probably Petticolas was neglected. There was a modest manner in the artist, and rather a want of boldness in his work.

Sully in another letter, speaking of this gentleman, says, "he would have made an able and excellent portrait painter had he kept to London. He has knowledge, elementary, especially; but is timid and cramped. Correct and gentlemanly in deportment; much beloved in Richmond, but is too fond of seclusion to get on." When Mr. Petticolas returned from his second visit to England in 1826, he told Mr. Sully that Mrs. Dunlop (herself a painter,) had been a sitter to Lawrence, and said that he made use of carefully finished studies made from his sitters, for painting from in their absence; and these studies were the chief means of completing the portrait.

WILLIAM G. WALL—1818.

This gentleman was born in Dublin, 1792, and landed in New-York the first of September, 1818, where he commenced his career as an artist. The first views he made for publishing were scenery of the Hudson, and he has continued a successful application of his talents to landscapes in oil and water colours ever since. His pictures were a great attraction at the early exhibitions of the National Academy of Design in 1826-7 and 8. Mr. Wall has of late resided at Newport, Rhode Island, but has removed to New Haven, where he is pursuing his profession with great success. He has sold many of his late pictures at from three to four hundred dollars each. This gentleman has been indefatigable in studying American landscape, and his reputation stands deservedly high. A short time before the death of Thomas Jef-

person, he wrote to Mr. Wall, offering him in the most friendly manner, the situation of teacher of drawing and painting at his college of Charlotteville; but as it was not made a professorship, Mr. Wall declined. Mr. Wall's practice of late is to colour all his drawings from nature on the spot, "the only way," as he says, "to copy nature truly."

AUGUSTUS EARLE—1818.

The reader will find in the first volume of this work a notice of Mr. Earle of Connecticut, at page 223; and at page 427, a Mr. Earle is mentioned who died at Charleston, and who I supposed was an Englishman, principally from the circumstance that Mr. Sully told me he had seen his widow in London, and communicated to her circumstances connected with his death. I have from recent information reason to believe that the person who died in Charleston, was the same mentioned in the previous page, as I now know that Earle of Connecticut married when studying in London, and left his wife and children there when he returned home; and that he was the father of Augustus Earle, known as the wandering artist. Augustus was the intimate friend and fellow-student of C. R. Leslie and S. F. B. Morse.

The latter gentleman has related to me some particulars of a ramble he took in company with Earle, when they both were students of the Royal Academy in 1813. With their sketch-books and drawing apparatus, they visited the sea-shore and the towns adjacent, making pedestrian excursions into the country in search of scenery, and sometimes meeting an adventure. On one occasion, their aim after a days ramble was to reach Deal, and there put up for the night, but they found when about five miles from the town, that they had to cross a dreary moor, and the sun was about to withdraw his light from them. As they mounted a style they were met by a farmer, who accosted them with, "Gentlemen, are you going to cross the moor so late?" "Yes. We can't lose our way, can we?" "No. But you may lose your lives." "How so?" "Why there be always a power of shipping at Deal, and the sailors be sad chaps; they come ashore and rob and murder on the moor, without your leave or by your leave." "Has there any thing of the kind taken place lately?" "Why yes, a young woman was murdered not long ago by two sailors. You will see the spot on your way, *if you will go*: there is a pile of stones where she was killed. The fellows were taken, and I saw them hanged." "So, there is no danger from them, then." "About a mile further on, you will see bushes on your left hand—there a

man was murdered not long ago—but the worst place is further on—you will come to a narrow lane with a high hedge on each side—it will be dark before you get there, and in that lane you will come to a style, and just beyond you will see a white stone set up, and on it is written all the circumstances of the murder of a young woman, a neighbour of mine, who was coming home from town all dressed in white, with a bundle in her hand tied in a dark red handkerchief—but, gentlemen, you had better turn back and stop the night at my house, and you shall be heartily welcome.” They thanked him, but saying they were two, and a match for two, they full of confidence pursued their route. It soon became twilight. They found the heap of stones, and a slight shudder occurred when looking on the dreary scene, and the mark by which murder was designated. They passed on rather tired, and striving to keep up each other’s courage until they came to the bushes. Here was another spot where foul murder had been committed. They quickened their pace as they found darkness increase, and now they came to the lane with the high hedge row on each side, which rendered their way almost a path of utter darkness. They became silent, and with no pleasant feelings expected to see the style, and if not too dark, the stone erected to commemorate the murder of the young girl in white, with the dark red handkerchief. “What’s that?” said Earle stopping. “I see nothing,” said Morse—“yes—now that I stoop down I see the style.” “Don’t you see something white beyond the style?” “That, I suppose is the white stone.” “Stones do not move,” said Earle. Morse stooped again, so as to bring the style against the sky as a background and whispered, “I see some one on the style—hush.” A figure now approached, and as they stood aside to give ample room for it to pass, they perceived a tall female dressed in white, with a dark red bundle in her hand. On came the figure, and the lads gazed with a full recollection of the farmer’s story of murder, and some feelings allied to awe. On she came, and without noticing them passed to go over the moor. “It will not do to let it go without speaking to it,” thought Morse, and he called out, “Young woman! are you not afraid to pass over the moor so late?” “Oh no, sir,” said the ghost, “I live hard by, and when I’ve done work, I am used to crossing the moor in the eve—good night,” and on she tripped.

The young painters laughed at each other, and pursued their way without further thought of ghosts or murderers. They saw indeed the murder-marking monument, but it was

too dark to read the tale, and they soon found themselves in comfortable quarters after their long day's ramble, and forgot their fears and their fatigues together.

Eighteen years, or more after, Mr. Morse inquired of Leslie for their old companion Earle, and learned that he had been rambling far beyond Deal. "He had visited every part of the Mediterranean," said Leslie—"roamed in Africa—rambled in the United States—sketched in South America—attempted to go to the Cape of Good Hope in a worn out Margate hoy, and was shipwrecked on Tristan d'Acunha, where he passed six months with some old tars who hutted there—at length a vessel touched the desolate place and released him. He then visited Van Dieman's Land, New South Wales, and New Zealand, where he drew from the naked figure, and saw the finest forms in the world addicted to cannibalism. Returning to Sydney, he, by way of variety proceeded to the Caroline Islands—stopped at the Ladrões—looked in upon Manilla and finally settled himself at Madras, and made money as a portrait painter. Not content he went to Pondicherry, and there embarked for France, but stopped at the Mauritius, and after some few more calls at various places, found his way home. Here his sister had married a Mr. Murray, a relative of the Duke of Athol, and being left a widow, found a home as *chargé des affaires* for his grace, who you know is a harmless madman, thinks himself overwhelmed with business, and shuts himself up with books and papers, which he cannot understand, and then calls for his coach and rides out on some important errand, which forgotten, he returns again. Earle wrote and published his travels, and attracted some attention. One day he came to me with delight painted on his face,—'I am anchored for life—I have an offer of £200 a year, and every thing found me, only to reside under the roof of the Duke of Athol, and ride out with him when he takes it in his head to call his coach—I am settled at last!' I congratulated him—'You can write and draw at your leisure, and give us all your adventures.' 'Yes—nothing could be happier.' A few weeks after Earle came again.—'Congratulate me, Leslie.' 'What has happened?' 'I have been offered a berth in a ship bound to the South Pole! I have accepted it—it is just what I wish.' And he is now in his element again; for rove he must as long as he lives."

It may be asked, how is Augustus a subject for this work? Independent of being the son of a Yankee, he when in America exercised his profession in New-York, living in the house with Mr. Cummings, the father of the well known miniature painter. This was in 1818. Thomas S. Cummings, then a boy, was

encouraged in his attempts at art by Earle, and possesses many of his sketches which are replete with character. Mr. Cummings describes Earle as being at that time a fair complexioned, flaxen-haired young man. He is probably now as black as his favourites of the South Sea Islands.

AARON H. CORWAINE—1818.

This unfortunate child of genius was born in Kentucky, and as my correspondent T. Sully, Esq. thinks, near Maysville. In 1818 he studied with Mr. Sully, who says, "His first attempts, when with me, evinced *remarkable* tact. He was, however, indolent, and this might in a measure have been caused by his infirm health." He had a painting room in Chesnut-street, Philadelphia, in the house of Mr. Earle, the frame-maker; and Sully says, "he might be seen at almost any hour lounging at Earle's shop door."

This shop of Earle's, it must be remarked, contained all the best engravings, and paintings were brought thither to be framed. Corwaine would stretch himself on the floor by a picture, and appear to devour it with his eyes. "His figure, manners, and kind mode of expression," continues Sully, "put me in mind of the mild and bland appearance of Leslie. He was gentle and full of kind sympathy and delicate taste—he was candid and guileless. After a short residence in Philadelphia he returned to the western country, I think Maysville. I heard of him from time to time, of his increasing industry and consequent improvement. Three or four years ago he wrote to ask my advice in visiting Europe for improvement, and according to what I said on the subject, he repaired to London. I have been often requested to advise in the like case, and have always recommended the English school as the best for portrait painting; but Corwaine is one of the *few* who have followed my counsel. Of all those who have studied on the continent, I have not found one whose style, as a portrait painter, has not been rendered unfit for the taste of this country.

"Corwaine left Philadelphia, when he embarked for London, in a bad state of health, but with some hope that the sea voyage would restore it, and an ardent desire to redeem lost time. Misfortune attended his steps from this time to the day of his death. The funds he had provided to defray his charges in London were all lost by the failure of the merchant in whose hands he had placed them shortly after his arrival: meanwhile his disease was aggravated by close application to his studies. He has since told me that the overstrained

effort to continue the work in hand, which engaged his attention, has caused him to faint. He returned to Philadelphia penniless, with a ruined constitution and depressed spirits, to die in the arms of his kind and faithful cousins, two maiden ladies, the Miss Cones, in whose house he resided until death relieved him from his pains at the early age of twenty-eight.

"The few studies and copies made by Corwaine when in London show what high ground he would eventually have taken, had life been continued."

Extracts from an Obituary Notice.

"Cincinnati, July 17th, 1830.

"Died,—In Philadelphia on the 4th instant, Mr. A. H. Corwaine, portrait painter, in the 28th year of his age.

"The subject of this notice was a native of Kentucky, and like many of the legitimate children of genius, he struggled in the commencement of life with every obstacle that want of family influence and of wealth could present. In early youth he wandered to Maysville, and making himself master of the rudest materials of his art, he commenced his rough attempts at sketching portraits. These, coarse as they were, were distinguished by that quality which marked his productions at a maturer period; that of catching some powerful point of feature and expression, which gave peculiar force to his likenesses. On his coming to Cincinnati, some years ago, and while yet a boy, several gentlemen of this city, struck with his wonderful powers, induced him to place himself under the direction of Mr. Sully, and furnished him with the means of remaining in Philadelphia for two or three years. On quitting Philadelphia he established himself in Cincinnati, where he remained in the prosecution of his art until the spring of 1829.

"Ardently devoted to his art, he resolved to connect his improvement in it with the pursuit of health. With this view he selected England as the place of his European visit. In London his health seemed at first to be improved, but in the beginning of the past winter, symptoms of returning disease became alarming, and he came to Philadelphia, where, after lingering some months, he bowed to the decrees of Providence, and was called to a better world, while yet in the morn of life."

N. JOSCELYN—1818.

This gentleman, who, like A. B. Durand, is both engraver and painter, was born in New Haven, Connecticut, in the year 1796. Mr. Joscelyn has passed through many scenes of life with honour, and is an independent man: but of the particu-

lars of those events or exertions which have led to his present eligible situation in his native city, I am ignorant ; although I had been promised ample information on the subject, which I was anxious to obtain, as I know that Mr. Joscelyn's connexions with distinguished men, both at home and abroad, and his talent for observation, would have made my memoir of him interesting and instructive.

I know that, in 1815, he was a student of drawing and engraving ; and engaged in the latter, as a profession, at Hartford, in Connecticut, in 1818. Although he has studied and practised oil painting, he has continued his professional exertions as an engraver. In 1820 he professed himself a portrait painter ; and visiting Savannah, Georgia, he practised with success and improvement.

Mr. Joscelyn was a member of the graphic company at Hartford, whose principal business was bank-note engraving. The bank-note system has been friendly to the arts of design, and stimulated as well as employed very many artists.

In 1826, when the National Academy of Design opened their first exhibition, at the corner of Reade-street and Broadway, Mr. Joscelyn exhibited several portraits of merit. In 1829, he visited London, as I believe, on business connected with mechanical inventions : but whatever it was, he observed with the eye of a shrewd and talented man, the works of art around him. With the skillful and amiable Danforth, whose engraving from Leslie's *Uncle Toby* and the *Widow* has made him universally known among his countrymen, Mr. Joscelyn had always been in strict friendship ; and when in London they lived together, together enjoying the society of their celebrated countrymen, Leslie and Newton.

Mr. Joscelyn is established at New Haven ; and has, in 1834, the most eligible suite of rooms for his painting and exhibition of any artist I know of. I saw specimens of his head portraiture in August, 1834, which placed him, in my opinion, in the rank of our best portrait painters, though not foremost of the rank.

Long married, this gentleman fulfils the duties of a good citizen, and enjoys the esteem of all around him.

D. C. JOHNSTON—1819.

HIS ANSWER TO MY INQUIRIES.

Sir—By particular desire I have placed myself, as Coleman says, “bolt upright on my head's antipodes,” to detail to you the most remarkable incidents of my *interesting* life and adventures from infancy, up to the present time—and to convince you that of all opiates, there is none so powerful—when ad-

ministered by so skillful a hand as myself—as a certain quantity of ink and paper.—To begin at the beginning, and preserve future ages from such uncertainty as at present exists, concerning the nativity of Homer—and other celebrated characters, I hereby declare, that in the drab-coloured city of brotherly-love I first saw the light of day, under what particular planet I am unable to say; but of this you may learn something, if you can lay your hand on an almanac for 1799, under the head of March.

Had my parents adopted for me a profession which my earliest propensities seemed to recommend, I might at this time have been “a rude and boisterous captain of the sea;” for according to all authentic information, I neglected no opportunity to indulge in a hearty squall; by some, however, the propensity was attributed to an unusual development of the organ of tune, which, at the time was no doubt supposed to be a species of hand-organ, situated not far from *honour*, as set by Swift; for I seldom was allowed to complete more than half a dozen bars in a vocal solo, without a smart accompaniment by somebody, on this supposed organ. At the same time, my parents might have been suspected of having adopted this opinion; but my opinion now is that that conduct was entirely devoid of phrenological prejudices; it was necessary for my own happiness, that my particular propensity should be overcome, to effect which, it was deemed necessary whenever I chose to indulge in so selfish a gratification, as a squall, not to seek for bumps on my head, but to turn me bottom up, and apply a wholesome quantity of bumps to the opposite part of the anatomical structure. This capsizing system, though particularly disagreeable to a structure not copper-bottomed, had the desired effect; my penchant for squalls gradually subsided, and calms became more frequent, till at length I thought the latter decidedly preferable to the former, attended with the inevitable organ accompaniment.

My school-boy days were remarkable only for backwardness of study, and forwardness of petty mischief; in reading, between mouthing, mumbling, and skipping hard words, I got on indifferently well. In penmanship, judging from a few early specimens which occasionally meet my eye, I evinced more than ordinary taste, and generally managed to destroy the cold and monotonous appearance of the white paper, by passing my little-finger, or perhaps the cuff of my coat, over the undried ink, or by an accidental blot licked up with the tongue, thereby producing a pleasing effect, *chiaro scuro*, which the tasteless Domine was unable to appreciate; insensible to the

harmony of light and shade, he universally denounced my best *effects* as vile, every page of my copybook he no doubt conceived to be a rivulet of pot-hooks and hangers, meandering through a meadow of smut; and as many pages as my book contained, so many thwacks did I receive on my palm, by way of improving my hand. In figures, (that is, caricature figures) I was more successful; these I usually exchanged with some of my fellow scholars, for a slate full of such figures as suited the preceptor, who not unfrequently approved of *my calculations*, without calculating himself, that they were received as a quid pro quo, for a wretched attempt at a likeness of himself or his assistant. Having completed my schooling, (with the exception of the last eighteen months, or two years) after the above fashion, a choice of profession became the next subject of consideration with my parents. My graphic efforts, though wretched in the extreme, had acquired for me a certain degree of reputation among my friends and relatives; and as I unquestionably was fond of *picture making*, it was decreed that I should become an artist. Painting at this time would have been my choice, but this branch not being so lucrative and generally useful as engraving, I was placed some time in 1815, under the tuition of Mr. Francis Kearny, a gentleman of established reputation, both as an engraver and draughtsman; in this situation I remained four years, during which time I acquitted myself to the satisfaction of my worthy tutor. At the termination of my pupilage, there was but little business doing in book and print publishing, which necessarily produced a general state of idleness among artists of the burin, particularly among the junior class, who, like myself, had just acquired the enviable distinction of *artist of my own book*. Under these circumstances, I added publisher to my newly acquired title, and occasionally put forth a caricature of dandies, militia trainings, etc. In these efforts I succeeded so far, that sundry well-known characters in each department were readily recognised, the prints met with ready sale, and I began to aspire to something above *dog-collars* and *door-plates*; the engraving of which constituted an important branch of my business.

In the plenitude of my vanity, I began to think that I had assuredly taken a certain "tide in the affairs of men," and was flowing on to fortune, at the rate of ten knots an hour; but dandies and exquisites held it not honest, to have their follies thus set down and exposed at the shop windows; and valiant militia colonels and majors, in overhanging epaulets, breathed nought but slaughter, blood, and thunder; my cus-

tomers, the print and booksellers, being threatened with libel suits one on hand, and extermination on the other, chose rather to avoid such difficulties, than to continue the sale of my productions.

This unexpected turn of tide rendered it necessary for me to look about for employment in some way, that would enable me to provide food and clothing, (for I could not consent to remain dependent on my parents,) and at the same time, allow me a portion of leisure to devote to my pencil. I was at this time fond of the theatre, and had acquired no inconsiderable reputation among my acquaintance, as a mimic not only of actors, but of many individuals in private life, and was reckoned good at a comic song, and altogether a nice man for a small party. These *wonderful accomplishments* induced me to try my fortune on the boards. The theatre was then open but four nights per week, and I calculated on having many hours per day for my more agreeable avocations. Without delay therefore, I made application to the manager, Mr. Wood ; who selected for me the part of Henry, in *Speed the Plough*, in which character I in a few days made my debut, as the saying is, before a splendid and *enraptured* audience.

The first appearance of a novice has been compared to the state of a person that has just been shot at and missed ; I know not what my appearance was, but judging from my feelings, I must have looked more like a person hit than missed ; the shot having carried away the words of my author, my head seemed pirouetting on its vertebra, the foot-lights danced like wills o' the wisp ; the audience appeared to be seated in an immense rocking-chair in full se-saw ; to my eye every thing was topsy turvy, and to my ear, every thing was buz. Fortunately this sensation was but of short duration, the plaudits of the good-natured audience were soon recognised by my tympanum, the lights ceased to dance, the rocking-chair became stationary, the lost words of my author returned, and Henry was himself again, and commenced walking *into the audience* without material deviation from the usual mode of representing the character. There might have been a few accidental new-readings, which at present I do not recollect, I but remember one point, though not a new one, was made *sharper* than usual, and proved to be a decided hit ; to explain which, it becomes necessary to inform you that in consequence of a primitive misunderstanding between my knees, they never failed to come to blows, as soon as my legs were put in motion ; I was, therefore, at a very early age sent to dancing school, as the most effective means to correct this joint animosity. The experiment was

not only attended with success, but resulted in so great a fondness for "tripping it on the light fantastic toe," that I soon became the most indefatigable *toe-shaker* or *artiste* (to use the more fashionable term,) of my age. This brings me to the *point* alluded to, which occurred in the dance with Miss Blandford; my terpsichorean powers would have excited the envy of the muse herself. Poor Robert Handy, who scarcely knew a pirouette from a double shuffle, was, "in amazement lost;" the electrified audience for a while kept their approving hands moving in time to my heels, until I commenced cutting three and four, and pigeonwinging backward and forward; this was "going the whole swine;" the audience were obliged to yield the *palm*, and I was acknowledged the most dancing Henry that had appeared for years. Instead of asking myself, like a silly fool, where could Henry have learned to dance? I merely asked, like a sensible actor, what can I do to get applause?

A few evenings previous to my appearance, I witnessed the opera of the Devil's Bridge, and heard the *poor peasant* Florian introduce a song with considerable applause, beginning—

I have health, I have grounds,
I have wealth, I have hounds, &c.

Being acquainted with the representative of Florian, I took the liberty to hint to him, that according to my notion, his song was by no means suited to the part. "Not suited to the part!" he exclaimed, "what the devil have I to do with what suits the part? my object is to suit the audience, and if you expect to succeed in this profession, you must put such ridiculous notions out of your head, young man."

My second character was Master Slender, whether my performance of this part was an improvement on my first appearance, I will not pretend to say. I but know that I felt much more at ease than in the sentimental Henry. My appearance as a young gentleman, was succeeded by an offer of an engagement from the manager, to fill the situation of what is technically called, the *walking gentleman*, in which capacity I remained during the first season.

The second season was commenced by an advance of salary and a slight addition of business; that is, a minor comic character was now and then trusted to me, and occasionally, a second or third-rate *scoundrel*; so that by the time I began the third season, I was a sort of actor of all work.

I had run through an extensive range of characters from first and second robber, to the man of wax in Romeo and Ju-

liet—from the grave-digger to Laertes—from Sheepface to Sir Benjamin Backbite—from African Sal and Dusty Bob to the Duke of Venice. During my actorship I occasionally put forth something in the *print way*, sometimes a political caricature, and now and then a theatrical star; so that between my salary, my pencil and my graver, I lived rather comfortably; but as I never was positively stage-struck, I kept a sharp look out for an opportunity to bid adieu to the shield and truncheon; to carotty wigs and poisoned goblets. To facilitate this object I engaged with the Boston managers for the season of 1825. My motive for making this move was owing to a more extensive sale of my graphic productions in that city than in my native place. A short residence in Boston convinced me that by applying myself to cut copper, I should soon be enabled to cut the boards. I gradually became known to the book-publishers, who being in want occasionally of designs both for wood and copper, my humble abilities were in a short time more than appreciated and so liberally rewarded, that at the close of the season I thanked the ladies *Thalia* and *Melpomene*, particularly the former, who to my taste is the more agreeable of the two; and in the language of a moving shop-keeper, begged a continuance of former favours in my new or rather old stand, which I still occupy, designing prints for booksellers and publishers. Most of my time, however, is taken up in drawing on blocks for wood engravers. I manage occasionally as opportunity offers, to execute a political caricature, and steal time enough to make something for the annual exhibition of the National Academy of New-York, and ditto for the Boston Athenæum; the few odds and ends of time that remain I work up into *scraps*, which brings me to the end of the year and to the end of my epistle, for which you are no doubt very thankful.

You are perhaps not a little surprised at the length of this epistle, knowing as I do, that in your notice of me you can come to Hecuba in half a dozen lines, but as I generally have at this season of the year a week or two of leisure time, I thought I could not do better than employ part of it in bestowing my tediousness upon you and giving you the *whole life*, that you may choose your lines where you please.

I remain Sir,

Your most obt. serv't.

D. C. JOHNSTON.

To William Dunlap, Esq.

DANIEL DICKINSON—1819.

The good sense of the following letter in answer to my inquiries, induces me to publish it entire. Mr. Dickinson is in many respects a contrast to his brother Anson Dickinson, before mentioned ; though not a better artist.

“ I was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1795 ; was never under any master ; Nathaniel and Smith Joscelyn and myself, were brother tyros in the art at New-Haven, where we studied drawing all at the same time, principally from drawing and other books. I adopted a style between my brother Anson’s, Malbone’s and J. Wood’s, fifteen years after my brother commenced ; being that number of years younger. Being led to miniature painting on ivory, I have employed my leisure time in fancy subjects, such as might best illustrate female beauty and grace. In 1830, I began to study oil painting, and have lately finished my first original in that style, and if successful shall pursue this branch, as it will afford a greater field particularly in works of fancy. The encouragement I receive enables me to remain in the same city in which I first commenced, Philadelphia, without ever painting in any other ; I have been stationary upwards of fourteen years ; the latter part of which time my yearly income is about sixteen hundred dollars.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

Doctor Hosack saves the American Academy of Fine Arts from extinction—Its state—Progress of the National Academy of Design—Question of union and answer—Attempt at union at the request of the old academy—Committees—Agreement—Rejected by Mr. Trumbull—Report or project of the committees—Address of Mr. Trumbull—Examination of it—Present prosperous state of the National Academy—Schools for drawing from the antique—Modelling, and the school of ornament—List of donations to the National Academy—Alonzo Hartwell—Michael Pekemino—George Cooke.

ACADEMIES—1820.

I CANNOT admit into this work the paltry attacks made by the enemies of the National Academy of Design, when they found that artists could establish a real academy, governed by artists with artists for teachers, having an exhibition which supported their school and other expenses, and becoming properly appre-

ciated by the public. It is true that the exhibition annually of the works of living artists destroyed the exhibition of the old academy, called annual, but only *so* as open *all the year*. It is true that the old institution sunk into insignificance and contempt; but it was the natural consequence of that dictation by which it was governed, which had told the patrons that artists could not govern an academy, and were not to be entrusted with its interests or its property.

The corporation of New-York at length gave notice to the old academy that they must remove. Destruction seemed now to stare the institution in the face; but Doctor Hosack saved them by offering to appropriate ground and erect a building to receive the casts, and open exhibitions, for the advancements of the arts. He demanded merely interest for the money. Mr. Trumbull gave an excellent plan; an architect was employed, and the academy, as it is called, was erected in Barclay-street. It was opened and an exhibition made. The public went to see the building; and finding the same casts and pictures which had been seen for years, they were satisfied and went no more. The rent of the building and perhaps a surplus is obtained by letting out the rooms to adventurers and picture dealers; but for all the purposes of an academy, it remains to this day dead. The directors, with Mr. Trumbull at their head, are an institution to let out rooms for the exhibition of pictures or statuary.

There have been isolated portions of time when the statuary has been opened to students, particularly soon after the establishment of the National Academy of Design; so far the latter institution has additional credit for opening to artists the treasures originally intended for their use.

The National Academy of Design had been in successful operation for years, with schools, gratuitous teaching, professors and lectures, and still the calumny that artists could not govern an academy, and were prone more than any other men to quarrelling, first propagated under sanction of Mr. Trumbull's name as above stated, was repeated. Well meaning friends of the arts, ignorant of the circumstances which led to the formation of the National Academy of Design, and of the benefits it is diffusing by its schools, not only among professors of the fine arts, but among professors of those arts which contribute to the comforts, as well as elegancies of domestic life, were led to believe that the artists were injuring the cause most dear to them. Every academician has in turn been accosted with "Why do you not join the old academy?" And as it is impossible to enter on a history of the fine arts, and

explain the nature of an academy for teaching them when thus questioned in the street or the drawing-room, I have sometimes briefly said, "Union with an institution composed of perhaps two hundred men of all professions, governed by a majority, must place a few artists in a minority, and of course we must put ourselves and our flourishing academy under the direction of men who are necessarily ignorant of the arts we profess and wish to teach. These men have said we are unfit to govern ourselves, or to be entrusted with their property; property intended for the use of artists. By an union we must place ourselves under the direction of men who assume a tone of superiority to professors of the fine arts. The poor slave is only rescued from contempt by the knowledge that he is compelled to be such. The slave by choice, must be the most contemptible of all human beings. We are now *free*: we direct our own work, and the time and manner of it, and we direct it, like working bees in the hive of society to the general good of the hive."

During these years of prosperity to the National Academy, my friend Doctor Hosack, *but for whom* the old institution would perhaps have been altogether extinct, had repeatedly urged me to devise some plan by which the National Academy and the friends of the arts should all be united. He had repeatedly said with his characteristic liberality, that he wished every thing to be directed by, and opened to the use of artists. There appeared to be only the selfish ambition of one man in the way.

On the return of S. F. B. Morse, Esq., the president of the National Academy of Design, from a three years visit to Europe, Doctor Hosack renewed his conversations on this subject both with the writer and Mr. Morse, and by appointment the Doctor and the president had a meeting expressly to discuss the subject. On this occasion, Dr. Hosack showed himself particularly anxious that the artists should have the benefit of the building he had erected, and the accumulated property of the old institution. Some time after this meeting, a notification was received from the directors of the old academy, or American Academy of the Fine Arts, by the council of the National Academy, saying that they had appointed three gentlemen as a committee, to confer with three of the council. Immediately, Messrs. Morse, Dunlap and Durand, were appointed by the council, and met Messrs. Hosack, Rogers and Glover, three directors of the old academy. Henry F. Rogers, Esq., frankly said that he did not know what proposition was to be made, or how to open the business. Mr.

Dunlap suggested as a first step, to sink both academies and establish a new one, by a new title. This was a rash suggestion and happily did not take effect, though at the time it met with the approbation of all present. Mr. Rogers said that he now for the first time saw a probability of union. The committee of the National Academy said they would not agree to any other mode of government than that they had adopted, and found successful: a council of artists chosen by artists. The other gentlemen, particularly Messrs. Hosack and Rogers, avowed their wish to have no share in the direction of an Academy of Arts. Mr. Glover assented. A general plan of union was agreed on: the committee of the National Academy agreeing for the sake of very inadequate advantage, to encumber the institution (if their constituents consented,) with the stockholders and honorary members of the old institution. The committees adjourned to meet again. They did so; the delegates from the American Academy being changed to Messrs. Hosack, Flandin and Herring. After several meetings, and after every point had apparently been settled, Messrs. Morse and Herring were appointed to draw up the *projet* of agreement. It was done and presented to the council of the National Academy and agreed to; the ratification to depend upon a meeting of Academicians.

Messrs. Hosack, Flandin and Herring, were by agreement to call a meeting of the directors of their institution, and lay the report before them, and the two committees agreed to meet at Doctor Hosack's to know the result. Dr. Hosack and Mr. Flandin came directly from the meeting of the directors, and finding the committee of the National Academy in waiting, reported: not that the *projet* agreed upon had been laid before the directors—not that they had discussed and adopted or rejected it—but that Mr. Trumbull had taken a paper from his pocket, which he brought to the meeting and read, and that they all agreed to it and ordered it to be printed. How these gentlemen answer to themselves the presenting to any person the *projet* or report of their proceedings before the meeting took place, I cannot divine. Mr. Trumbull rejected the whole, and the whole was rejected. It had been repeatedly asked at the meetings of the committees, if in case there was an union, Mr. Trumbull would be elected president: and always answered that it must depend solely on the artists, none others by agreement being electors. It was known that he would not be elected, as it was known that the artists thought him incompetent or worse.

This abortive labour was reported to a meeting of the mem-

bers of the National Academy, and a resolution was unanimously adopted, that the agreement of the committees of the two institutions should be published together with Mr. Trumbull's rejection.

I print here the joint report of the committees; Mr. Trumbull's address prepared before the directory had seen or heard the report; and extracts from an examination of that address, by S. F. B. Morse.

"JOINT REPORT of the Committees of Conference appointed by the American Academy of Fine Arts, and the National Academy of Design, to arrange the terms of a union of the two institutions.

The artists and friends of the fine arts, at present embodied in the city of New-York, in the two academies, called the *American Academy of Fine Arts*, and the *National Academy of Design*, mutually impressed with a conviction, that the great object for which they have associated, viz. the *promotion of the fine arts*, can be better accomplished by a union of the means, for that purpose collected in each institution, have entered into negotiations through a committee, of conference, appointed by each of the academies, which committee, having given the whole subject a deliberate examination, beg leave respectfully to report to the stockholders of the American Academy of Fine Arts, and the academicians of the National Academy of Design, the result of their labours.

It was represented on the part of the *American Academy*, that this academy was possessed of property, (of indefinite value,) such as casts from the antique, pictures, prints, &c. highly useful to an academy, in the instruction of artists; that this property was held by stockholders, who had purchased shares, by the payment of twenty-five dollars each share. That the object of such purchase was not to obtain any dividend in money, but was intended for the encouragement of the arts, by furnishing means of study to artists particularly, and the public generally; and that for such payment they are entitled to certain privileges in the institution, viz. free admission for each of the stockholders and his immediate family, to the exhibitions of the academy; liberty to transfer his right by sale of his stock, to perpetuate it to his heirs, and to vote for directors and other officers of the academy at the annual elections. It was further represented that debts (to a certain amount) were contracted in the necessary operations of the academy, and that the means to pay these debts, and the current expenses of the institution, were, in the last resort, the sale of the property of the academy; or, ordinarily, the receipts of the exhibitions, and the rental of rooms, not immediately used by the academy.

It was represented on the part of the *National Academy of Design*, that this academy was also possessed of property, (of indefinite value,) of a nature similar to that possessed by the American academy, and intended for the same general and particular purposes; that the academic body consisted of artists exclusively, and that attached to the institution were a body of honorary members, having privileges of a nature, in some respects, similar to those of the stockholders of the American academy. They (the honorary members) have free admission, not only to the exhibitions and library, but also to the lectures; they are not responsible in any way, for the expenses, the debts, or management of the institution. It was further represented, that debts (to a certain amount) were contracted, in the necessary operations of the academy, and that the means to pay these debts, and the current expenses of the institution, were, in the last resort, the sale of the property of the academy; or, ordinarily, the receipts of the exhibition and the rental of rooms, not immediately used by the academy.

In the view of these two representations, it appeared to the united committee, that there were here two institutions, agreeing—

1st. In professing the same general object, viz. the promotion of the fine arts.

2d. In possessing property of similar character to promote this end.

3d. In having debts to a small amount, to be liquidated by the same means, and in depending, also, on similar means for replenishing the treasury.

It further appeared, that the differences to be accommodated, consist principally in reconciling the privilege of voting transferrable and inheritable—possessed by the stockholders of the American academy, with the exclusive right possessed by the academicians of the national academy, (they being all professional artists,) of electing their own members. This point was considered vital, and as presenting the most serious obstacle in the way of uniting the two academies. It was contended on the part of the American academy, that each stockholder possessed certain privileges of property to the amount of his share of stock; that the privilege of voting was designed solely to secure to him the proper application of his property and no more. It was urged on the other hand, by the National Academy, that such power operated more than was intended, by controlling the opinions and plans relating to the management of an institution designed for instruction in the arts, and which management, they, as artists, thought they might, without presumption, claim best to know, as being within the province of their own profession, and in which they felt the deepest interest. They urged, that the power to control by vote the elections into the body of artists, or the election of officers to manage the concerns of the academy, was a power inconsistent with the judicious management of an academy of arts, and unauthorized by any precedent in any known academy; all such institutions in the world having artists exclusive in its academic body. They further contended, that to the exertions and professional labours of the artists, was naturally owing the principal interest of the exhibitions, and as these were the chief source of income, and as they were responsible for the debts of the academy they ought of right be uncontrolled in measures which they might deem best adapted to promote these ends.

It appeared, therefore, to the committee, after long and serious attention, that this point might be adjusted in the following way:

A new academy, to be called the New-York Academy of the Fine Arts, shall be formed, embodying the members of the two academies, viz. the American Academy of the Fine Arts, and the National Academy of Design, on the following general plan in reference to this point and others of minor importance:

There shall be four classes of membership, viz. academicians, associates, lay members, and honorary members.

The academicians of the American Academy of Fine Arts, and the academicians of the National Academy of Design being academicians of each body on the 8th of January 1833, and whose names are hereunto annexed, shall constitute the primitive body of academicians in the New-York Academy of Fine Arts.

The associates of the American Academy of Fine Arts, and the associates of the National Academy of Design, being associates of each body on the 8th of January 1833, and whose names are hereunto annexed, shall constitute the body of associates in the New-York Academy of Fine Arts.

The stockholders of the American Academy of Fine Arts shall constitute the body of lay members in the New-York Academy of Fine Arts.

The honorary members of the American Academy of Fine Arts, and the honorary members of the National Academy of Design, shall constitute the body of honorary members in the New-York Academy of Fine Arts.

The property of the American Academy of Fine Arts, and the property of the National Academy of Design, shall be the property of the New-York Academy of Fine Arts, subject to conditions hereinafter named.

For the debts of the American Academy of Fine Arts, and for the debts of the National Academy of Design, the New-York Academy shall become responsible.

The property of the American Academy of Fine Arts shall be held in trust by five trustees, representatives of the stockholders, or lay members, and chosen annually by them, in such manner as they may think proper. The property aforesaid shall be held liable for the debts of the American Academy of Fine Arts only.

The property of the National Academy of Design shall be held in trust by five trustees, chosen annually by the academicians, in such manner as they may

think proper. The property aforesaid shall be held liable for the debts of the National Academy of Design only. Said property, or any part thereof, shall, in no case, be sold or alienated by the New-York Academy, without the consent of the trustees of each property respectively; but in its use for the instruction and benefit of the institution, shall be under the sole management of the Academy.

Each member of the academy, viz. academicians, associate, lay member and honorary member, with his own immediate family, shall have access to all the exhibitions of the academy, to the lectures, to the schools, and to the library, free of expense during his life.

It appeared to the committees, that by the adoption of this plan by the two academies, and embodying these principles in the constitution of a new academy, the principal difficulties, if not all, that exist will be removed. There will be a mutual abandonment of the name of the two academies in adopting the name of New-York Academy of Fine Arts. The artists in both academies will be united on the same equal terms. The honorary members of each will also be on equal terms, and the present stockholders of the American Academy of Fine Arts, as lay members, will have the same security as at present, through their trustees, for the faithful application of their property, while for the use of said property they have the same real advantages that they now enjoy, with the additional prospect of seeing improved and larger exhibitions, annually increasing, under the management of a united body of artists.

[That the reader may have the whole subject on both sides before him, the Address of Col. Trumbull, which made the examination necessary, is appended.]

At a meeting of the Directors of the American Academy of the Fine Arts, held at their building in Barclay-street, on the 28th day of January, 1833, the following paper was read by the President, a copy ordered to be entered on the minutes, and 300 copies to be printed.

GENTLEMEN,

We have heard the Report of the Committee which was appointed to confer with the Committee of the National Academy of Design, on the subject of a proposed union of the two Academies; and you will permit me to leave the chair a few moments, for the purpose of offering my opinion upon the subject.

It appears to me that the Academy of Design require the abolition of the stockholders of this academy, as the basis of the negotiation, the *sine qua non*, on their part, of a union; you will permit me to state at large the reasons why I regard this basis as utterly inadmissible.

It has been proved by all experience, and, indeed, it is a truism, that the arts cannot flourish without patronage in some form; it is manifest that artists cannot interchangeably purchase the works of each other and prosper; they are necessarily dependent upon the protection of the rich and the great. In this country there is no sovereign who can establish and endow academies, as Louis XIV., did in Paris, and at Rome; or as the late George III., did in London; and, in case of want of success in their early efforts, to aid them, as the latter monarch did aid the Royal Academy of London, by a gift from the privy purse, to the amount of £5000, or \$25,000.

The governments, that is, the legislative assemblies of our nation, or of the separate states, cannot be looked up to by the arts, with any hope of protection like this; the church offers us as little hope as the state; and the fine arts, those arts which polish and adorn society, are, in this country, thrown for protection and support upon the bounty of individuals, and the liberality of the public.

The foundation of this institution was laid by a few individuals, not artists; at the head of whom stood the late Chancellor Robert R. Livingston, and his brother, Edward Livingston, now Secretary of State of the United States; these gentlemen raised a subscription, in shares of \$50, which amounted to nearly \$3000, and this sum, under the direction of the same Robert R. Livingston, when minister of the United States at the court of France, purchased the fine collection of casts from the antique statues, &c., which constitute the pride

of this institution. And the influence of the same Robert R. Livingston, obtained from Napoleon Buonaparte a gift of the magnificent collection of engravings and works on the arts, which will be the boast of your future library. Thus, these gentlemen, the original subscribers, became holders of a joint stock, composed of \$50 shares. And the distinguished individual, Robert R. Livingston, who was the author of the plan—our first president—and, in the fullest sense, the founder of this academy, was not an artist; he was nothing more than a *stockholder*.

Again, gentlemen, John R. Murray and Charles Wilkes, Esq., to whom, next after Chancellor Livingston, we are indebted for our existence through the struggles of a feeble infancy, were not artists; but merely *stockholders*.

Again, gentlemen, when, in the year 1815 or 16, the bounty of the corporation offered to us the shelter of a roof, and money was wanted to new model the interior of the alms-house, and to convert the small rooms which had been built for the convenience and comfort of the poor, into large and lofty apartments suited to the purposes of the arts, have we forgotten how that money was obtained? Did not a gentleman, now present with us as a director, borrow the sum required, from a bank in this city, upon his own private note? And was that gentleman an artist? No. Dr. Hosack was but a *stockholder*.

Again, when, by a contract with the gentleman last named, this building was furnished and prepared for use, have we forgotten that a distinguished artist, now one of our academicians, hired our room for the exhibition of a splendid and pathetic picture, at a handsome rent for three months? Have we forgotten that, by some strange fatality, that fine picture failed to obtain popular approbation? Do we not know that, under these circumstances, it would have been ruinous to the artist to be compelled to pay \$300, and very discouraging to the academy to lose it? And have we forgotten that an end was put to this embarrassment, and both parties relieved by the munificent interposition of a gentleman here present; a director, but not an artist? No, he is but a *stockholder*.

Again, gentlemen, how did we obtain the glorious portrait of Mr. West, the master-piece of Sir Thomas Lawrence? Was it purchased by our own funds? No. Twenty gentlemen gave the necessary sum by subscription, in shares of \$100 each. And were these subscribers artists? No; with the exception of a very few, they too, were *stockholders*.

And, recently, gentlemen, have we not received an unrivalled present from John Jacob Astor, Esq., in two marble busts of the late emperor and empress of the French, executed by command of the emperor, by the late celebrated Canova, in his finest manner? And is Mr. Astor an artist? No; he too, is only a *stockholder*.

With such an enumeration of munificent acts of stockholders before us, can there be one among us who can be persuaded to consent to the monstrous act of ingratitude proposed, of violating, or attempting to violate the right of suffrage and of property which, by our charter, are vested in those gentlemen? I trust, there is not one who can deliberately consent to it.

At least, gentlemen, I, whose name stands in your first charter, granted in 1808, as one of the original grantees, and first vice-president of the institution, and who have had the honour during many successive years to be elected your president, feel myself bound by the most imperious duty to guard vigilantly your interests and your honour. And I do here most deliberately and most solemnly repeat what I have before said informally: that never, while I live and have my reason, will I, a stockholder, consent to such a violation of their rights, and of our own duties, as is proposed; and no motive, not even the union of the two academies, will ever weigh with me to change this solemn resolution.

Gentlemen, I beg leave to call to your recollection that, on the 16th of February, 1830, I asked the attention of this board to the draught of two by-laws, which I then offered, and which, after lying upon your table for consideration, an unusual length of time, were, on the 4th of March, 1831, called up on the motion of Dr. Hosack, seconded by Mr. Robertson, and unanimously adopted. They are entered on the 24th page of your book of minutes, from which, with your permission, I will read them.

These ordinances were proposed by me for the purpose of removing those objections, which, so far as I could understand them, had induced artists to withdraw themselves from this, and to form a new academy ; by the first, artists are no longer required to pay twenty-five dollars, in order to become stockholders and members with us ; the exhibition of a work of art in our rooms, approved of course by us, as being entitled by its merits to be exhibited, admits every one who may wish it, to a free participation with us in all our rights as stockholders. And by the second, which requires that at all future times, a majority of the directors shall be artists by profession, in the actual exercise "of their several pursuits, whether of painting, sculpture, architecture, or engraving," it was intended to guard the interests of the arts, in the most effectual manner, without violating the rights of the stockholders.

It appears to me, that by these two ordinances, the doors of this institution are thrown open for the admission of all who choose to enter. While the preliminary demand of the National Academy of Design requires nothing less than the unconditional surrender of all the chartered rights of all the parties in this institution.

If, then, the proposed union cannot be effected upon some other basis, I presume the negotiation is at an end ; and the two academies must remain as they are, separate and rival institutions.

And, however this may be lamented, we of the American Academy of the fine arts, have the satisfaction of knowing that the separation did not originate with us. We did not secede ; we were seceded from. And I confess that, at the time, I felt most severely, not only the act, but the manner of the secession ; but time and reflection have dissipated entirely those gloomy anticipations of ruin which I felt at first. We have survived the first fury of the tempest, and I am confident that we shall safely ride out the gale.

The separation took place in 1825, and was soon followed by an apprehension that the corporation was about to withdraw from us their protection, and to leave us without a roof under which to shelter our heads ; and soon this fear was realized—and we received *formal notice to quit*.

Thank God, we did not sink under this accumulation of evils : on the contrary, our energy was roused to greater exertions ; and now we find ourselves, still, by the favour of a *stockholder*, under an excellent roof, at a moderate rent, with fine apartments, a respectable property, and few debts. And what I regard as the surest, happiest omen of future prosperity, the members who left us are already replaced by young men of eminent talents and unwearied industry. While others are rapidly coming forward, like the young leaves of spring, to replace with renovated beauty and vigour, what may have been desolated by the tempests of winter.

Gentlemen, let us not forget that since the separation in 1825, this city is immensely increased in numbers and in opulence. When I see entire streets of new and magnificent houses, which have been built in the upper part of the city since that period, I almost imagine myself to be carried back to Paris or to London. All these houses are elegantly furnished, and inhabited by families who manifestly must have some taste for the arts. There was a time when I felt a wish that we had not two hundred stockholders, who, with their families are free to visit our exhibitions : I did consider this as an unfortunate deduction from our probable receipts ; but now my fears on that head have vanished ; for what are two hundred to the multitude of opulent families who may, and will, and do, visit the various exhibitions. It does now appear to me that there is a fair prospect in future of ample patronage for both academies, and that we have only to persist in an honourable and amicable emulation : the very spirit of fair emulation will probably elevate the arts to a higher degree of excellence than could reasonably be expected if either of the academies stood alone, possessing a monopoly of the rewards and honours of our pursuits.

Gentlemen, there can be no doubt, but that the united efforts of the artists of both academies, would form one splendid exhibition : and as the payment of one rent is easier than of two, no one can doubt, that a union of all the artists on proper terms, would be advantageous to all. But, gentlemen, even gold may be pur-

chased at too high a price; and it does appear to me, that the price demanded by the National Academy of Design, as the condition of union, is altogether extravagant, and utterly inadmissible.

May I beg, gentlemen, that this paper may be copied into your minutes.

JOHN TRUMBULL.

January, 28, 1833.

The committee from the National Academy reported that the council had unanimously accepted it. The committee from the American Academy reported that "Colonel Trumbull left the chair, and made an address against accepting it; and that after the address, the majority seemed so manifestly opposed to the report, that it was deemed unnecessary to put it to vote, and it was ordered to be placed on file. Colonel Trumbull's address was ordered to be entered on the minutes and three hundred copies to be printed!" The address is accordingly published, and it contains sentiments so disparaging to the arts, and representations to the recent negotiations, and of the origin of the National Academy, so erroneous and so injurious, that we cannot, in justice to ourselves and our profession, permit it to pass without examination.

The first pages of the address are principally occupied in enumerating various munificent acts of the stockholders of the American Academy. There can be no difference of opinion on the character of acts like these. I therefore, need not dwell on this part, further than to ask, for what purpose is all this parade of names and rich gifts? Is it to inform us that the stockholders of the American Academy are liberal? Who denies it? Surely not the National Academy. We have uniformly, in public and private, done ample justice to the generosity and good intentions of the founders of the American Academy. How is this "enumeration of munificent acts" made to bear against the report? Colonel Trumbull says, "with such an enumeration of munificent acts of stockholders before us, can there be one among us who can be persuaded to consent to the monstrous act of ingratitude proposed, of violating, or attempting to violate the rights of suffrage and of property, which, by our charter, are vested in those gentlemen? I trust there is not one who can deliberately consent to it. At least gentlemen, I, whose name stands in your first charter, granted in 1808, as one of the original grantees, and first vice-president of the institution, and who have had the honour, during many years to be elected your president, feel myself bound by the most imperious duty to guard vigilantly your interests and your honour. And I do here most deliberately and most solemnly repeat, what I have before said informally, that never, while I live and have my reason, will I, a stockholder, consent to such a violation of their rights, and of our own duties, as is proposed; and no motive, not even the union of the two academies, will ever weigh with me to change this solemn resolution." And what is this monstrous act of ingratitude which has been proposed, and has caused all this vehemence of protestation? Examine the report, is there in it any proposition for "violating or attempting to violate the rights of suffrage and of property" of any individual? That instrument contains the terms on which there is to be a mutual surrender of rights, for a great and important object to both parties. Cannot one propose to another an equivalent for his property without being liable to a charge of "attempting to violate his rights!" Have we asked on our part for a surrender of any property or privilege without offering an equivalent, ay, more than an equivalent? Let us look at this point.

What gives the right to vote in the American Academy? Is it not a share of stock? And is not the value calculable in dollars and cents? The price of a share is twenty-five dollars. Each stockholder's vote then is worth twenty-five dollars. The interest of twenty-five dollars is one dollar and fifty cents per annum, which sum would annually purchase three season tickets for the annual exhibition in the proposed new academy. Each stockholder's family will contain on an average five persons; consequently, merely by free admission to the annual exhibition, he would receive nearly double the interest of his money; and when in addition we offer free attendance upon all the lectures, the schools and the library, for which others must pay annually at least twelve dollars, do we offer nothing for a twenty-five dollar share? *Fifty* per cent., one would think, is

good interest. But this is not all. We make ourselves responsible for the debts of the American Academy. We free the stockholders from this burden, and take it upon ourselves to pay them from our own labours, from the profits of our own exhibitions; (our own property being liable for our debts in the last resort and the property of the American Academy for their debts in the last resort;) further, we ask only for the *use* of their property. We propose a board of trustees who are to hold the property of the American Academy, and without whose consent that property can never be alienated; and these trustees are to be elected annually, not by the artists, but by the present stockholders. A strange "violation of property" truly, when it is left so under the control of its owners that it cannot be alienated without their consent. Yet, says Colonel Trumbull, we have a "violation of the rights of suffrage and of property" of the academy. Have we offered no equivalent for a twenty-five dollar share?

The National Academy agree to grant to the body of academicians, one of "the parties" of the American Academy, the same privileges with their own academicians; they agree to grant to the body of associates, another of "the parties" of the American Academy, the same privileges with their own associates; they agree to grant to the honorary members, the only remaining "party" of the American Academy, the same privileges with their honorary members. With all this in the report lying before him, the author of the address has the boldness to say, "the preliminary demand of the National Academy of Design, requires nothing less than the UNCONDITIONAL surrender of all the chartered rights of ALL THE PARTIES in this institution."

Let it be remembered, that it was only on the ground that the American Academy desired to make such a change in its constitution *as would give the control to artists*, that the National Academy consented to any negotiation whatever. The language of all the stockholders, with whom some of the members of the National Academy conversed previous to the negotiations, was, "it is the desire of the great mass of the stockholders to *give up the institution into the hands of the artists*;" these were the very words, often repeated, in and out of the committee. The answer was, "well, gentlemen, if this be the disposition, then all can easily be arranged; we have only to settle the manner and the terms." The result of the arrangement is in the report, which speaks for itself.

As the National Academy did not seek this negotiation, so they are not dissatisfied at its termination. They regret, however, that occasion has been taken from it to fill the public ear with renewed disparaging representations of themselves and their profession. The author of the address goes out of his way, (for it belongs to no part of his argument against the report,) to revive some hard names, with which, in the early stages of the existence of the National Academy, it was attempted to make us obnoxious. He says, "we of the American Academy of Fine Arts, have the satisfaction of knowing that the *separation* did not originate with us. We did not *secede*, we were *seceded* from, &c." Here, and in several other parts of the same page, are the epithets reiterated of *secession* and *separation*. The impression left upon the public mind is, that we were formerly artists of the American Academy, and that, having deserted that institution, we had set up another in *opposition*. It is time the public should be undeceived, if it be deceived on this point. The gentlemen who formed the National Academy of Design, were a class of *thirty* independent artists, who, having the interests of their own profession to consult, combined together, eight years ago, for mutual benefit, in a society called the *Drawing Association*, which afterwards resolved itself into the National Academy. They were not *united* and *never had been united* to the American Academy, neither were they *opposed* to it. But were not those that formed the National Academy, stockholders in the American Academy? No, *four* only out of the *thirty* artists were stockholders in the American Academy; where then is the ground for the epithets, *secession*, *separation*, &c.? It is true the artists established an academy, but not by *secession*, as I have shown, nor in *opposition*, as I shall show, before I close.

On the first page of the address appears the following paragraph: "It has been proved by all experience, and, indeed, it is a truism, that the *arts* cannot flourish, without patronage in some form; it is manifest, that *artists* cannot interchangeably purchase the works of each other and prosper; they are necessa-

rily dependent upon the protection of the rich and the great. In this country there is no sovereign who can establish and endow academies, &c.*

Let us see how this paragraph will read by substituting *literature* for the *arts*; for it is as applicable to the one as the other. It is a truism, that *literature* cannot flourish without patronage in some form; it is manifest, that *authors* cannot interchangeably purchase the works of each other and prosper; they are necessarily dependent on the protection of the rich and the great, &c. All this is as true of *authors* as of *artists*: now let me ask of any author, what kind of *patronage* he seeks from the *rich* and the *great*? What sort of *dependence* he has on them for *protection* in this country, since there is no *sovereign* to whom he can look for *protection*, no aristocracy on which he can depend for *patronage*? Is there a man of independent feelings, of whatever profession he may be, who does not feel disgust at language like this? And is it to be supposed that the artists of the country are so behind the sentiments of their countrymen, as not to spurn any *patronage* or *protection* that takes such a shape as this?—The artist, poor, helpless thing, must learn to *boo* and *boo* in the halls and antechambers of my lord, implore his lordship's protection, advertise himself painter to his majesty or his royal highness, boast over his fellows, because he has his grace for a patron, and think himself well off if he may be permitted* to come in at the back-door of his patron's gallery.

If there are any who desire to have such a patronizing institution as this—if there are artists who desire to be thus *protected* and thus *dependent*, it is a free country, and there is room for all; every man to his taste;—but the artists of the National Academy have some sense of character to be deadened, some pride of profession to be humbled, some aspirations after excellence in art to be brought down, some of the independent spirit of their country to lose, before they can be bent to the purposes of such an anti-republican institution. In making these remarks on the language and sentiments of the address, I disclaim identifying them with those of the stockholders of the American Academy. I know not that there are any who have imbibed such degrading notions of the arts, or such contemptuous opinions of artists; if there are, we wish them to rally round just such a tree as the sentiments of the address would nurture. We believe that our climate is uncongenial to the growth of such an aristocratic plant; and that the public will not be long in deciding whether such an institution, or the National Academy, is most in harmony with the independent character of the country.

I come now to speak of the *fundamental cause* of the collisions between the two academies; collisions which, it is to be feared, will often recur, until this *cause* shall be removed. It lies in the *name* of *Academy of Arts*, given at its formation to the American Academy of Fine Arts. It was not an Academy of Arts, and could not be, for it wanted the *essential quality* of an Academy of Arts, viz., *a body of artists to control its concerns*; and no provision is made in its constitution, to give it into the hands of artists at a future period. Every Academy of Arts in the world is exclusively under the control of artists, who elect into their own body, choose their own officers, and manage the entire concerns of the academy; subject only, in aristocratic and despotic countries, to the approval or disapproval of the king or emperor, and even in England the monarch, the *patron*, has yielded to the will of the artist.†

* "All artists *shall be permitted* to exhibit their works. Amateurs *shall be invited* to expose their performances."

[*Laws of the American Academy of Fine Arts*]

† An anecdote of an occurrence, not long ago, in the Royal Academy of London, will well illustrate the kind of control in that monarchical country, which the king exercises over the artists. Sir Thomas Lawrence's death occasioned the vacancy of the presidential chair of the Royal Academy.—The king, (George IV.,) desirous of seeing the celebrated Wilkie elevated to the vacant seat, hinted his wishes, in a tone a little too dictatorial to the academicians. The academicians, feeling that their independence was attacked, and although Wilkie was a deserved favourite with them all, and but for the officiousness of the king would have been their choice, immediately elected Sir M. A. Shee their president, who still fills the chair with honour to himself and to the academy. So strong was public opinion in favour of this act of independence, that the king ratified their choice.

I have thought it my duty to place before the public these transactions and documents; indeed in this work it was unavoidable. Let the general reader pass over the chapters on academies, but let the lover of the arts peruse them carefully, and he will never again ask the question, "Why does not the two institutions unite?" or listen to assertions, that the artists who form and govern the National Academy of Design are "*disorganizers*," or "*seceders*," from an academy of which they were members, or dissatisfied persons who desired to possess property belonging to others.

The National Academy of Design is rich in beautiful casts from the antique, and splendid models for the student of ornament in architecture and the mechanic arts. The school is opened three evenings in the week, the teachers being artists of the first class, and the teaching gratuitous. Never having had any encouragement from government, either of the United States, the state of New-York, or the city of New-York, the institution has incurred a debt in establishing its schools for the public benefit, otherwise students would not incur any expense. They now pay for light and fire. There are three distinct schools now open: one for drawing from the antique, one for modelling, and one for the study of ornament, or the ornamental school.*

List of donations from friends of the arts to the National Academy of Design, New-York.

A bust, being his first attempt in sculpture—presented by J. S. Cogdell, Esq.
Two pictures, one "Presenting flowers to the Pope," the other a battle piece—presented by Louis Mark, Esq., consul at Bavaria.

A cast of Milo—presented by Mr. Dixey.

A cast of a dog from the antique—presented by Michael Paff, Esq.

A number of casts of various descriptions—presented by Messrs. Archibald and Alexander Robertson.

Statue of Mercury and a bronze Midas—presented by Cav. Alberto Thorwaldsen.

Venus of Thorwaldsen, and Venus and Cupid by Gibson—presented by Daniel Coit, Esq.

Statue of Venus entering the bath—presented by Richard Wyatt, Esq.

Cupid and bust of Columbus—presented by Signore Trentenova.

Farnese Hercules, a splendid colossal cast, being the only one on this side of the Atlantic—presented by G. W. Lee, Esq.

Augustus (bust,) Torso, and Antinoüs, of the Braschi palace (colossal)—presented by Mendes J. Cohen, Esq.

A number of Bronze medals—presented by Signore Girometti.

* I am informed that the artists of Philadelphia have organized an Academy of Design, to be directed by artists, and composed of artists only, with an annual exhibition of the works of living artists, to support these schools, and form a fund for the unfortunate professors of art. They have called it "The Artist's Fund Academy."

A bust of Americus Vesputius—presented by J. J. Browere.

Vase of the Villa Albani, Genie suppliant, Houdon's anatomical figure, Legs of Germanicus, and a variety of parts of the human body in plaster, from nature and the antique, also the arabesque ornaments of the Loggie of Raffaele and rare works on the arts—presented by J. Fennimore Cooper, Esq.

A valuable collection of impressions from antique and modern gems—presented by Lieut. G. W. Williams, of the engineer corps.

Several volumes to the library—presented by Thomas Dixon, Esq.

Planches anatomiques, a l'usage des jeunes gens—presented by F. G. King, M. D.

Several engravings by himself—presented by M. E. Corr, engraver and professor at Antwerp.

A medallion—presented by Count Hawkes le Grice.

A copy of Ruben's picture of the fates, weaving the web of life of Mary de Medicis—presented by C. M. Patterson, Esq.

A donation of fifty dollars—presented by Miss Glover.

ALONZO HARTWELL—MICHAEL PEKEMINO— GEORGE COOKE—1820.

Mr. Hartwell now distinguished among our engravers on wood, was born in Littleton, Mass., February 19, 1805, and at the age of seventeen, placed with a merchant in Boston, but preferring the fine arts, particularly engraving, he transferred himself to the work shop of Mr. Throop, and practised with the burin until his master removed from Boston. Hartwell then engaged with Mr. Abel Bowen, a wood engraver, and with him has acquired the beautiful art he professes.

Pekemino was a Piedmontese architect and draftsman, who on arriving, exhibited very clever specimens of drawing with the pen, shaded by stippling with that instrument. He applied to Mr. Durand for instruction in engraving, and was received as a pupil. He soon succeeded in engraving several heads, among which was one of his instructor, from a portrait by Waldo and Jewett. He removed to Philadelphia and worked for a time; but wishing to return to Europe, by way of raising the wind for the voyage, he erased the name of Durand from the plate he had engraved, representing his teacher in honest art, and substituted that of Bolivar, then high in popular favour, and making our peaceful fellow-citizen pass for the fire-eating liberator, he sold the counterfeit readily, and got off with the spoil.

Mr. Cooke was born in St. Mary's county, Maryland, the 11th of March, 1793. He had the usual desire in childhood to represent forms in the shape of pictures, and with about the usual success of those who are tempted in after life to pursue the arts of design. His father was a lawyer, and gave George a good education. In his fourteenth year (1807) he first saw

a portrait in oil, it was by Stuart: this he attempted to copy in water colours, and his attempt encouraged General Mason to write for the terms on which C. W. Peale would receive him as a pupil. He was referred to Rembrandt, just then returned from Europe, who was willing to receive him, says my informant "for something like 2000 dollars." This put a damper for a time to young Cooke's hopes, as his father did not encourage them. In the year 1817, Mr. Cooke married Miss Heath of Virginia, and in some measure guided by Charles B. King, he again after the death of his father attempted painting.

In the 27th year of his age, Mr. Cooke commenced painting professionally, and says that, "from that day to this he has never been without a subject engaged," if the time engaged in travelling be excepted. This I believe is more than any other painter can say with truth. In Alexandria and in Richmond Mr. Cooke found constant employment, but his labours affected his health, and he determined to visit Europe. Accompanied by his wife, he sailed from New-York for Havre the 26th of July, 1826. In the Louvre he studied the works of olden time. After a month in Paris, Mr. Cooke hastened to Italy. His first permanent residence was in Florence, where he entered as a student of the casts and statues of the academy. He studied anatomy. But his principal devotion was to copying from the old masters in the galleries. From October 1827 to June 1829, he studied in Rome, as he has said, "day and night." Naples he merely visited. Returning to Paris, he stopped in the cities in his route, and on his arrival at the capital of France found his health so much impaired, that he was obliged to place himself under the care of a celebrated surgeon, and undergo an operation which happily restored him.

After an absence of five years Mr. Cooke returned to New-York, 1830, in which city he has exhibited his works with success, and, as he has said, found constant employment.

Mr. Cooke is an intelligent man, and communicates his ideas by words with great fluency and propriety. In the course of his European studies he has been harassed by ill health; but judging from the number of copies made by him, and brought home, his industry has been very great, and he has employed himself assiduously. Perhaps copying a less number might have been equally advantageous to his style and general improvement.

CHAPTER XXV.

Inman born at Utica—his choice of books—pupil of J. W. Jarvis—great success—T. Cole—birth—removal to the west—early struggles to become a painter—adventures in the western states—arrival in Philadelphia—New-York—friendship of G. W. Bruen, Esq.—Studies on the banks of the Hudson—his pictures command a sale, and he has many orders—Visit to England and Italy—return and immense improvement—Luman Reed, Esq.

HENRY INMAN—1820.

THIS eminent artist was born at Utica, in the state of New-York, on the 20th of October, 1801. His infancy and that of this great and flourishing place are coeval. His parents were English, and among the first settlers of Utica. Like most who are prominent as painters, his early delights were connected with pictures, and his first aspirations to be enrolled among famous artists. He read, as soon as he could read, a translation from Madame de Genlis' "Tales of the Castle," and here he found food to nourish and strengthen his love. Among the notes to one of the stories contained in that work, are to be found brief biographies of celebrated painters and sculptors. He never wearied of poring over their histories; and the name of Raphael embodied in his young mind all that could be conceived of greatness. It is a proof of an extraordinary intellect, when the love of facts supersedes the universal appetite for fiction.

The father of Mr. Inman perceiving the bent of his son's mind, thus early disclosed, kindly encouraged his inclinations. An itinerant drawing master was engaged to give him lessons: but the poor man and poorer artist, soon found it necessary to decamp from Utica, leaving his pupil and his creditors to mourn his absence.

About the year 1812 the parents of Mr. Inman removed to the city of New-York, and there the study of drawing was recommenced under a competent teacher, who was engaged at the day school which Henry attended. About the year 1814, Wertmüller's celebrated picture of Danæ was exhibited at Mr. Jarvis's rooms in Murray-street, and thither, as to other exhibitions, the father of the young aspirant took him. Henry was not satisfied with one visit to the rooms of such a painter as Jarvis, and the result of his second visit is so well told by himself, in a letter from which I am permitted to make the extract, that I give it in his own words:

“On a second visit when I went alone, I saw Mr. Jarvis himself, who came up from his painting room into the apartment in which the *Danaë* with other works of art, was placed. On observing his entrance with maul stick in his hand, and palette on his arm, I removed my hat and bowed, presuming that he was the proprietor of the establishment. At that time I regarded an artist with peculiar reverence. Without noticing my salutation he walked rapidly towards me, and with his singular look of scrutiny, peered into my face. Suddenly he exclaimed, “By heavens, the very head for a painter!” He then put some questions to me, invited me below stairs, and permitted me to examine his portfolios. He shortly after called upon my father and proposed to take me as a pupil. I was at this time preparing for my entrance to the West Point Institution as a cadet, for which I had already obtained a warrant. My father left the matter to myself, and I gladly acceded to Mr. Jarvis’s proposal. I accordingly entered upon a seven years’ apprenticeship with him. Notwithstanding his phrenological observations upon my cranium, a circumstance connected with my first effort in oil colours would seem to contradict the favourable inference it contained. Another of his students and myself were set down before a small tinted landscape, with instructions to copy it. Palettes and brushes were put into our hands, and to work we went. After much anxious looking and laborious daubing, Mr. Jarvis came up to see what progress we had made. After regarding our work for some moments in silence, he astounded us with these words, ‘Get up! Get up! These are the damn’dest attempts I ever saw! Here! Philip! (turning to a mulatto boy who was grinding paints in another part of the room,) take the brushes and finish what these gentlemen have begun so bravely!’ All this took place in the presence of several strangers who had come to look at the gallery. You can imagine what a shock our self-love received. Such mortifications are the most enduring of all remembrances. Notwithstanding this rebuff, I managed to make other and more successful efforts.”

Well might he say so. A short time after he worked upon the same canvases with his teacher. Mr. Inman remained with Mr. Jarvis during the whole time of his engagement, and with him visited New-Orleans and other cities.

Immediately upon his emancipation he commenced portrait and miniature painter, well qualified for both branches. He must have entered into another engagement as soon as the first was ended, for I remember meeting him, and congratulating him upon his freedom and success, adding, “Now as soon as

you can visit Europe," and being told the next day that he was married to Miss O'Brian. To judge by his success, a visit to Europe would have been superfluous. In miniatures Mr. Inman is second only to the works of Malbone, but the demand for oil portraits in large has induced him to relinquish that branch of art to his friend and former pupil Thomas S. Cummings.

In 1824-5, Mr. Inman joined the association of artists for drawing, and on the establishment of the National Academy of Design, was elected vice-president, which office he filled until his removal to Philadelphia, within a short distance of which city, at Mount Holly, he had purchased an estate, or farm and cottage, where he can paint surrounded by his family with the delights of rural scenes in summer, and the comforts of his own fireside in winter.

The versatility as well as excellence of Mr. Inman as an artist, was once expressed to me by Mr. Sully in nearly these words, "I remember going round your exhibition of the National Academy at Clinton-hall in New York, and seeing a fine landscape, I asked, 'Who painted this?' The answer was, 'Inman.' Then I came to a beautiful group of figures—'Ah, this is very clever—let us see whose this is,' I looked at my catalogue,—'Inman.' Then some Indians caught my eye—catalogue again—'Inman.' A little further on, and I exclaimed, 'By George, here is the finest miniature I have seen for many a day!' it was a lady in black, 'Who is this miniature painter?' 'Inman.' His large portraits I was acquainted with, but this variety of style took me altogether by surprise."

To Mr. Inman the Arts of Design owe, in addition to his many pictures and their influence, two excellent painters, one in oil and the other in miniature, in the latter Mr. Thomas S. Cummings, in the former Mr. G. W. Twibill.

Since writing the above, Mr. Inman has removed with his family to New-York, having, as I understand, engagements which would render his country residence inconvenient.

THOMAS COLE—1820.

It appears to me that few pictures can be more touching than that of an amiable, virtuous, well educated, and tenderly nurtured family, expatriated by reverse of fortune, and struggling among strangers for a subsistence. The parents obliged to have recourse, not only to temporary expedients, to prolong their own existence for the sake of their children, but to try avocations, of which their only knowledge is derived from the

reading of days when books were the elegant employment of leisure hours, and the study of science the favourite pursuit of life.

Let us suppose such a family composed of females, with the exception of the father and the youngest child, transported from England, and all its ever ready facilities for pleasure and comfort, to the western wilds of America.

The father of such a family applies the knowledge he had gained from books, to the establishment of a manufactory on a puny scale, of some articles which begin to be wanted in the newly risen towns of the west ; and which requires little capital or credit. He hopes that, by saving the cost of transportation which a bulky article incurs in proportion to its value, he may with profit supply his neighbours at a rate lower than the trader. The mother and the daughters cheerfully assist—renounce all former elegancies—attend to the domestic economy with scrupulous frugality, and aid in such part of the creative process as comes within their sphere.

For a time, industry and ingenuity appear to succeed ; but the sale of the wares is tardy ; the term of credit expires ; the effort fails, and poverty is rendered more poor—perhaps is aggravated by want of power to fulfil engagements made in perfect good faith.

This is in part an imaginary, and in part a picture from real life. Mr. Cole, now one of the first painters in landscape, as I believe, that the world possesses, and one of its most amiable of men, was born in England, and brought to America in childhood ; and although by birth English, his relatives both by the male and female side, resided in this country previous to his birth. His grandfather was a farmer, that is, what all American farmers are, a yeoman cultivating his own soil, near Baltimore, in the latter part of the last century. His family, like that of C. R. Leslie, is Anglo-American, some born on one side the ocean and some on the other. Himself, like Leslie, born in England, yet bred in America ; and so strong is his desire to have a right to call that country his, which he feels *to be his*, that I have heard it said he has exclaimed, “ I would give my left hand to identify myself with this country, by being able to say I was born here.”

This is strong language, yet it agrees with that enthusiasm, which marks his character—an enthusiasm generally suppressed by modesty, but apparent in the works of his pencil.

His family, consisting of his parents, three sisters, and himself the youngest child, and only son, resided at one time in

Philadelphia, afterwards in Pittsburg, and then in Steubenville, Ohio. In this last place, in 1818, his father established a paper-hanging manufactory, and Thomas was early engaged in drawing patterns and combining pigments for colours. This was his first step on that ladder, whose summit he has attained.

From his infancy he was fond of drawing, and passionately devoted to the contemplation of the scenery of nature. An excessive bashfulness joined to this love of the combination of land, water, and sky, which the ordinary eye may be said not to see, caused him to avoid the society not only of adults, but of children of his own age—he sought and found in nature the pleasure which seemed denied to him elsewhere.

To ramble through the woods, or on the beautiful banks of the Ohio, indulging in day-dreams, was the apparently idle occupation of a most active mind—of one who has proved a most persevering and industrious practitioner and student of nature's lessons.

I am permitted to copy a part of a letter, in which the painter speaks of this period of his life. "My school opportunities were very small; reading and music were among my recreations, but drawing occupied most of my leisure hours. My first attempts were made from cups and saucers, from them, I rose to copying prints, from copying prints to making originals. My employment in my father's business was somewhat to my mind, but there was too little art and too much manual labour for one of an imaginative mind.

"About the year 1820, Mr. Stein, a portrait painter, came to Steubenville. I became acquainted with him—saw him paint, and considered his works wonderful—I believe they were respectable. He lent me an English work on painting, (I have forgotten its title,) it was illustrated with engravings, and treated of design, composition, and colour. This book was my companion day and night, nothing could separate us—my usual avocations were neglected—painting was all in all to me. I had made some proficiency in drawing, and had engraved a little both in wood and copper, but not until now had my passion for painting been thoroughly roused—my love for the art exceeded all love—my ambition grew, and in my imagination I pictured the glory of being a great painter. The names of Stuart and Sully came to my ears like the titles of great conquerors, and the great masters were hallowed above all earthly things."

About this period, his father's affairs were unprosperous, and the youth felt himself called upon for exertion in some new

field, for his own support, and the assistance of his beloved family. He determined to be a painter. In the letter above quoted from, is a passage which marks his character, and could only come from himself. He says :

“ I had painted several landscapes, but had never drawn from nature, although I had looked at her ‘ with a loving eye.’ One of these landscapes Judge Tappan, of Steubenville, happened to see, and being pleased with it, invited me to look at a copy he had made from Stuart. He lent me a palette, and gave me some excellent advice. This kindness I repaid ungratefully, for I unfortunately broke the palette ; and although I often met him in the street, my excessive bashfulness prevented me from making any explanation or apology for keeping it so long. This circumstance gave me much pain, and although it may appear trivial, it marks my common conduct in those days, and is one of a thousand follies of that nature committed through diffidence. Indeed it is only of late years that I have surmounted this weakness. I long endeavoured to conquer it, and often when I knew my folly, and struggled with it, I have heard my heart beat, and felt myself incapable of utterance, in the presence of persons neither distinguished or talented. This weakness perhaps might be dignified with the title of nervousness ; be that as it may, I have in a great measure conquered it, or it has cured itself.”

Up to this time young Cole had only made drawings of heads with the black lead pencil, but now, 1820, he took up the palette to paint portraits. His father first submitted to the operation. It was pronounced like. Another and another succeeded ; and the three, although painted unskilfully and without proper materials, gave satisfaction and encouraged the would-be painter to proceed in a path that he hoped would lead to the object of his wishes, the power to assist his beloved parents and sisters. From this affectionate group he parted for St. Clairsville, thirty miles from home. On a clear, keen morning in February, the young adventurer climbed the hills that surround Steubenville ; the glittering frost-crystals dancing in the air ; and although on foot and heavily laden, his spirits were light, and hope and youthful confidence added the wings of Mercury to his feet. Over his shoulder was slung a green baize bag, containing a scanty stock of wearing apparel, his German flute, his paints, a cumbrous stone *muller*, and brushes of various kinds, many of them his own manufacture. His equipments for entering the world were all heavy except his purse, which contained but one solitary dollar.

The morning, like the morning of life, was bright, the earth

was firm under his feet ; but as the day advanced a thaw came on, the walking became laborious and his limbs weary, and about twenty miles on his way he encountered a rivulet without bridge and but slightly frozen. He sought a crossing place ; and at length, enticed by the appearance of horses' tracks on the ice, he ventured and reached the middle of the stream in safety, but his frail bridge broke and he was plunged to the bottom. Happily the water reached no higher than his breast, and lifting the green bag with all his treasure over his head, he walked to the opposite shore, breaking the ice for a passage, and not knowing but every step would plunge him deeper in the cold element, or subject him to being carried under the ice—we may be thankful that neither happened—and glowing with the exertion, he reached the shore in safety. The evening was now coming on, and with it the freezing state of the atmosphere—our pedestrian had two miles to go in his dripping clothes, the road was up hill, but he ran all the way, and thus probably prevented the inconveniences which might be anticipated from his adventure. At the village of Mount Pleasant he found the hospitality of an inn and a kind landlord, who lent him dry clothes ; there, seated by a blazing fire with a good supper before him, he felt like one who had overcome all difficulties, and was about to enjoy the fruits of his victory. So terminated the first day of a journey, in search of fame and fortune, as a portrait painter.

Early the next day our adventurer arrived at St. Clairsville, and his first inquiries of the landlord were to ascertain what hopes he might indulge of success as a painter. The answers were most discouraging. A German painter had been some time in the village, and had painted all the paintable faces. Cole felt his hopes at once blighted, but he was too proud to recede and return to Steubenville without further effort, and the first was to visit the German and look at his works. One glance revived his hopes ; and though conscious of his own deficiencies, when he saw the abortive attempts of his rival, he might have exclaimed with the Italian, “ *auch io sono pittore.* ” He determined to wrestle with this German Hercules, and was fortunate enough to find a saddler willing to sit for his portrait in exchange for a saddle,—Hope whispering, “ perhaps some one else will give you a horse for a portrait,” but the horse never came to be saddled. The saddler's picture was thought like, and one *who had been in Philadelphia* pronounced the handling excellent. Poor Cole, struggling for life, little thought of handling, and scarcely knew the meaning of the word. His next employer was an officer of militia, who

paid him with a silver watch. Another sitter, a store-keeper, furnished the watch with a gold chain, which proved like the gold chains of Michael Perez, the "Copper Captain."

Mr. Cole has said to a friend that nothing delighted him so much as that his sitters should fall asleep, (which was not unfrequent) he then felt that he had them in his power. Poor as were both his pictures and the payment, Cole advanced his reputation, and was pronounced better than *Des Combes*, the German, who left the field to him, and his triumph was complete when he was required "to doctor" the German's pictures—for the cure he received a pair of shoes and a dollar—the first and last he received in St. Clairsville. The saddle, watch and watch-chain were not found sufficient at the end of three months to satisfy the landlord of his inn, who would not be painted in payment; however, he took the chattels, in addition to a drinking scene for his bar-room, and suffered his boarder to depart with *the* dollar in his pocket. He had been advised by a gentleman of Zanesville, one hundred miles off, to visit that place, with assurance of his influence in his favour: he further promised to sit for his portrait and "did not doubt but Duncan, the tavern-keeper of Zanesville, would agree to have himself painted in payment of board."

Here were bright prospects! and in three days the pedestrian painter reached Zanesville, with his green baize bag on his back. During this time he walked incessantly from morn till night, except that in the middle of the day he sat down by a spring, pulled out the crust he had saved from his breakfast, and after his frugal meal made the woods ring with the notes of his flute. His flute was not only the solace of his solitude, but procured him, like that of Goldsmith, at night a lodging and kind treatment, without the usual disbursement for such favours at an inn. Notwithstanding this cheap travelling, he arrived with empty pockets at Zanesville. His prospects on entering the town did not appear so brilliant as when he was one hundred miles off, and when he entered "Duncan the tavern-keeper's" inn, he found his German evil genius, who had been a week before him, and painted the landlord and his family. The person who invited the visit, did not desert him, he sat for his portrait, and the unconquerable spirit of youth buoyed the young painter and carried him through. He took a room, offered himself as a teacher of drawing—he had no sitters, and but two scholars. At length he was *patronized* by a tailor and a barber; but when the time of settlement with his landlord came, the scoundrel who had tempted him to stay by engaging an *historical picture*, would only be

satisfied by cash. In vain the young man stated that he had only stayed at his house in consequence of his promise to employ him—that he was destitute and could not pay. The reasonings of poverty are always poor; he was answered by a threat of the jail, and was only relieved by several gentlemen combining and paying the debt, trusting, as well they might, to his countenance, manners, and assurances of reimbursement.

He had been two months in Zanesville, and had concluded a treaty of peace with Des Combes, the German. It was based upon this condition from the Dutchman: "If you will say notink apout ma bigtures, I will say notink apout yours."

Chilicothe now was the land of promise, and another hundred miles was to be trudged on foot with the green baize bag and its luggage, strapped over the pedestrian's shoulder. It was now the burning heat of summer, and health as well as hope began to fail. But on—on the wanderer must go, and in two days and a half he came in sight of Chilicothe, on the noon of an excessively hot day. To walk forty miles a day was no difficult task to this apparently delicate young man. Happily he had always accustomed himself to the exercise which has enabled him, in the days which succeeded *these of necessity*, to walk for pleasure or to explore the beauties of nature for his incomparable landscapes, over distances that would, in naming, appal most athletic men. To mount the hills, to climb the precipice, which promised a picturesque view, and to overcome difficulties in the pursuit of his studies which opened subjects that otherwise were closed to him, has been the practice of his happier days, and has added both to his strength of body and power of pencil.

Fatigued and heated as he was when he gained the first view of Chilicothe, he found himself near the banks of the Sciota, he sought the shade of the trees which bordered the river, bathed himself, washed a shirt, and sat down to ruminate while it dried. He took courage. Chilicothe, a new field of action, was before him—the German was behind him, and happily again never haunted him. He had stopped at a village called Lancaster, (through which Cole passed and heard the blessed news) and finding an opening in a new line, threw away palette and brushes, and commenced preaching.

Encouraged by these considerations, the young itinerant entered Chilicothe, and at first fortune seemed to smile. The landlord of the inn and his wife consented to take their portraits for his board; but no more sitters came. He obtained some pupils in drawing, but the hope of accumulating some-

thing to carry to those for whose welfare he wished to labour, became fainter and fainter—all that he had yet done was done in vain. He received information that the family intended to remove to Pittsburg—he abandoned his plan of pursuing his journey to Tennessee, and determined to return. At Chillicothe, notwithstanding his strict economy, his expenses exceeded his means, and some small debts were due. On a picture of Washington, painted from the print, he relied for relief, and sent it to auction. It sold for five dollars; but a friend rescued the picture and obtained twenty-five for him, by a raffle. He now turned his face towards home, and after five days and a few hours' walking entered Steubenville, and found himself in the arms of those who rejoiced to receive the wanderer, whether rich or poor.

The family removed to Pittsburg, but he unexpectedly found himself in request at Steubenville, and remained during the winter employed in painting portraits. He was called upon to exercise his skill as a scene painter likewise, by an association of those who play for their own amusement.

His father, on arriving at Pittsburg, endeavoured to establish a floor-cloth manufactory, and Thomas repaired thither to assist. He applied himself assiduously to designing patterns, preparing colours, and all the labour that might aid the project, but all failed, doubtless through want of capital. The spring had arrived, and the young painter seemed to awake to the beauties of nature in landscape, and to feel not only his love for, but his power in that branch of art. Heretofore, in his pursuit of art, he had been straying in a wrong path. He now began in 1823, to make studies from nature. Every morning before it was light, he was on his way to the banks of the beautiful Monongahela, with his paper and pencils. He made small, but accurate studies of single objects; a tree, a leafless bough—every ramification and twig was studied, and as the season advanced he studied the foliage, clothed his naked trees, and by degrees attempted extensive scenes. He had now found the right path, and what is most extraordinary, he had found the true mode of pursuing it. Thus in those studies whose results we now see, he passed the early morning, and by nine o'clock returned to the labour of the day as a manufacturer.

To me the struggles of a virtuous man endeavouring to buffet fortune, steeped to the very lips in poverty, yet never despairing, or a moment ceasing his exertions, and finally overcoming every obstacle, is one of the most sublime objects of contemplation, as well as the most instructive and encouraging,

that can be presented to the mind. Such a man is truly a hero, whether he sink or swim.

But the struggles of young Cole were not yet over. Besides his studies and his labour in the manufactory, Thomas engraved in mezzotinto a head of Jackson, and painted several portraits and landscapes. So passed the summer, and the winter brought colder and more blighting prospects to the manufacturers. The young man saw that he must be a painter or starve, and determined to go to Philadelphia and seek his fortune. With means altogether inadequate, but looking only to the end, he obtained the consent of his parents once more to venture from home. His fond mother was always confident of his success, and would have sacrificed every thing to aid him in his favourite pursuit.

Early one dark morning in November, there was a sprinkling of snow on the ground, he took leave of his parents and sisters, rich in good wishes and blessings, but poor in pocket : a few dollars were all that could be spared to aid his long journey and adventurous purpose. His trunk was placed in a carrier's wagon, and he promised his mother to travel with it. This arrangement impeded the traveller, besides subjecting him to the necessity of hearing, especially at night, the blasphemy and obscene language of his conductor, and those who put up at the carriers' inns by the way. During the day he escaped from this moral pestilence by walking ahead, but then he had the trouble of retracing his steps to learn what had become of his trunk, and the drunkard who had charge of it. He generally found his guide engaged in a drunken quarrel. Thus sleeping at night on straw and walking by day exposed to the sleet and rain, which at this season usually enshroud the Alleghanies, he at length entered the great city of Philadelphia. He had before only seen it as a child, and now the lofty buildings, wide streets and busy multitude, struck him with admiration and awe. Accustomed to the lowly structures of the west and the solitude of the wilderness, he felt oppressed, and in the midst of a crowd of strangers his spirits sunk under a sense of solitude greater far than that of the forest.

He was now to seek instruction and employment. His plan for living, as he could not pay for board, was to take an empty room, sleep in the blanket he had brought from home, and live upon bread and water. And he commenced this mode of life. But the hardships he had previously undergone from cold and poor fare, brought on a serious illness. One morning after a night in December passed in misery from cold, he found himself scarcely able to rise, and in excruciating pain.

He made his way down stairs, and told the people of the house that he was very ill. They were strangers to him and far from rich ; but the woman was rich in that which characterizes the sex, and during an illness of several weeks, he received her kind attentions, although no good Samaritan appeared to pay the cost. The young adventurer's funds were soon exhausted. By selling a camera obscura and some other articles, he procured a stove and fuel, and as soon as he was able commenced painting.

He obtained through the kindness of Mr. Thackara the keeper, permission to draw at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, but was so overwhelmed by the specimens of art, that he used to go day after day and gaze on the casts and pictures, until the keeper aroused him, saying, " Young man, this is no place to lounge in ; your permission is for you to draw here." This was a hard cut to the sensitive youth ; but the old gentleman meant well, and was afterwards kind to him.

The pictures he painted were sent to auction and sold for a mere trifle. He has said " this was indeed ' the winter of my discontent.' " His heart sunk as he felt his deficiencies in art, when standing before the landscapes of Birch and Doughty ; but it was only by feeling the deficiency, that it could be remedied. But the incipient artist could not devote his time to study—he must work for bread, and gladly he undertook to paint on the backs of bellows for a japanner, the most lucrative employment that had offered ; but in this japanner he found a friend, and he gave him a commission to paint a large picture—a copy from the print of Louis XVIth., and his family ; though the price was small, it enabled him to live and work. He painted some portraits, and received his first commission for a landscape—price seven dollars. Summer came and La Fayette, the nation's guest, came. Transparencies were wanted, and Cole got some of this work to do, by an introduction to Bass Otis.

His father and family passed through Philadelphia to take up their residence in New-York, and after passing another winter in the capital of Pennsylvania, still unknown as a painter, he followed. In New-York he set up his esel in his father's garret, and painted some landscapes which were placed in the store of Mr. Dixey, who was friendly, and here Mr. G. W. Bruen saw and purchased one of his pictures for \$10. Mr. Bruen sought the young artist's acquaintance, and as he wished to visit the banks of the Hudson for the purpose of study and sketching, the same gentleman encouraged him, and furnished him a small sum for that purpose. The result of this excur-

sion was three pictures, which Mr. Bruen's interest placed at Coleman's for sale at \$25 each. Trumbull saw them and purchased one, and the same day called on me, and expressed his admiration of the unknown young man's talent. Durand accidentally came in, and we all immediately went to see the landscapes.

I remember the sensitive and amiable painter, then seen by me for the first time, standing in presence of the three above-mentioned, like a school-boy in presence of the trustees, and looking an image of diffidence before men, neither of whom could produce a rival to the works he offered for the paltry price of \$25 each. Trumbull had had the first choice—I had the second, and Durand took the third. Trumbull had previously said to me, "this youth has done what I have all my life attempted in vain." When I saw the pictures, I found them to exceed all that this praise had made me expect. P. Hone, Esq., soon offered me \$50 for my purchase, which I accepted, and my necessities prevented me from giving the profit, as I ought to have done, to the painter. One thing I did, which was my duty. I published in the journals of the day, an account of the young artist and his pictures; it was no puff, but an honest declaration of my opinion, and I believe it served merit by attracting attention to it.

From that time forward, Mr. Cole received commissions to paint landscapes from all quarters; was enabled to increase his prices, and his facility of handling, as well as his truth of drawing and power of colouring.

The judicious reader will perceive while perusing the foregoing, that some of the facts I have related, in my own way, must have come from the subject of my memoir. They were drawn from him by my solicitation; and he proceeded no further in his narrative than his arrival at New-York, and the friendship of Mr. Bruen. I wrote to him for notices of his visit to Europe—his opinion of artists there, and the state of the arts—in short, I pressed him to bring down the biographical sketch to the present time. He has complied with my urgent request, and I feel that I should do injustice to my reader and my subject if I did not give his communication as received. It is evidently an honest exhibition of truth, both as to facts, feelings and opinions; and although some of the opinions, particularly those respecting Turner, may be found in opposition to high authority, already stated in this book, they are not to be overlooked. The opinions of Mr. Cole on the subject of landscape, I look upon as the highest authority: as I consider his mind of the first order, and his works in that

department of art, superior to those of any painter of the present day, that has come under my inspection. His words are :

“A great deal might be said on the subjects of England and Italy ; but to say that which will be most available to you may be difficult. I did not find England so delightful as I anticipated. The gloom of the climate, the coldness of the artists, together with the kind of art in fashion, threw a tone of melancholy over my mind, that lasted for months, even after I had arrived in sunny Italy. Perhaps my vanity suffered. I found myself a nameless, noteless individual, in the midst of an immense selfish multitude. I did not expect much, scarcely any thing more than to have an opportunity of studying, and showing some of my pictures in the public exhibitions, and to a few individuals of taste in my own room. I did study ; but the pictures I sent two seasons, both to the Royal Academy and the British Gallery, were, without exception, hung in the worst places ; so that my acquaintance had difficulty in knowing them. I was mortified ; not that they had been so disposed, but because the vilest daubs, caricatures, and washy imitations, were placed in excellent situations.

“The last time I exhibited, (or sent pictures to be exhibited) I had expected a little different treatment, for one of the hanging committee of the Royal Academy had led me to expect something better—I was disappointed. At the British Gallery I had hopes also : Mr. Samuel Rogers had promised to intercede for me ; but unfortunately he was called out of town at the very moment he could have aided me ; and my pictures had to stand on their own merits, which, in the eyes of the hangsmen, amounted to nothing. On the varnishing day I found them in the most *exalted* situations.

“At the Gallery of the British Artists I exhibited once, and was better treated. My picture of a “Tornado in an American Forest” was placed in a good situation, and was praised exceedingly in several of the most fashionable papers.

“The Society of British Artists is governed by artists themselves, which may account for the favourable manner in which I was treated in their exhibition.

“I have said, that I found the artists in London cold and selfish : there might be exceptions, but I found few. My own works, and myself most likely, had nothing to interest them sufficiently to excite attention : the subjects of my pictures were generally American—the very worst that could be chosen in London. I passed weeks in my room without a single artist entering, except Americans. Leslie was friendly, although he never appeared to think there was any merit in my

works ; and Newton called on me twice in two years. I saw him often ; for although none would trouble themselves to call on me, a wish to acquire information in my art induced me to visit them.

"To Sir T. Lawrence I was introduced by a letter from Mr. Gilmor, of Baltimore : he treated me in a very friendly manner, was pleased with my pictures, and sent his carriage for me to come and breakfast with him. We breakfasted at eight in a spacious apartment, filled with works of art—we conversed on the fine arts and America—he said he was much indebted to America, for he had some highly-esteemed acquaintances Americans. After breakfast he took me into his painting room, which was a picture wilderness. A short time afterwards I met him at the British Gallery, and he invited me to go with him to Sir R. Peel's, in a few days, to see his collection ; but death, whose hand was already upon him, deprived me of that pleasure ; I lost a valuable acquaintance, and the world, a distinguished man.

"Mr. Joshua Bates, a partner of Baring, Brothers & Co. formerly of Boston, was one of my best friends, and purchased several pictures from me. Mr. Rogers, the poet, also took an interest in me ; and the friendship of his family, and particularly of Mr. Henry Rogers, served in some measure to lighten many hours that would otherwise have been spent in my solitary room. Both the Rogers's had choice collections of pictures ; that of Samuel was the most valuable, but Henry's had been selected with great care. To Mr. S. Rogers I was introduced through means of Mr. Fennimore Cooper, and I found him a valuable acquaintance.

"Although, in many respects, I was delighted with the English school of painting, yet, on the whole, I was disappointed : my *natural* eye was disgusted with its gaud and ostentation : to colour and chiaro-scuro all else is sacrificed—design is forgotten ; to catch the eye by some dazzling display, seems to be the grand aim. The English have a mania for what *they* call generalizing ; which is nothing more nor less than the idle art of making a little study go a great way, and their pictures are generally things "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." The mechanical genius of the people exhibits itself in the mechanism of the art—their dextrous management of glazing, scumbling, &c. Frequent and crowded exhibitions of recently painted pictures, and the gloom of the climate, account for the gaudy and glaring style in fashion. There are few exceptions among the artists of England to this meretricious style ; even Wilkie and Leslie, in their late pictures, have become more washy and vapid than in their former productions.

“Turner is the prince of the evil spirits. With imagination and a deep knowledge of the machinery of his art, he has produced some surprising specimens of effect. His earlier pictures are really beautiful and true, though rather misty ; but in his late works you see the most splendid combinations of colour and *chiaro-scuro*—gorgeous but altogether false—there is a visionary, unsubstantial look about them that, for some subjects, is admirably appropriate ; but in pictures, representing scenes in this world, rocks should not look like sugar-candy, nor the ground like jelly.

“These opinions of existing English art, I know, may be considered heterodox ; but I will venture them, because I believe them correct. The standard by which I form my judgment is—beautiful nature ; and if I am astray, it is on a path which I have taken for that of truth.

“In May, 1831, I left England for the continent. When I arrived in Paris I found, to my great disappointment, that the works of the old masters in the Louvre were covered by an exhibition of modern French works, and there was no expectation of a removal of them for some time. I left Paris on my way to Italy.

“Modern French painting pleased me even less than English. In landscape they are poor—in portrait, much inferior to the English ; and in history, cold and affected. In design they are much superior to the English ; but in expression, false.—Their subjects are often horrid : and in the exhibition at the Louvre I saw more murderous and bloody scenes than I had ever seen before.

“The melancholy which I experienced in England continued with me for several months after I had arrived in Italy. I looked upon the beautiful scenery, and knew it to be beautiful, but did not feel it so. Previous to going to Rome I passed nine months in Florence ; which I spent in studying the magnificent collections there, and in painting several pictures ; among which was a small “Sunset on the Arno,” and a wild scene, for Mr. Gilmore, of Baltimore. The “Arno” was exhibited in the Academy of St. Luke, and seemed to attract attention. The Grand Duke is said to have been much pleased with it, but he did not buy it. I studied the figure, part of my time, and drew from the life, at the Academy ; and painted my Dead Abel, which was intended as a study for a large picture, to represent Adam and Eve finding the body of Abel.

“Florence to me was a delightful residence. The magnificent works of art, the quietness and seclusion in which a man can live, make it a painter’s paradise. Indeed, to speak of

Italy is to recall the desire to return to it. And what I believe contributes to the enjoyment of being there, is the delightful freedom from the common cares and business of life—the vortex of politics and utilitarianism, that is for ever whirling at home.

“In Rome I was about three months, where I had a studio in the very house in which Claude lived. The Roman heads that you have seen I painted there. I made several excursions into the Campagna. I went to Tivoli, Aricia, and Nemi; and obtained sketches, from which I painted on my return to Florence. The large view of the Aqueducts, the Cascatelles of Tivoli, and several other pictures, which you have seen. Mr. C. Lyman and Mr. Hoyt gave me commissions for those two paintings in Rome; as did Mr. Field, for that of the Fountain of Egeria and another.

“From Rome I went to Naples, where I spent several weeks pleasantly. I visited Pompeii, Vesuvius, and Pestum; and at the last place made sketches, from which I have painted, since my return, a view of those magnificent temples, for Miss Douglas. The commission was given in Rome.

“Returned to Florence, I painted more pictures in three months than I have ever done in twice the time before or since. I was in the spirit of it: and I now grieve that information of the sickness of my parents, with their desire for my return, should have broken in upon me. I packed up and sailed from Leghorn in October, 1832, without seeing Switzerland, which I had so longed to see (for I left France by way of Marseilles) and without seeing Venice. In that three months I painted the Aqueduct picture, the view of the Cascatelles of Tivoli, Mr. Lord’s pictures of Italian Scenery, four small pictures for Mr. Tappan, a small view near Tivoli, and several others.—O that I was there again, and in the same spirit!

“What shall I say of modern Italian art? I am afraid you will think I looked at all with a jaundiced eye. I have been told that I did so at the ancient also: if so, I have lost much enjoyment. I can only speak as I have felt. Italian painting is perhaps worse than the French, which it resembles in its frigidity. In landscape it is dry, and, in fact, wretched. There are a few German and English artists in Rome, who paint with more soul than the Italians. It would scarcely be credited, that, surrounded by the richest works of the old schools, there should be a total ignorance of the means of producing brilliance and transparency; and that, among the greater part of the Italians, glazing is unknown: and the few who, from seeing the English at work, have acquired some knowledge of it, use

magilps and varnishes as though they were deadly poisons.—Indeed, of all meagre, starved things, an Italian's palette is the perfection. The pictures of the great Italian masters gave me the greatest delight, and I laboured to make their principles my own; for these, which have stood best the criticism of ages, are produced on principles of truth, and on no abstract notion of the sublime or beautiful. The artists were gifted with a keen perception of the beautiful of nature, and imitated it in simplicity and single-heartedness. They did not sit down, as the modern artist too often does, with a preconceived notion of what *is* or *ought* to be beautiful: but their beau ideal was the choicest of nature—they often introduced absurdities and things of bad taste in their pictures; but they were honest—there was no affectation. I do not believe that they theorized, as we do; they loved the beauty that they saw around them, and painted.

“Many of the old masters have been praised for their defects, and the blackness of age has been called tone; and there are some whose merits appear to me to be but small. Salvator Rosa's is a great name—his pictures disappointed me—he is *peculiar*, energetic, but of limited capacity, comparatively.—Claude, to me, is the greatest of all landscape painters, and indeed I should rank him with Raphael or Michael Angelo. Poussin I delighted in; and Ruysdael, for his truth, which is equal to Claude, but not so choice.

“Will you allow me here to say a word or two on landscape? It is usual to rank it as a lower branch of the art, below the historical. Why so? Is there a better reason, than that the vanity of man makes him delight most in his own image? In its difficulty (though perhaps it may come ill from me, although I have dabbled a little in history) it is equal at least to the historical. There are certainly fewer good landscape pictures in the world, in proportion to their number, than of historical. In landscapes there is a greater variety of objects, textures, and phenomena to imitate. It has expression also; not of passion, to be sure, but of sentiment—whether it shall be tranquil or spirit-stirring. Its seasons—sun-rise, sun-set, the storm, the calm—various kinds of trees, herbage, waters, mountains, skies. And whatever scene is chosen, one spirit pervades the whole—light and darkness tremble in the atmosphere, and each change transmutes.

“This is perhaps all unnecessary to you; but I have so often been surprised at the almost universal ignorance of the subjects that I am induced to speak. I mean to say, that if the talent of Raphael had been applied to landscape, his productions would have been as great as those he really did produce.

"I should like to say something of Mr. Reed, and the liberal commissions he has given me; but I feel rather delicate on the subject, on account of his having expressed a desire that I should not say much about the matter. I am not sure whether you saw the large composition, Italian Scenery, that I painted for him, and which was in the exhibition last season.

"I have, since I came into the country,* been engaged on a series, the subject of which I will trouble you with: it is to be the History of a Scene, as well as an Epitome of Man.—There will be five pictures: the same location will be preserved in each. The first will be the Savage state; the second, the Simple, when cultivation has commenced; the third, the state of Refinement and highest civilization; the fourth, the Vicious, or state of destruction; the fifth, the state of Desolation, when the works of art are again resolving into elemental nature.

"I would give you, (but that I am afraid I have tired you already) a fuller description of what I did intend to do, but unfortunately my intentions cannot be fulfilled. I have advanced far with the two first pictures, and find all my gold is turning to clay. I know my subject is a grand one, and I am disappointed at finding that my execution is not worthy of it. In the first picture I feel that I have entirely failed: in the second I am rather better pleased; but perhaps it is because there is so much unfinished. I have no doubt but they will please some of my indulgent friends, but they are not what I want.

"I am afraid I have trespassed on your time, if I have, it is because I scarcely knew what would be useful to you, and when I am talking about pictures, I "take no note of time." A word about my picture of the Angel, and as it was painted last winter, in about two months—I could not afford more—it has been a losing concern to me; its exhibition in New York cost me ninety dollars more than receipts; I hope it will do better in Boston. I had forgot to say that I made but one copy during my sojourn in Europe, and that was from a small Wilson of H. Rogers. Since writing the previous remarks on Turner, I have happened to find in an English magazine, 'The Metropolitan,' a critique on him that will serve to corroborate what I have said; as you may not have an opportunity of seeing that periodical, I will copy the part relating to this painter.

"Putting aside all the jargon of criticism, stand by and hear what the multitude say to his conglomerations of yellow, white, and red: the surprise, the ridicule, the contempt that

* This was written at Catskill in September, 1834.

they excite. Painting may be an abstruse art in its practice, but in its effect, it ought to be on a level with the meanest capacity. It is a problem, the solution of which lies, as to its truth, in the mere act of turning from the picture made by the hand of man, circumscribed by a gilt frame, to that made by the hand of God, belted in by the horizon. The mere spectator may not feel the poetry, the exquisite taste of the arrangement, the classical grouping, but he can feel, and he does understand the truth or falsehood of the representation. 'Turner's pictures may be fine, but they are not true.' "

The pictures mentioned by Mr. Cole painted by him in Italy and immediately after his return, I have seen and admired : indeed it is upon their merits that I ground my opinion as above expressed. As to the rank in which he places his favourite branch of the art, I differ from him. The reader may remember, (or may see) that Leslie places his particular branch (as Cole does his) on a level with history painting. It is very natural that it should be so ; but until I am convinced that it requires as great variety and amount of knowledge to represent a landscape, or a scene of familiar life, as it does a great historic event ; or that a landscape, or domestic scene, can fill the mind, like the contemplation of a picture, representing an event on which the destinies of mankind depended,—an event which will influence those destinies to all eternity—I must continue to differ from my two amiable and enlightened friends.

I have, in another page, spoken of the munificent patronage Mr. Luman Reed, of New-York, has bestowed on the fine arts, and his friendship for our distinguished artists. Mr. Cole has felt as if he was prohibited from speaking of this gentleman's liberality. I am free to say, that I consider him as standing among the greatest benefactors to the fine arts, and the most purely disinterested that our country can boast.

I visited Mr. Reed's gallery some months ago, and saw the picture of Italian scenery which Mr. Cole painted for him. When it was finished, Mr. Reed asked the painter what price he put upon it. "I shall be satisfied," said Cole, "if I receive \$300 ; but I should be gratified if the price is fixed at \$500."—"You shall be gratified," said the liberal encourager of art. And he commissioned him to paint five more pictures of the same size at the same price, for his gallery.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Miss Hall; early disposition to the imitative arts; first teacher; comes to New-York; instructed by Alex. Robertson; makes herself mistress of a rich style of colouring by studying pictures of the old Italian masters; notice of some of her works—De Rose—Danforth—John Neagle; his high standing as a portrait painter; born in Boston; apprenticed to a coach painter in Philadelphia; adventures in the west; establishment in Philadelphia—Pat Lyon—Neagle's full success in his profession—Henry C. Pratt—George Catlin—Binon—Yenni—J. Parker—Robinson—The two Stricklands—Godefroy—Prudhomme---Dorsey—Steel—C. V. Ward—I. C. Ward.

ANNE HALL—1820.

“MISS ANNE HALL is a native of Pomfret, in Connecticut, and the third daughter of Dr. John Hall; who was a physician of eminence in that vicinity, and whose excellence will be long remembered and related in the place where he resided.

“It has been said, that our propensities are hereditary; and the truth of this remark may be exemplified in the instance of Miss Hall, whose grandfather, David Hall, D. D. of Sutton, Massachusetts, possessed uncommon talents, both for painting and music, though the duties of his profession gave him little leisure for their cultivation. Her father also had great taste in every thing connected with the fine arts, and by judicious criticism, and well-timed encouragement, fostered the genius of his daughter, which began to be developed at a very early age. When only five or six years old, she gave indications of talent in the imitative arts, and used to cut out figures with the scissors, and model little images in wax, which were surprisingly beautiful, as the work of a child. These elicited the admiration of the visiters of her parents, one of whom, presented her with some water-colours and pencils, the first paints she ever used. Her father being pleased with her attempts, gave her a box of colours from China: and afterwards, her brother C. H. Hall, Esq., who resided in New-York, and who was delighted with the specimens of taste and skill which she sent him, supplied her from time to time with such materials for painting and drawing as might most facilitate her progress. With these she used to imitate nature; and few of the beautiful flowers, birds, fishes, or insects, which inhabited the neighbouring woods and streams, escaped the eye or the pencil of the young artist. The seclusion of her situation in the country, prevented her from seeing what had been done

by others, but nature being her only model, was perhaps the source of her originality. Soon the "human face divine," became the favourite object of her contemplation, and was preferred to all others.

In this state of progress, she accompanied her oldest sister in a visit to some friends in Newport, R. I. where at her father's request, she took some lessons in the art of applying colours to ivory, instead of paper, from Mr. S. King, an artist of respectability, who had previously had the honour of giving lessons in oil painting, to our distinguished countryman Mr. Allston. Her stay in Newport was very short, and at her early age, of little value to her subsequent progress in miniature painting.

Her brother, who afterward resided for some years in Europe, was enabled to procure some fine pictures both in oil and water-colours, which he sent to his sister, and she was encouraged to copy them, until she could in some manner approach to their excellence. By comparing these with nature, she was enabled to avoid the formality of a mere copyist, and justly to delineate the forms and colours with which her fancy was imbued, when she again attempted original compositions.

Being in New-York some time after this, she received instruction in oil painting from Mr. Alexander Robertson, at that time, and still an excellent teacher of painting. She painted some pleasing pictures in oil, but eventually relinquished it to devote herself more exclusively to miniature painting. In this style her pencil has not only been a source of pleasure, but has enable her to enjoy "the glorious privilege" of being independent. She has been favourably distinguished by the artists in New-York and elsewhere, and has received much kind attention from those whose praise is honour. To conclude with the words of Solomon, "*give her the fruits of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates.*"

The above is from a friend, who, at my request, has given me this brief, but elegant notice. My attention to Miss Hall, was attracted by seeing several miniature copies from oil pictures by old masters, particularly two from Guido, executed with a force and glow of colouring that surprised and delighted me. Her late portraits in miniature are of the first order. I have seen groups of children composed with the taste and skill of a master, and the delicacy which the female character can infuse into works of beauty beyond the reach of man—except it might be such a man as Malbone, who delighted in

female society, and caught its purity. I have lately seen a full length of the oldest child of Dr. John W. Francis, (and called John from his father,) which is composed with the beautiful simplicity of some of Reynolds' or Lawrence's portraits of children, and is in colouring glowing, and masterly in the touch.

This lady has occasionally exhibited with the National Academy of Design, and was elected unanimously an academician. Her portrait of a Greek girl attracted much attention. It has been engraved. Of the few pictures of Miss Hall which I have had the pleasure of seeing, a portrait of Samuel Ward, jun., and a group of two girls and a boy, the children of Samuel Ward, Esq. are particularly deserving of praise. The group is, in composition, colouring, and expression, beyond any thing I have seen for a long time. It reminds me of Malbone. The flowers, and the children combine in an elegant and well arranged *bouquet*. The same high praise belongs to a group of two ladies and a boy, combined with flowers—still her management of infantile beauty, when the difficulties attendant upon such studies are considered, makes me place the full length of Master Francis among the chef d'œuvres of Miss Hall; but perhaps the best original picture she has executed, is a group of a mother and child, the latter almost naked, and clasped to the mother's bosom. The mother is Madonna like, and the child perfect in attitude and expression. This group represents Mrs. Jay, the wife of Dr. Jay, and her infant.

ANTHONY LEWIS DE ROSE—1820.

I give the brief notice which Mr. De Rose has favoured me with, as I think it honourable to him, and more satisfactory than I could present in my own words:

"I was born in the city of New-York, on the 17th of August 1803, and began my professional career in the winter of 1821, by setting out upon the world as a professed artist, after studying scarcely a year and a half; so eager was I to claim the distinction which I fancied belonged to an artist. I was designed for a mechanical employment, by my only surviving parent; but such was my repugnance to being forced to learn the secrets and mysteries of a trade, whether I would or no, that my scruples and the melancholy it caused, finally prevailed, and I was suffered to follow my inclinations and desires, in the pursuit of art. I commenced the rudiments of drawing with a young artist in New-York; after studying six

months with him, I was placed under the instructions of J. R. Smith, an excellent teacher of drawing, and I think I owe much of my subsequent success to his admirable system of instruction ; occasionally I drew at the academy in Chambers-street under your directions, during the brief hours allowed for that purpose by the board of directors.

“ You may remember too, that I have been a constant attendant upon your course of lectures in *our academy*, and undoubtedly owe much to them, as having given a proper direction to my course of study. I have copied but few pictures, preferring nature—her charms have won and claimed my entire admiration. Pleased with my first success in portrait painting, I wandered over many parts of our widely extended country in search of employment, and from a restless desire to see its varied beauty. Since the foundation of our *excellent academy* (the National Academy of Design,) my professional views have taken a higher aim ; I have occasionally employed my pencil in historical composition, with what success you shall witness at our next annual exhibition.”

M. J. DANFORTH—1820.

This gentleman, one of the best engravers in London, was born in Hartford, Connecticut. He began to engrave in 1818 as a pupil of the Hartford graphic company, mentioned above, in the notice of E. Tisdale. He moved to New Haven and engraved professionally in 1821. For a publisher of Hartford he copied one of Raphael Morghen's fine prints ; and so well, that my informant says, the proprietor has not yet published it, and keeps it to palm off hereafter as a genuine Morghen. I hope the trick will be exposed and result in disgrace, as all falsehood ought.

In 1826 Mr. Danforth joined the National Academy of Design in New-York, and studied in the school. In 1827 he went to London with the intention of engraving there a portrait of De Witt Clinton, painted by S. F. B. Morse, president of the National Academy, for which a subscription was attempted, but the project failed.

In London Mr. Danforth pursued his studies assiduously at the Royal Academy, and drew industriously from the Elgin marbles, his drawings from which attracted much attention and admiration : he likewise painted in water-colours, copying some of the oil pictures of the old masters, with great effect and perfect truth.

Mr. N. Jocelyn arrived in London in 1829, and renewing his intimacy with Danforth, they resided together. Newton,

Leslie, and Sir T. Lawrence, were the intimate friends and admirers of Mr. Danforth. He formed himself as an artist, by his independent study in London, and did not put himself under the direction of any engraver. He has engraved Leslie's portraits of Scott and Washington Irving, and a daughter of Lord Holland, for an annual. The beautiful picture by Leslie of Uncle Toby and the Widow, is before me, as engraved by Danforth in very fine style. This print was Leslie's gift to me on his leaving America in 1834.

Mr. Danforth is a moral and religious man ; of a retiring disposition ; an honour to art and a blessing to society, as every such man must be.

JOHN NEAGLE—1820.

The following words have already been inserted in this work : "It too often happens that the biographer, after dilating with enthusiasm on the merits of the artist, is obliged, with shame and mortification, to confess or to palliate the vices or grossness of the man." In very few instances has this "shame and mortification" fallen to my lot. The artists of the present day in our country, among whom Mr. Neagle holds a distinguished place, have emulated in their conduct the best men, as they have rivalled in their works the best professors of the fine arts.

Mr. Neagle was born in Marlborough-street, Boston, the capital of Massachusetts, on the 4th day of November, 1799. His parents were residents of Philadelphia, and on a visit to Boston at the time of his birth. The father of this gentleman was a native of Doneraile in the county of Cork, Ireland, and his mother, whose name was Taylor, was the daughter of a New Jersey yeoman, and born near Bordentown. John lost his father when he was but four years of age. His mother still lives. With the usual desire to draw figures of things earthly and unearthly, the boy's efforts were directed to something like systematic drawing by a school-fellow. This was Petticolas, afterwards and now the well known artist of Richmond. Neagle looked up to him as a master, and imitated his attempts, until he became a wonder himself to his school-mates. His mother married a second husband, who was no friend to John or to the arts, and he passed through the evils of a stepfather's ill will. After the education of a common English school, the boy was sent to the drawing school of Signor Pietro Ancora for one quarter, and then placed by his stepfather in his grocery store. By his own choice young Neagle was apprenticed to Mr. Thomas Wilson, a coach and

ornamental painter, but had his ambition aroused by the ambition of his master, who became a pupil of Mr. Bass Otis the portrait painter. John had to carry palettes and brushes to and fro, which introduced him to Otis's painting room, and created the determination to become as great a painter as the man whose works he admired above all things. Having access to materials, he applied himself day and night to drawing and painting, "in his own way," and when not employed by his master. The skill acquired by his own exertions rendered him the most profitable to Wilson of all the apprentices in ornamental work. By his indentures, John was bound to serve five years and five months, which left him a period of eighteen months freedom before he was of age, which was in 1820.

During his apprenticeship he had some lessons, by an arrangement with Wilson, from Mr. Otis, for about two months, which is all the instruction he ever had as a pupil to a professional painter. The attempts of the apprentice were encouraged and praised by Krimmel, C. W. Peale, Otis, Sully, and others, and he was a favourite with Wilson, who appreciated his usefulness and his talents. The first portraits the young painter attempted were during his apprenticeship, and the truth of likeness even from the commencement gained him applause and encouraged his efforts. Mr. Neagle has said, that in after years, however much he may have otherwise improved, he could not have improved the *likeness* in his first subjects.

I will copy from a letter before me Mr. Neagle's account of his first interview with Mr. Sully: "Mr. Sully then lived where the Athenæum now is, in Fifth-street, and he had on his *eazle* a study for the *pro-scenium*, or *part over the stage*, for the Chesnut-street theatre. I was at that time an apprentice, and went with Mr. Otis to Mr. Sully's painting room, where he left me alone with him. The very polite but formal manner in which he received me I shall never forget, particularly when he assured me, that 'the arts did not point the way to fortune, and that had he been a merchant, with the same perseverance which had characterized his efforts in art, he might have realized a fortune.'" I have shown the vicissitudes which attended Sully's professional career, and probably this conversation occurred at a time when fortune frowned and the public forgot him. Neagle continues: "On my departure he invited me to visit his exhibition room, whenever I felt a desire—which I often did—but never paid him a personal visit until 1822, after he had called upon me to congratulate me, as he

said on my great success in the exhibition, presenting me at the same time with a card of invitation in his own hand writing, to Earle and Sully's gallery." It was some years before Neagle became intimate in Sully's family; but the intimacy, when it took place, led to the marriage with one of the painter's daughters.

It was in 1818, and before he began to practise his profession in Philadelphia, thinking he might better compete with painters beyond the mountains, he travelled to Lexington, Kentucky, with a view to establish himself in that growing place. His first inquiry was, "Is there any portrait painter in Lexington?" and to his amazement he was told there were two. He went in search of them, and chance directed him first to Mr. Jouett's painting room. On looking at this gentleman's works he saw at once that he had no prospect of being the leading painter in Lexington. In fact he found in Jouett a good and well instructed artist. There was no hope of employment, and the young adventurer's money was expended. He determined to go on to New Orleans, and if no good fortune occurred, to find his way home by sea. To pay his passage down the great river of the west, was out of the question, he therefore offered himself to the captain of a boat to work his way. His dress not comporting with his purse or his offer, the rough boatmen thought he was a dandy who jeered them, and soon gave him such indications of their dislike to quizzing, except among themselves, that he was glad to retreat without giving hopeless battle to a half horse half alligator.

Happily for Neagle, the flow of population from the Atlantic states to the west is so great, that an inhabitant of any of the cities of the old states can hardly fail to meet some one with whom he is acquainted. The young painter in this dilemma was accosted by one who had known him in Philadelphia, and finding that he was awkwardly situated, frankly offered him assistance. The offer of the loan of a few dollars* was accepted, and the youth once more afloat, was wafted with the current towards the great commercial emporium of the west. As they approached New Orleans he felt the necessity of raising a further supply, and opening his trunk to consult its contents on the means of raising the wind, he was fortunate enough to get up a gentle breeze by a sale of part of his wardrobe to the skipper. He was now landed at New Or-

* The name of this friend was Burn, and the painter afterward presented him with his portrait, probably of \$100 price, for the three dollars then lent him.

leans, one of the most extravagant places for board and lodging in the United States, and he would have found himself most awkwardly situated again, but that here he met another acquaintance from the east. This gentleman had been a sitter to him for his portrait, and now bought a Washington's head of him, which he had brought from Philadelphia rolled up in his trunk: this enabled him to take passage for the city of Penn, where in due time he safely arrived. Neagle is not the only American who has been extricated from difficulty by that same head.

Neagle's business improved after his travels, and he became an established portrait painter in the metropolis of Pennsylvania, although Kentucky had rejected him. In May 1820, he married Miss Mary Chester Sully, a daughter of Thomas Sully, Esq., and continued to improve by his unwearied study and application to his art. A full-length picture of a blacksmith, painted in 1826, size of life, at his forge, excited very general attention, and as general applause. This was the portrait of Patrick Lyon, who having made a fortune by his industry as a blacksmith, and ingenuity as a locksmith, chose to have his portrait painted in the costume of Vulcan, with all the paraphernalia attendant upon his fiery occupation.

"Do it at full length," said Lyon, "do it your own way—take your own time, and charge your own price—paint me as a blacksmith—I don't wish to be represented as what I am not—a gentleman." Mr. Neagle had an order for a second picture of Lyon. One of them was purchased for the Atheneum, Boston.

After being exhibited in Philadelphia, much to the artist's credit, Lyon's portrait was loaned to the National Academy of Design, for one of their annual exhibitions of the works of living artists, and I published the following notice of the picture into the "American."

Patrick Lyon the Blacksmith.—One of the best, and most interesting pictures in the present exhibition of the National Academy at the Arcade Baths, is a blacksmith standing by his anvil, resting his brawny arm and blackened hand upon his hammer, while a youth at the bellows, renews the red heat of the iron his master has been labouring upon.

This picture is remarkable, both for its execution and subject. Mr. Neagle of Philadelphia, the painter, has established his claim to a high rank in his profession, by the skill and knowledge he has displayed in composing and completing so complicated and difficult a work. The figure stands admirably; the dress is truly appropriate; the expression of the head equal-

ly so ; and the arm is a masterly performance. The light and indications of heat, are managed with perfect skill. In the back ground at a distance, is seen the Philadelphia prison, and thereby "hangs a tale," whether true in all particulars, is perhaps of little moment ; I give it as I took it.

Pat. Lyon, as he is familiarly called in the city of Penn, was the blacksmith and locksmith of the Bank of —, and the vaults having been entered and a large amount of money carried off, suspicion fell upon the man of locks, bolts, and bars. So strong were the suspicions of the directors, that Pat was arrested, and imprisoned for a long time in the castle, which, by his desire, the painter has introduced into this historical portrait.

In process of time, however, the real culprits were found to be the watchmen employed to guard the bank, and not the blacksmith who had fashioned its iron securities. Pat, who probably manufactured the locks and bars which held him in the city prison, was released, and made his old employers and recent persecutors pay handsome damages. He became rich, and with a liberal spirit engaged Mr. Neagle, a young artist struggling for fame and fortune, to paint his portrait, not as Patrick Lyon, Esq. but as *Pat the blacksmith*, supported by that hammer and anvil, with which and on which he forged his own wealth, and hammered iron bars into bank notes and eagles.

Another story is told of the blacksmith, which displays some humour, and if known to the visitors of the exhibition, where Mr. Neagle's picture is displayed, may enable them to see more in the face of Pat, than they otherwise might do without. Being sent for to open an iron chest made by himself, lock and all, whose owner had lost the key, Pat dexterously performed the operation, and holding the lid with one hand, presented the other, with a demand for ten dollars. It was refused. Pat let fall the lid, the spring lock took its former hold, and the blacksmith walked off, leaving the treasure as fast sealed as before. There was no remedy, and reluctantly the owner of the strong box, again sent for Pat. He promptly appeared, and the box was as quickly opened. The first demand of ten dollars was instantly offered ; but no, "I must have twenty now," says the operator : and twenty was paid without demur, for the lid and the lock were still in the iron grasp of the maker.

Mr. Neagle has contributed much to the information contained in this work. His anecdotes of Stuart have, I hope, amused every reader, and his account of Stuart's advice to him, when the veteran was sitting to the young painter, will instruct the student. I have seen many excellent portraits from the esel of Mr. Neagle, some of which have been engraved,

and are more generally known than others; I will only mention those of Dr. Chapman, Commodore Barron, and the Rev. Mr. Pilmore.

My previous pages have given particulars of Mr. Neagle's visit to the place of his birth, (from which he was removed an infant) and to the great portrait painter Stuart, of whom he has said, "he treated me like a child."

Of his first interview with Allston, I have a memorandum before me—"Mr. Allston, with whom I dined thrice at his own house, was also kind; he took the pains to go to Mr. Stuart's painting room to see my picture of him, compared it with the life, and complimented me by his favourable opinion."

After the journey to the west, Mr. Neagle set up his esel in Southwark, and worked, first at fifteen, then twenty, then twenty-five and thirty dollars a head. His employment increased, and he painted a half length of Robert Walsh, and other distinguished men sought him, though out of the city. In 1822, he removed into town, and soon after raised his price to fifty dollars a head. From this he has advanced to eighty, ninety, and finally to a hundred dollars. Mr. Neagle is full of the love of his art, ardent, industrious, and justly impressed with a sense of the high and honourable stand his profession is entitled to, and the conduct necessary in its professors.

HENRY C. PRATT—GEORGE CATLIN—1820.

This amiable and intelligent gentleman, *Henry Cheever Pratt*, was born at Oxford, New-Hampshire, on the 13th of June 1803. His instructor in painting was Samuel F. B. Morse, (afterwards president of the National Academy of Design) when that gentleman was practising in Boston, on his arrival from his visit to and studies in London. In a letter which I have seen, he says, speaking of Mr. Morse, "It is to the liberality and kindness of that gentleman, that I am indebted for the knowledge I have of the art." Mr. Pratt commenced painting landscapes and portraits at New Haven, in 1823, and continues the practice of both branches at this time in Boston.

Mr. Cole, our great landscape painter, travelled on foot with Pratt over the White Mountains, both sedulously studying the sublime of nature in those regions above the clouds. His friend Cole speaks in glowing terms of his pure love of nature, excellent good sense, and kindness of disposition. His portraits are well drawn, and possess much that is most valued in that branch of art. His landscapes are uncommonly well composed and executed, but somewhat deficient in colouring.

George Catlin, Esq., is a native, as I am told, of one of the eastern states, and was educated for the bar. What induced him to prefer painting I do not know: he probably, with Ranger, thought that law was "a damned dry study." I first became acquainted with him at Albany, when as a miniature painter he had gained the good will of De Witt Clinton, and was making an attempt in small oil painting of the governor. This was certainly very poor, but it led to greater things, for when the corporation of New-York city wanted to have a full-length picture of Clinton, as governor, he chose Catlin as the painter. His motive was undoubtedly praise worthy, as it must have been to aid the young artist, but he was wrong: the city of New-York was entitled to a portrait from a man of established reputation, if not from the best painter in the state, and Catlin was utterly incompetent. He has the distinguished notoriety of having produced the worst full-length which the city of New-York possesses.

Mr. Catlin is since better known as a traveller among the western Indians, and by letters published in the *Commercial Advertiser*. He has had an opportunity of studying the sons of the forest, and I doubt not that he has improved both as a colourist and a draughtsman. He has no competitor among the Black Hawks and the White Eagles, and nothing to ruffle his mind in the shape of criticism.

BINON—YENNI—J. PARKER—ROBINSON—1820.

Mr. Binon was a French sculptor, who exercised his art in Boston in the year 1820. He executed a bust of John Adams of considerable merit, and was an early instructor of Horatio Greenough. *Mr. Yenni* was a Swiss artist, who painted street views in New-York. He went with Commodore Stewart as draughtsman to the Pacific Ocean.

J. Parker. A sufficient notice of Mr. Parker will be found in Stuart's biography. I remember him in New-York painting poor portraits.

Mr. Robinson was a miniature painter of some skill, who came from London and resided in Philadelphia for some years. He showed me a miniature of Mr. West, for which he said the old gentleman sat, and in the back-ground he represented a part of West's great picture of "Christ rejected." He came to America after 1817. He was then a man advanced in life, and he died about 1829.

WILLIAM STRICKLAND—GEORGE STRICKLAND—1820

I think I remember Mr. *William Strickland* when in the scene shop of the Park Theatre, a companion of Hugh

Reinagle and a pupil of John Joseph Holland. When Holland rebuilt that theatre, Strickland's father was the carpenter. If I err, it is because Mr. Strickland is among the very modest artists, who do not choose to answer my inquiries, or assist my efforts to be accurate in the history of the Arts of Design. He has studied diligently—been to Europe to see the work of art, and stands high as an architect. He built the Bank of the United States, Philadelphia, after the model of the antique, the only model we have.

George is his brother, and also designs in architecture; he has taught architectural drawings in the Franklin Institute. Both reside in Philadelphia, and I believe are Americans by birth.

MAXIMILIAN GODEFROI—JOHN DORSEY—1820.

Mr. Godefroi was a French gentleman and architect, who was driven to this country by the events of the French revolution, and married in Baltimore, where he resided many years. He finally returned to France, and is supposed to have been restored to his estates. *Mr. Godefroi* built the beautiful gothic chapel, at St. Mary's College, and the Unitarian Church, Baltimore. He designed and erected the Battle Monument, and in conjunction with B. H. Latrobe he built the Exchange of Baltimore. The design was Latrobe's. *M. Godefroi* was a candidate for building the United States Bank, Philadelphia; and in 1811 and 1813 he exhibited in that city many original drawings.

Mr. Dorsey is an architect of Philadelphia. He designed the gothic building in Chesnut-street and other conspicuous edifices.

E. PRUDHOMME—JAMES W. STEELE—1820.

Mr. Prudhomme was born in the Island of St. Thomas, and brought by his parents to New-York, at the age of eight years. He is a good draughtsman and engraver. He commenced working on his own account at the age of seventeen, and is now engaged in engraving for the National Portrait Gallery of Herring and Longacre, and has distinguished himself.

Mr. Steele is an Irishman, and engraves well in the line manner. I have seen an excellent print of his, from Mr. John Neagle's portrait of the Rev. G. T. Bedell, published in 1831.

C. V. WARD AND J. C. WARD.

These artists are, I believe, natives of New-York, and brothers. They both have painted landscapes for many years.

Both have merit. Their pictures have clearness, and many other requisites, but appear to me rather the imitations of art than nature.

CHAPTER XXVII.

T. Doughty, one of our most distinguished landscape painters—R. W. Weir—early life and various employments—Determination to make painting his profession—attempts a large picture—Voyage to Europe and studies at Florence and Rome—Horatio Greenough and Weir—return home—decided success in composition and landscape—marriage—removal to West Point—Robert M. Sully—studies with his uncle—visits Europe—return and establishment at Petersburg—Miss Leslie—John Durand—Bowen—Bushe—T. S. Cummings—encouraged by Augustus Earle—pupil of Henry Inman and afterwards his partner—devotion to miniature—success—marriage—notice of a few of his pictures.

THOMAS DOUGHTY—1820.

THIS gentleman was born in the year 1793, on the 19th of July, in Philadelphia.

Mr. Doughty says,—“At the age of fifteen or sixteen, I was put out with a younger brother to learn the “leather business,” at which I served a regular apprenticeship, and pursued the business a few years afterwards. I attempted three or four paintings in oil during the latter part of my apprenticeship, but they were mere daubs, inasmuch as I had never received any instruction in oils, and I may as well add here perhaps, that the only instructions I ever received, were, I may say almost in my childhood at a most excellent school: our master used to allow those boys who evinced any talents for drawing, one afternoon in each week to practise, but without the aid of a master; he would inspect the drawings himself—but the time is so far back that I have no recollection as to the result of my studies; I merely remember the fact—that I did draw some at that time.

The other and only opportunity that ever occurred, was in the latter part of my apprenticeship, when I received one quarter’s tuition at a night school in drawing in “Indian ink.” The opportunities above mentioned no doubt implanted within my bosom a love for painting which only strengthened with my dislike for the trade I had learned; and contrary to the wishes of all my friends, I resolved to pursue painting as a profession, which, in their opinion, was a rash and uncertain step! my mind, however, was firmly fixed, I had acquired a love for the art which no circumstance could unsettle. I was then, I believe, in my 27th or 28th year, with a wife and child

to support ; and I must confess, a dull and gloomy prospect as regarded pecuniary remuneration ; but then I was consoled with the reflection, that in all probability my condition in life would be bettered. I knew also that I should be improving from year to year. Consequently my embarrassments would lessen as I acquired knowledge and practice."

Mr. Doughty has long stood in the first rank as a landscape painter—he was at one time the first and best in the country. He now resides in Boston, and has this year, (1834) in conjunction with Harding, Alvan Fisher and Alexander, got up a splendid and popular exhibition of the works of the four, much to the benefit of the company.

ROBERT W. WEIR—1821.

This gentleman has the high merit of making his way through difficulties which might have appalled a mind of less firmness, and likewise that of having, in the very hey-day of youth, resisted the allurements of pleasure in the witching land of Italy, allurements which, if yielded to, would have marred that fame and fortune to which he is destined.

In prosecuting this undertaking I have applied very generally to artists for information respecting themselves and others. I have found them ready to assist me, in giving accuracy and value to my work, very much in proportion to their standing as men and professors of the ennobling arts which have occupied their thoughts through life. The most worthy have been most frank, and among them is Mr. Weir. I shall make use of his letters by sometimes quoting his words, and sometimes mingling the knowledge communicated by him, with that appertaining to myself.

Mr. Weir says, "The lights and shadows of my early days, to use technical phraseology, were not well balanced, leaving little that I can now turn to with recollections of pleasure."

Robert W. Weir was born on the 18th of June 1803, at New Rochelle, in the state of New-York. His parents were in good circumstances, and the first ten years of his existence were passed without his experiencing any other sorrows than those which seem to be affixed to the period of childhood, by way of preparing us for the struggles of after life. Residing with his parents at his father's country seat, in New Rochelle, the period of infancy passed smoothly ; but in the year 1813, a ruthless storm of misfortune came which blasted all his pleasant prospects. His father's mercantile business

failed, and in one year all his property went to satisfy creditors. "I was taken from the academy," Mr. Weir writes, "and placed in a cotton factory, where my thoughts were turned from books and play, to be chained to the steady and almost ceaseless motions of a spinning-jenny. I gained little credit, however, from my application, as I was never considered a good workman or very attentive to the duties required in waiting upon the machinery, and in eighteen months lost my employment by caricaturing one of the dignitaries of the establishment."

About the end of the year 1815, my father endeavoured to re-establish himself in business in the city of New-York, but his health had been undermined by misfortune, and he never recovered from the blow which deprived him of his wealth; so that after some fruitless attempts, he gave it up in despair. He then offered his services to an extensive mercantile house, who appreciated his worth, and whose confidence he enjoyed until the time of his death. During the period of his hardest struggles, my father's anxiety respecting my education appeared to be one of his greatest troubles. The expense that he could so ill bear and yet incurred on my account, and the many inconveniences he was content to suffer for my future good, still harrow my soul when I think how little I have been able to give back in return."

If it were possible in youth to realize how delightful the remembrance of faithfully performed duties towards our parents would be to mature years, and how sharp the pangs of remorse, if conscious of a contrary course of conduct, how many youthful follies would be checked, and in how many instances would man be saved from ruin! But not only ignorance of the future, but of the probable result of our actions seems to be the lot of youth. Many, and the writer is one, look back in old age, and feel as if in scarcely one occurrence of a long life they have done their duty—and more especially to parents. The words of Mr. Weir, still in the prime of life, are to me a proof that he has "given back in return" all that the exertions of a virtuous course of life has enabled him to pay to the authors of his existence.

Let him again speak for himself. "About this time a relative from Albany made us a visit, and observing my father's uneasiness on my account, offered, on condition that I should accompany him home, to complete my education at his own expense, provided nevertheless, that I should devote such portion of my time to his business as was not actually taken up by my studies, and this assistance was to be considered as

an equivalent for my expenses. These preliminaries being agreed upon, we set out late in the fall of 1816, in a sloop bound for Albany; but on account of the ice could not proceed farther than Athens, where we arrived wearied with the tediousness of the passage, and determined to land and proceed to the first inn, where we might procure some mode of conveyance to our place of destination.

“Beside my uncle and myself there were three other passengers, who agreed to accompany us, and as the night was fine and clear and frosty, and the ground rang like mettle beneath our tread, we promised ourselves a pleasant exhilarating walk. With these feelings and under these agreeable auspices, we pursued our way for about two miles, occasionally hearing an anecdote, or a story of some bold deed of manly prowess, or tale of true love crossed, when we were suddenly and unexpectedly met by two heavy looking square-built pedestrians, dressed in sailor’s attire, and accosted in the rough language of that peculiar class, with ‘shipmates, how late is it?’ Immediately three watches were displayed, and the time given in answer. With an ‘Umph’ and thanks which sounded like curses, our ‘shipmates’ left us and proceeded towards the point from which we had started; but it was not many minutes before we heard approaching footsteps in our rear, and upon turning discovered two figures on the summit of the hill we had just descended, darkly contrasted with the sky, which was lighted by the moon. The effect was instantaneous upon all—we started off like frightened deer at the utmost speed we could make, but finding myself left behind by the fleetness of my chivalric companions, (who had all been heroes in the stories they had told) and being incumbered with a bundle, upon which I placed too great value to part with, I determined to turn from the road at the first favourable place and conceal myself among the bushes until the rogues should pass. My retreat was scarcely made and my concealment effected before they came up, and stopping near the place, they struck their clubs upon the ground in great dudgeon, and with a few hearty curses upon the long legs of my uncle and his companions they gave up the chase and returned leisurely back.

“It may be supposed that my mind was not inactive during the few moments of suspense after secreting myself. My thoughts turned to my uncle, who had left me without any apparent concern, to manage for myself; and when I had crept from my place of concealment and followed on to overtake my courageous companions, I could not help weighing the value my

uncle set upon the person and welfare of his nephew, and finding it light in the balance. I joined my fellow pedestrians, and without further danger or adventure arrived at the place of our destination, my affections a little cooler than when we started, and my uncle somewhat shy of the anecdote—which, by the way, I took much pleasure in telling, and not unfrequently made it the subject of a sketch, generally scratched on the blank leaf of some favourite book of my kind relative, not much to his delight or the increase of his affection to his nephew.

“My stay with my uncle was little short of a year, and the misery I suffered is indescribable; yet I endured it all rather than afflict my father with a knowledge of my unhappiness, which, in the end, was quick enough in finding its way to his ear, and my recall was then immediate. My father examined me as to my attainments, and I was found wanting, and again sent to school.

“It so happened that opposite the school-house, Mr. Jarvis had his painting room, and I frequently lingered about the door in order to get a glimpse at the mystery of his art; but after many fruitless attempts, I at length summoned courage enough to enter the precincts of his studio, and gratify my curiosity, while I asked his terms as if I wanted my portrait painted; but this was not in presence of the great man himself; Mr. Jarvis was not at home, and my inquiries were politely answered by his pupil, who kindly stated the different prices of the various sizes, and offered to sketch my head on Bristol-board for five dollars. This was my first interview with my friend Inman; and we little thought at that time that we should be better acquainted.*

“My father at length procured a situation for me in a respectable French mercantile house at the south, and in the fall of 1817 I bade farewell to my friends, and for the first time beheld my father’s tears, as he placed me in charge of the captain of the vessel, which was to bear me from my native state. The influence of those tears was lasting, and I can safely say they saved me from many an error.

“I remained in this situation about eighteen months, when it was thought advisable to remove this branch of the concern and unite it to the main house at New-York. My services

* Mr. Weir says, “the first book on painting that fell in my way was Dryden’s translation of Du Fresnoy, with notes by De Piles. I read it with enthusiastic delight; every word sank deep within me, and caused tears of joy, and shouts of ecstasy to escape at every page; my soul swelled with pure zeal for the art, and when I finished, I felt better and happier, and resolved to be a painter.”

were duly appreciated, and I had advantageous offers from two of the principal houses in the place, with one of which I closed, and after making a short visit home, was to return and take my place as head clerk.

"On my arrival at New-York, I found my father well, and my mother absent on a visit in the country. She was soon to return, and I went to the wharf hoping to meet her, having intimation of the time she was expected. I waited at the boat to receive her, and after all the passengers but one had gone ashore, was beginning to think of returning home disappointed; but not liking to leave the spot, without making some inquiry, I addressed myself to a lady who sat opposite, with a hat and veil which concealed her face, and who was apparently waiting for some one whom she expected. I had scarcely opened my lips, when she exclaimed, "My son! is it indeed you?" and burst into tears.

"My appearance must have been much altered, for I had suffered severely from a fever, previous to my embarking for home, and the disease still lingered on me. My mother could not think of again parting with me, and in her solicitude for my health, discovered a cancerous pimple on my face, which gave her much uneasiness. To quiet her fears, I submitted to a most painful operation, which confined me to a dark room and low diet for near two months, at the end of which time I felt as little inclined to leave home as my mother could wish.

"I now entered as head clerk in a mercantile establishment at New-York, and after three years had an offer of coming in as a partner. My father, however, dissuaded me from the terms; and, as I thought I never should amass property sufficient to commence on my own footing, I determined to turn my attention to something that did not require lucre for its capital. My fondness for sketching had often been displayed on sundry books and bits of paper in the vicinity of the desk and counting-room, and had rather been encouraged by my father, who, I must confess, heard my determination with surprise. At first he endeavoured to dissuade me from my scheme, but finding me resolved, he changed his views, and promised to help me as far as he was able.*

* "My first, and only instruction in the art, was received from Robert Cook, an English painter in heraldry, who sought employment in this country as a teacher of painting. He was a worthy man, and had seen something of art in his own country, but had not devoted much time to study; he consumed his precious hours in making fruitless experiments in search of some other and better vehicle than oil to paint with. I devoted from six to eight o'clock in the morning to study with Mr. Cook, three times a week, for three months, and the rest of the

"In the fall of 1821, I set myself seriously to work, and after several fruitless attempts, succeeded in making a tolerable copy of a portrait. At this time I became acquainted with Mr. Paff, who kindly lent me several pictures, which I took great pains, as well as pleasure in copying, and succeeded so well as to attract the attention of many connoisseurs of high standing.

"My fame as a copyist had reached Philadelphia, and during the fever of 1822, I received a commission from that city to copy a famous picture then exhibiting there, for which I received \$200. This was my first commission. The copy afterwards went to New Orleans and sold for \$1100, and subsequently was brought to New-York for exhibition, but being damaged on the passage, was withheld from the public, who may congratulate themselves on being spared their patience and twenty-five cents each.

"On my return to New-York, I made a small sketch of Paul preaching at Athens, which I offered to a gentleman of taste and apparent love for the arts, for the small sum of eight dollars, but he declined it, and Mr. Paff became the purchaser at five dollars, and the payment made in old prints. I was now solicited by the person to whom I had first offered it, to purchase the sketch back from Mr. Paff, as he was willing to give any sum under fifty dollars, and think himself happy in the possession of it; but its owner declined selling it on any terms, saying it was the best thing I had ever painted, or ever would paint.*

"After the praise which had been bestowed on the sketch of Paul preaching at Athens, I was induced to attempt the same

day attended to my business as clerk. I learned one salutary lesson from him which has been repeatedly confirmed by others—that time is too valuable to be consumed in making experiments, and I have contented myself with the knowledge of others, or have stated my views to some scientific friend, whose leisure enabled him to investigate the question, and waited patiently the result."

* "About three years ago, i. e. in 1830, and after my return from Italy," says Mr. Weir, "Mr. P. sold this sketch for fifty dollars, and the purchaser called upon me and wished to have a companion, repeating what Mr. P. had said respecting my ability to paint another as good. At the end of three days the second sketch was finished, (the subject of which was Peter and John curing the lame,) and was so much superior to the first, that Mr. P. contrived to purchase them back for a very high price, and still keeps them in his possession." The young painter called upon Mr. Trumbull after his long absence in Europe, and Trumbull showing Weir one of his early compositions, asked him if he remembered it. "Yes sir," said Weir, "and I remember that you bought it of Mr. Paff, and when I waited upon you, delighted to be noticed by the president of the American Academy, you told me I had better turn my attention to making shoes." This Weir has said made him sick for a week after; but the reception Morse received from the same person, when in London he waited upon him, a youth full of hope and encouraged by Allston and West, is still more characteristic: "You had better go home again."

subject as large as life. This laborious undertaking occupied me about nine months, during most of which I was beating about through a sea of trouble, sometimes rubbing out whole platoons of figures, and at others, labouring hard to raise recruits for another obliterating sweep. Thus I worked on, occasionally dunned for rent of an attic in that part of the old alms-house, granted to the American Academy of Fine Arts, rent free by the corporation, for the purpose of encouraging the arts, and occasionally receiving a visit from some friend whose anxiety for my failure or success had induced him to climb ladders, ascending through trap-doors and working a dusty way through the rubbish which was stowed away in this garret, to the place in which I pursued my studies, in silence and solitude.

“At last this work was completed and publicly exhibited at Washington Hall. It attracted some little attention; but I believe chiefly because it was the work of a New-Yorker, and one who had never received any regular instruction in the art. I was however encouraged by compliments, to apply myself with redoubled ardour to the study of the art I had determined to pursue.

“I was convinced of the necessity of obtaining a knowledge of anatomy.* For this purpose I commenced a course under Doctor Post, and greatly injured my health by application to that branch of my profession. My next step was to learn Italian, for my hopes and desires now rested on and centered in Italy. I had determined to go, and, if by no other means, to work my passage over before the mast. I had now made some valuable friends, and among others, Henry Carey, by whose kindness and assistance I was enabled to realize the hopes I had entertained, and visit in comparative ease the land of art—the theatre where Michael Angelo, Raphael and Titian,

* “My first essay in the study of anatomy was rather ludicrous. I had been presented with the half of a barber’s head, who had been executed about a week before for murder. It had been divided through the middle, and the tongue remained in my part. I wrapped it up in my handkerchief, and late at night walked home with it under my arm. The novelty of carrying such a commodity set my imagination to work, and thoughts arose on the way, respecting that unruly member, which had so often wagged fluent with lies, to please its owner’s customers; and before reaching my father’s house, my feverish fancy was so much excited, that I began to think it might wag again. Having reached my bed-chamber, I deposited the troublesome burthen in my trunk, and crept to bed; not to sleep—for the thoughts which had possession of my brain, and certain disagreeable odours emitted from the trunk pursued me, and after tossing about until two o’clock in the morning, I determined to get up and carry my treasure back. In my anxiety I had forgotten that every house must be shut at that time, and I wandered the silent and deserted streets until daylight enabled me to find my friend, who relieved me from my disgusting load.”

and the host of other artists had figured, and left behind a school unsurpassed for simplicity and greatness of design.

"It had been an amusement for me occasionally to paint a picture, and, nearly obliterating it with dirt, to put it in the way of some would-be connoisseur, who, after examining it attentively, would pronounce it an undoubted work of some one of the old masters. I have several libels upon antiquity of this kind to answer for, and one in particular which had nearly lost me the friendship of a brother artist. I had called one morning, and found him delightfully employed in copying one of my antiques. 'What are you about, Tom?' I exclaimed. 'Ah!' was his reply, 'there's a jewel for you!—that's an undoubted original of Annibal Caracci.' 'An undoubted humbug,' was my rejoinder. Tom turned his dark eyes fiercely on me, repeating 'Do you doubt it?—do you doubt it?—why Mr. P. lent it to me yesterday, and at the same time told me it cost him \$300.' 'Well Tom, I can only say, if you take that picture out of the frame, you will find on the lower edge of the panel, the initials of my name.' To satisfy himself he took it out, and there the little tell-tales were. The next day, Tom sent the picture home, with many thanks to the owner, and at the same time threw his copy into the fire. In the same manner I had copied some of Rembrandt's etchings so close as to be with difficulty detected, and was on the eve of turning my attention seriously to the publication of etchings from various old pictures in the possession of different gentlemen in New-York, but, like many other things of the kind, it fell through, after the first or second plate was finished.

"On the 15th of December, 1824, I bade adieu to friends and country, and after a tedious passage of sixty days, I found myself in Leghorn. It was my custom while at sea to sketch, and during the passage I had illustrated great part of Dante's *Inferno*. These sketches were not without merit, though some of them were rough enough, to be sure. After remaining a short time at Leghorn, during which I visited Pisa, and examined the works of art contained in the cathedral, and the curious frescos of the Campo Sante, I prepared for my departure to Florence.

"When I waited upon our consul for the necessary document to safe travelling, he said with apparent sincerity, 'Mr. Weir, I have a picture in the next room, and I should like to have your candid opinion of its merits. I have been offered \$5000 for it, which I refused.' With some little ceremony I was ushered in, and after a nice adjustment of light, during which the pedigree of the picture was detailed—its loss—its

miraculous discovery, which was effected simply by a small piece of blue drapery in one corner, the only part visible—and then the green silk curtain which hung before it was withdrawn, and a Venus of undue proportions was displayed. I was candid enough to say what I thought; but had no sooner expressed my opinion, than with a low growl the curtain passed before the picture, and my astonished ears were saluted with ‘Sir, your passport is ready.’”

Artists are of course desirous to see good pictures, and are pleased to be invited by the owners, who thereby pay a compliment to the artist’s judgment—but he frequently has to pay a cruel tax for the gratification he experiences. An anecdote told of Fuseli, shows how an older artist than Mr. Weir was, in 1824, managed in similar circumstances. A noble lord invited the painter to see a jewel of a painting, of which he was the happy possessor, and lauded it to the skies. Fuseli felt bound to go to the nobleman’s house, and took a pupil with him. After the usual ceremony, the painting was displayed and the artist examined it, and ejaculated, “Extraordinary!” The owner reiterated its praises—pointed out its beauties—and still Fuseli cried “Extraordinary?” After a decent length of time the painter and his pupil departed. On their way home, the pupil finding his master silent, said, “Mr. Fuseli, I don’t think much of that picture—what did you mean by “extraordinary?” “Extraordinary bad,” was the reply.

I return to Mr. Weir’s narrative. “At Florence, my first thoughts were to settle a plan of study. It had been my practice to affect a bold, dashing, apparently off-hand execution; and the masters I most admired were those who excelled in embodying their ideas with the fewest touches, and those so nicely laid on as to express all that labour and high finish could accomplish. But after observing the early works of those very men so celebrated for their execution, I was surprised to find them in every instance, most minutely, even laboriously finished. It then struck me, that I had commenced where I should have left off, and with difficulty compelled myself to go through the drudgery of studying with the greatest care and precision; that by doing so I might get the habit of expressing things with care, and at the same time with truth. It was no easy matter to throw off my loose habits, and it cost me some trouble to accomplish it; but when done, I took delight in studying nature in every detail, and the very dryness that I before despised, now pleased me as correctness and truth.

“The Chevalier Pietro Benvenuti was at this time occupied in painting the life of Hercules in fresco for the grand duke,

and as my ambition propelled to history, I contrived to become his pupil. The scene of study was in the Pitti Palace; but the slow process of plastering and tracing, staining, hatching and stippling was too tedious for me, and I conceived my time misspent in acquiring, what at home would perhaps never be required of me; I therefore left my witty master, and the society of gods and centaurs, and went to the fields to study nature as she is, content to take her with all her faults, and leave to others the colder and more circuitous route of approaching her shrine through halls of Grecian art.

"Among the acquaintance I made at the palace, was Madam D—, a lady of distinction, whose influence gained me several commissions, and among others one from the Princess Pauline. The subject was of a fanciful nature, and I was to have introduced her likeness, but illness deprived me of her sittings, and after several different appointments, she sent me her miniature as a substitute; but before I had time to use it, her death deprived me of the opportunity of fulfilling the commission. Another of my acquaintance, who appeared to take a great interest in my welfare, was a Mr. O—, a most rare specimen of Italian character: he was fawning, subtle, and vindictive, and took umbrage at my leaving Signor Benvenuti. Several little circumstances took place which sometimes irritated and sometimes soothed him, but at length he let me know that unless I left Florence, my life was in danger.

"On visiting different galleries with Italian artists, I was not a little surprised to hear them burst out in raptures when viewing the colouring of Titian and Paul Veronese. With unaffected delight they appeared to feel and enjoy the effect of good colour; but when they returned to their own studies, their cold leaden hues were but a sad apology for flesh, and contradicted the enthusiasm exhibited before the great masters of old. I was confident it was not because they did not feel what they talked so feelingly about, but suspected that their bad colouring was owing to their manner of study—to their continuing so long to work with chalk, and accustoming the eye to see nothing but light and shade. This rendered the eye unfit, or deceptive, when they took the brush in hand, and attempted to give colour at the same time with form. I have even gone home with some and endeavoured to show them what little I knew; and with one, who was painting a Narcissus, I painted the right arm with the reflection in the water for him; but with what success he finished the picture I cannot say—the last time I saw it he had not matched a single tint.

His lights were too pink, his middle tint was warm, and his shadows too cold.

“It is the same with all of them from Camucini down, with the exception of Bozzioli, whose works have great brilliancy as well as depth and transparency; and may entitle him to the reputation of being the best colourist of the present Italian school. As for Camucini, who is certainly one of the finest draughtsman living, his colouring is deplorable—his flesh is cold and leaden, as well as his skies and back-grounds; and his draperies are nearly all positive colours, either scarlet, blue, or bright yellow; and composed in such a way as to offend the eye; their violent contrast destroying even that which we know to be good. His cartoons, however, are beautiful. They are finished compositions, as large as life, drawn with black and white chalk on a tinted ground. You do not feel the want of colour when looking at them—they are every thing you could wish—but when in the next room the finished picture is shown, you scarcely recognize the composition, so forcibly are some parts obtruded by strong and violent colour, while others, that in the cartoon appear as foreground objects, are weakened by cold and retiring tints. The habit too of working with small pencils is injurious to good colouring; and the charm of fine broad execution is seldom seen in the works of modern Italian artists. There is a lion hunt by Camucini from a picture of Rubens, painted entirely with quill brushes, and the same texture pervades the whole surface—hair, fur, flesh, are all alike.

I painted in Florence “Christ and Nicodemus,” and the “Angel releasing Peter.”

“I believe it was about the beginning of December, 1825, when I left Florence, and stopped a day at Sienna to examine the celebrated outlines in the pavement of the cathedral, and the works of Pinturichio in the sacristy, which by the way are very exquisite, and in a better state of preservation than anything of their time that I recollect to have seen; but as my face was set towards Rome, and my heart many leagues in advance, it constrained me to be satisfied with merely looking, when perhaps if I had made even the slightest sketch, it would have enabled me at this time to draw conclusions with nearly the same correctness as if I had the picture before me.—It is perhaps an error which young artists too frequently make of trusting their memory with too much, and paper with too little—even though the sketch be rough and hurried, it is better than none.

“A few days brought me to the gates of the great city of

art, where I entered most unpropitiously amidst hail and rain, but it did not prevent me from seeing the Colosseum, and some works of art before I retired for the night. Here I found our friend Greenough, who had lately arrived; and we soon agreed to take rooms together, which we happily procured on the Pincian-hill. Our home was situated opposite to that which had been occupied by Claude Lorraine, and between those known as Salvator Rosa's and Nicolo Poussin's. You may imagine that in the midst of such, to us "holy ground," our enthusiasm was not a little excited. There we set ourselves most industriously to work, and as you wished me to detail to you our mode of study, I will attempt it:

"We rose tolerably early, and either pursued some study in our own room, or went to the French academy and drew from the antique until breakfast time, after which we separated, Greenough to his studio, whilst I either went to the Vatican, or the Sistine Chapel, or some of the private galleries, that are liberally thrown open for the purpose of study. There I worked away until three o'clock, at which hour they closed. I then took a lunch, and either a stroll through St. Peter's, or the antique galleries of the Vatican, or went to the French academy and drew from casts, or to my own room, or in the fields, and drew from nature until six, which was our dinner hour. We then assembled at the Bacco di Leone, a famous eating-house, the dining-hall of which had been the painting-room of Pompeo Battoni. It was in this room where he received Reynolds with the pompous salutation of "Well, young man, walk in, walk in, you shall see Pompeo Battoni paint." The art had been long declining in Italy, and poor Battoni was the mere smoke after the last flame had flickered out. It served our imagination, however, and formed a part of that atmosphere of art which surrounds the student in Rome, that makes his lamp burn bright, and his enthusiasm strong.

"After dinner, or rather, after supper, all the artists met at a place called the Greek Coffee-house, where we had our coffee, and chatted until seven; at which hour the life-schools opened, and we separated, some to the French or Italian, and Greenough and myself to the English; where we studied from the life until nine o'clock, and then, if the night proved fine and the moon shone bright, we formed small parties, to go and dream among the ruins of imperial Rome. This formed our round of daily occupation; we lived and moved in art: it was our food, ready at all times, we had but to stretch out our hands and pluck what we wanted.

“The studies that I made from the old masters were chiefly from Raphael’s frescos in the Vatican, the Prophets and Sybils of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel, and Titian and the great colourists that were to be found in the minor collections ; the drawings from Raphael were made the size of the original ; those from Michael Angelo were reduced. My studies in colour were nearly all finished copies ; which I now regret, as I think too much time was consumed in making them, when sketches of the compositions of one colour merely, without entering into the minutiae of tints, would have answered all the purposes as well, and perhaps better.

“There was much need of system in all this. I saw artists fly from one thing to another, without any apparent fixed principle. At one time they pursued a train of studies that appeared to lead them on, when they would stop short in the midst of apparent success and pursue an opposite course, in search of Flemish detail and finish ; which led them down to littleness, and consumed their time in learning the mere tricks of art. With much skill in drawing, among the Italian artists, there is a great deal that retards their progress as painters ; they continue too long with the port-crayon, and lose their eye for colour ; and when they take their palette in hand, and with the living model before them, they find it too much to embody both colour and drawing at once. Their productions are cold and heavy, and the beauty of the drawing lost, in a measure, under the leaden hues which a constant habit of seeing things only in black and white gives them.

“I recollect an observation that Etty made ; it struck me as being correct, and I have tried to adopt it. He said, ‘as he intended to be a painter, and acquire some fame with the point of his brush, he thought it best to begin at once, and use it at all times and upon all occasions, in preference to any thing else.’ Thus you would then get colour, drawing, and mechanical dexterity, which those who work with a hard point, such as lead or chalk, seldom or never attain, as painters.

“Another, and perhaps better reason, why the modern Italians do not excel in painting flesh, or giving a true texture to the different substances they wish to express. is, that they do not paint portraits, or copy individual nature, as they see it, but try to make all their figures Apollos or Herculeses, by bending nature to their preconceived notions of what she ought to be, as derived from casts and stone. It is this introduction of *art* that makes them reject nature as they find it, and substitute in the place of an easy development of her parts, the squared and flattened lines which they say constitutes *style*,

and makes their copy resemble the model in nothing but its latitude. There is one thing that has often surprised me ; it is, that those who set out in life with the purpose of acquiring an art to represent nature, after being but a short time in the presence of the works of the old masters, change their veneration for the mother of all good, to the works of the geniuses that have been, and thus copy nature at two or three removes ; and which, if pursued, would, in a short time, reduce art to the lowest degradation and servility.

“ I cannot help thinking, that those ‘ mighty Dutchmen,’ as our friend Greenough used to call them, have done the art a great and lasting good : their simple imitations speak with the voice of nature, and teach us how to represent her.

“ I made several compositions during my stay in Rome, with separate studies for each part ; but as my business was rather to collect materials, I contented myself with gathering into my portfolio such hints and studies as I thought would enable me to pursue my profession with advantage after my return. There was one study from the life, representing the back of a female, which I believe you have seen, but which unluckily got me into rather an awkward situation ; and to prevent the like from occurring again, I painted it out.

“ My purse was barely sufficient for my support ; and once, when I indulged myself with the purchase of a suit of armour, I was obliged to retrench, and live upon ten cents a day, for near a month, before I relieved myself from the embarrassment it caused.

“ After living near two years in Rome, I paid a visit to Naples, where Mr. Greenough had gone but a short time previous. Here I was joined by an English architect, with whom I made an extensive excursion to Pæstum, where we measured the temples, and made such notes as we thought would be of use : and on our return were joined by Mr. Greenough, who accompanied us to Rome. My intentions were, to have walked to Venice and returned home by way of France ; but the illness of a friend made me relinquish the idea, and embark with him from the nearest port. I had secret hopes of returning ; but my father had died during my absence, and circumstances of a domestic nature obliged me to remain.

“ I have, however, until lately, cherished the thought of again seeing Europe ; but I am now married, and feel myself anchored for life, especially as I have some little kedges out, that have moored me to the soil.”

Mr. Weir has been appointed to the situation Charles R. Leslie occupied at West Point, as teacher of drawing, in its

various departments, to the cadets. This honourable station will not deprive us of his talents as a painter, the duties of the office leaving time for executing those compositions in which he delights.

Mr. Weir has produced a great many finished pictures since his return from Italy, several of which have been engraved. His "Red Jacket" is well known. This chief of the Senecas exhibited a fine specimen of savage manners when he came with his attendants, or companions of the forest, to the painter's room. He seated himself down on an ample arm-chair with the nonchalance of a superior, and his wild tribes-men surrounded him. A scene only to be found occasionally in our country—once their country. This picture is in the collection of Samuel Ward, Esq. and is too well known to need my eulogium.* Some scenes from Scott and Fennimore Cooper have employed Mr. Weir's pencil; but his last

* I have received a communication from Dr. J. W. Francis, on the subject of Red Jacket's interview with the painter Weir: I have room only for the following paragraph. "It becomes not me," says Dr. Francis, "to speak of the peculiar merits of the painting of Red Jacket, (Saguoaha, or Keeper-awake) by Weir.--- It is admitted, by the competent, to eclipse all other delineations of our Indian chiefs, and demands, as a work of art, no less regard than the subject himself, as one of pre-eminent consideration among our aborigines. The circumstances, however, which gave the artist the opportunity of portraying the distinguished warrior and great orator of the Seneca nation, deserve at least a short notice.--- An acquaintance of some years with Red Jacket, which was rendered, perhaps, more impressive in his recollection by occasional supplies of tobacco, led him to make an appointment with me to sit for his picture upon his arrival in the city. When he came to New York, in 1828, with his interpreter, Jamieson, he very promptly repaired to the painting-room of Mr. Weir. For this purpose he dressed himself in the costume which he deemed most appropriate to his character, decorated with his brilliant overcovering and belt, his tomahawk and Washington medal. For the whole period of nearly two hours, on four or five successive days, he was as punctual to the arrangements of the artist as any individual could be. He chose a large arm-chair for his convenience; while his interpreter, as well as himself, was occupied, for the most part, in surveying the various objects which decorated the artist's room. His several confederates, adopting the horizontal posture, in different parts of the room, regaled themselves with the fumes of tobacco to their utmost gratification. Red Jacket occasionally united in this relaxation; but was so deeply absorbed in attention to the work of the painter, as to think perhaps of no other subject. At times he manifested extreme pleasure, as the outlines of the picture were filled up. The drawing of his costume, which he seemed to prize, as peculiarly appropriate, and the distant view of the Falls of Niagara, (scenery nigh his residence at the Reservation) forced him to an indistinct utterance of satisfaction. When his medal appeared complete, he addressed his interpreter, accompanied by striking gestures; and when his noble front was finished, he sprang from his seat with great alacrity, and seizing the artist by the hand, exclaimed, with great energy, 'Good! good!' The painting being finished, he parted with Mr. Weir with a satisfaction apparently equal to that which he doubtless, on some occasions, had felt, in effecting an Indian treaty. Red Jacket must have been beyond his seventieth year when the painting was made: he exhibited in his countenance somewhat of the traces of time and trial upon his constitution; he was, nevertheless, of a tall and erect form, and walked with a firm gait. His characteristics are preserved

and best familiar subject is, his "Boat Club."—Landscape has occupied his attention much of late, and his improvement in that branch of art is striking. His friend Gulian C. Verplanck has written some scenes, in a dramatic form, to accompany one of the painter's landscapes, with figures representing the march of the Constable Bourbon to Rome.

ROBERT M. SULLY—1821.

This gentleman has frankly communicated the incidents of his life, and in language I do not wish to alter. In answer to my inquiries he says:—

"I was born in Petersburg, Virginia, July 17, 1803. My father you may probably remember as an actor, for many years attached to the Charleston theatre. Between my ninth and tenth year, not long after my father's death, I evinced extreme fondness for drawing, which was increased if not excited by the sight of some of his drawings. When a youth he received some instruction from Nasmyth, the celebrated landscape painter of Edinburgh. I am certain that his talent for that branch of the art (landscape) was very great. I have sketches of his in my possession fully justifying my assertion.

"About sixteen or seventeen, I determined to become a painter, in spite of the many difficulties and deprivations attending the profession; all of which were prudently pointed out by my friends. I was in my eighteenth year when I visited Philadelphia for the purpose of obtaining instructions from my uncle, T. Sully. Here my zeal, hitherto wasted in ill-directed efforts, was for the first time applied to a proper course of study. I was enthusiastic and worked hard, and I think my progress was rapid. My obligations to my uncle I shall ever remember with gratitude.

"I remained with him eight or nine months, and on my return to Virginia commenced professionally. 'A prophet hath no honour in his own country.' I soon found that a painter is generally equally unfortunate in the city of his residence. I must not, however, omit the name of one of my earliest patrons, Mr. J. H. Strobria of Richmond. I can apply the term *patron* to him, as his kindness proceeded, I am convinced,

by the artist to admiration; and his majestic front exhibits an altitude surpassing every other that I have seen of the human skull. As a specimen for the craniologist, Red Jacket need not yield his pretensions to those of the most astute philosopher. He affirmed of himself, that he was *born an orator*. He will long live by the painting of Weir, in the poetry of Halleck, and by the fame of his own deeds."

far more from the desire to encourage and assist me than from any wish to possess my works. I despise the canting term of patron as it is generally used, as much as I should the artist who could descend to apply it to those who, after all, give him merely the value of his services.

“My uncle’s letters about this time were very encouraging, and strongly advised me to visit London as soon as possible. I felt a strong desire to follow his advice, and to assist my purpose, I visited several towns in N. Carolina, where I was successful.

“I determined to sail for England the following summer, and took passage from Virginia to London August 1st, 1824, and arrived September 23d.

“Hurled into this vortex of art, it was some little time before I could sufficiently recover from the excitement produced by the change, to commence a regular course of study.

“Of the living artists Lawrence became my first idol; but having remained some time in London, and carefully studied the works of Reynolds, my admiration for the former somewhat lessened. Nothing so delighted me as the pictures of Reynolds; and frequently (as some fine engraving from his works would catch my eye) have I reconciled myself to the loss of my dinner, and spent my last shilling to possess it.

“Jackson, the second portrait painter, I think surpassed Lawrence in *colour*. There is a fine rich tone in his pictures very like Reynolds; but he wanted the grace and elegance of Lawrence. I found none equal to Leslie and Newton in their peculiar walk. In the higher ranks of history, Haydon, Gitty and Hilton, I certainly thought inferior to Allston. A picture of the last mentioned artist was exhibited at the British gallery. (Jacob’s dream.) My opinion originated from a sight of that exquisite production.

“In the course of my second year in London I painted a portrait of C. Beloe, the secretary of the British Institution. It was shown to the veteran in art, Northcote; it gained his approbation, although qualified by a very judicious criticism, which ended with his sending me an excellent picture by Sir J. Reynolds to copy; from which I derived much improvement. About this time I also painted a portrait of Mr. Northcote. The portrait of Mr. Beloe was exhibited the same year at Somerset House; that of Northcote, some little time after, at the Suffolk-street exhibition. My acquaintance with Northcote furnished me with much useful information respecting Reynolds, (his master) Opie, Gainsborough, and others.

It is to be regretted that young artists are not permitted to

copy in the different collections. In the Angerstein and Dulwich galleries, they are allowed to make sketches in water colours ; but little improvement can be derived from that system of study.

“The older artists I found little disposed to aid their younger brethren in art, either by advice or the loan of their pictures. I must make one exception ; Mr. Leslie was not only very kind in directing my studies and criticising my work, but in lending me many of his own studies. I sailed from Liverpool July 15th, 1828, and arrived in America in September, after an absence of four years.”

Mr. Sully has performed the promise made by his early works. I have never seen either him or his paintings ; but I have the testimony of those I confide in as to the merit of both.

Mr. Sully's portrait of Northcote gained him great credit in London, and was praised by artists and connoisseurs. I find in the “*Inquirer*” a notice of some copies made by Mr. Sully, which I copy on account of the subjects : “The painting of Pocahontas was brought from Warwickshire, England, about the year 1772, by Ryland Randolph of Turkey Island, in the county of Henrico, Virginia ; and sold in 1784 by the administrator of the estate to Thomas Bolling of Cobbs, one of the descendants of the Indian princess.” (So says a certificate, but certificates are very deceitful things.) “The original is crumbling so rapidly that it may be considered as having already passed out of existence.” So much for immortality by the pencil ! But, like men, one picture generates another in its likeness, and the graver and the press continue the existence of the artist and his work.

MISS LESLIE—1822.

This lady's merit, as a painter, would have distinguished the name of Leslie in the fine arts, if her brother had not already placed it among the *most* distinguished of the present age. She was born in Philadelphia, a short time before her father and mother made that visit to England which has occasioned the claim made by that country upon Charles Robert. The father and mother of this highly-talented family of children, (for another sister has displayed graphic powers as a writer) were Robert Leslie and Lydia Baker ; who visited London in 1793, taking with them the subject of this portion of our work, an infant, and returning to America with their children in 1799.

Miss Leslie, as well as her brother, showed her taste for

drawing when a child, but never painted, as a regular employment, until 1822, when on a visit to her brother in London. She then copied a number of his pictures, and two or three pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds. She also painted occasionally portraits of her friends. Her first attempt in oil was a portrait from nature as large as life.

She returned to Philadelphia in 1825, with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Carey, her sister and brother-in-law; and again visited her brother, in London, in 1829. Several of the copies she made after that time were engraved in this country for the *Atlantic Souvenir*. Her brother-in-law, Mr. Carey, possesses an admirable copy, which she made from one of Mr. Newton's best pictures; the subject is from the *Sentimental Journey*.

We have seen, among other things, from the pencil of this lady, her copy from the "*Sancho and Duchess*" of her brother; which is so admirably executed, that I should have pronounced it the original of Charles Robert.

ROBT. C. BRUEN—JOHN DURAND—BUSHE—1823.

Mr. Bruen was an apprentice to P. Maverick, with A. B. Durand, and afterwards practised engraving with great success, but became deranged; and in the winter walked upon the ice of the river into the water and was drowned.

Mr. John Durand, a brother of A. B. Durand, was a most promising engraver. Originally a jeweller; but, on taking up engraving, he appeared to make progress as by inspiration, under his brother's tuition: but death put a period to a progress which his brother thinks would have placed him at the head of the profession. He invented a machine for bordering bank-notes, which was used by Maverick, Durand, & Co. He died at the age of twenty-eight, after two years' application to engraving.

Of *Mr. Bushe* all I can say is, that finding there was an artist of this name, I wrote to my never-failing source of information, Thomas Sully, requesting some account of him.—His answer, dated 1833, is—"Bushe was befriended (I had almost said patronised, a word I hate as much as you do) by Clay—studied a short time in Philadelphia, and now pursues his vocation in the western country."

THOMAS S. CUMMINGS—1824.

Mr. Cummings was born in England, and brought to New-York an infant. He is the only child of Charles and Rebecca Cummings. The place of this gentleman's birth was Bath:

the time August 26th, 1804. Shortly after Thomas' birth his father removed to Bristol, and from thence came to America, when our subject was yet in early childhood. All Mr. Cummings' ideas, except some very faint traces of Bristol, are American. When he was about fourteen years of age, Augustus Earle, the traveller and painter, came to New-York, and took part of the house (as an office) occupied by the father of Mr. Cummings. Earle saw the boy's drawings and encouraged him to proceed. His father placed him at the drawing-school of J. R. Smith, and in 1821 he was received as a pupil by Henry Inman, who had but recently left the guidance (as an artist) of Jarvis. During three years' study with so excellent a master as Inman, Mr. Cummings became a painter in oil and water colours, (or miniature) but preferred, and of course succeeded best in the latter, which he had made peculiarly his study. At the end of three years the teacher and pupil entered into a partnership, which continued three years, and a friendship was founded which is unbroken. Inman devoted himself almost exclusively to oil painting, leaving Cummings, in the year 1827, the best instructed miniature painter then in the United States, by withdrawing from that branch of the art altogether.

It will be remarked by any reader of this work, that a great many of our eminent artists were born in Europe, brought to this country in infancy, or when boys, and became artists as well as Americans. We will here mention some, who, as well as Mr. Cummings, are in this predicament. Charles R. Leslie, John Wesley Jarvis, Thomas Cole, Thomas Sully; and even Charles Ingham was but a youth when he arrived in America; and although well taught in the rudiments of the art, has become the excellent painter he is since his arrival.

It is a most happy circumstance for a country so liable to be flooded by emigrants, who are strangers to its constitution, laws, manners, and customs, that the children of these strangers, whose fathers are so apt to misunderstand us, all become Americans, even though they first drew breath in Europe. There may be some who imbibe prejudices from their parents, and are but pseudo republicans, and "not to the manner" reconciled; but generally every man bred in America is a democrat; learns to estimate worth by talent and virtue alone, and not by fortune or descent; and to see that the democratic system is not that which European sophists represent, a leveling by bringing down the few, but an equalizing, by lifting up the many.

We do not know one artist (born in Europe, and educated in America,) who is not an American democrat.

Portrait painting is vulgarly stigmatized as a branch of the art devoted to the gratification of vanity. I can say most conscientiously, that far the greater number of applicants for portraits are those who submit to the ceremony of sitting for the gratification of others ; and the portrait painter has generally the satisfaction of knowing that he exerts his skill in behalf of the best feelings of our nature. The painter of miniatures has, perhaps, even more than the painter in large, this satisfaction ; and although the painter in oil, and on a large scale, not unfrequently feels as if he stood higher than his brother, whose delicate and exquisitely touched work is dependent on more seemingly fragile materials, yet we know that the works of Trott and Malbone, Brown and Rogers, Shumway, Inman, Ingham, and Cummings, and the delicate productions of Miss Hall on ivory, have, and will for years to come, raise sensations in the bosoms of those who gaze on them, which may rival any excited by the works of their brethren, that are displayed in gallery and hall. The contemptuous expression of "a faded miniature," will often meet the eye ; but I know that a miniature painted by an artist like Mr. Cummings, and treated as miniatures ought to be—that is, kept as we keep jewels, only for occasional gratification—will lose neither force nor freshness for centuries. The best portrait we have of one of England's greatest men, once a republican and always a friend to the most precious of liberty—'liberty of conscience,' Oliver Cromwell, is the miniature by Cooper.

Mr. Cummings stands, if not the first in his branch of portrait painting, certainly among the first, and by his liberality to younger artists, and his exemplary conduct as a man and a gentleman, must be looked to as one of those who are raising the Arts of Design to that station in public estimation which they claim as their right. He has long been one of the council and the treasurer of the National Academy of Design, and has delivered lectures on his art to the students.

Mr. Cummings is altogether an American artist : his success in his profession, and his early marriage, which has placed him in youth at the head of a large family, have prevented even the desire to visit Europe, except as every lover of art feels at times a wish to see the wonders of ancient masters. Mr. Cummings married in 1822, a young lady, born like himself, in England, and brought in childhood to our hemisphere, Miss Jane Cook. The marriage is happy, for the parties are virtuous. I have witnessed the correctness of Mr. Cummings' conduct as a man of business, and his filial piety to his parents. He is one of the few who may reflect through life

that he has fully repaid the trouble and anxiety which every good father experiences in his endeavours to forward the welfare of his children.

The reader must have noticed the essay on the theory and practice of miniature painting, which enriches this work ; that, and the sketch of the history of the art, are from the pen of Mr. Cummings. Among the many beautiful portraits which Mr. Cummings' constant practice produces, I will only mention those of Miss O'Bryan, Mrs. Cummings, Mr. H. Inman, and Mr. Hatch. These, and many others, will bear comparison with any works in that branch of the art.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Lawson and Audubon—Audubon's autobiography—H. J. Mount—J. A. Mount A. J. Davis—study of architecture—partnership with Ithiel Town—buildings erected by them—J. B. Longacre—Horatio Greenough—Henry Greenough's letter—J. Fennimore Cooper's letter—chanting cherubs—statue of Washington—bust of La Fayette, and J. Fennimore Cooper's letter respecting it.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON—1824.

THIS very enterprising ornithologist and artist has attracted great attention by undertaking to publish from drawings and writings of his own on American ornithology, the figures in which are the size of life. How much science gains by increasing the picture of a bird beyond that size necessary to display all the parts distinctly, is with me questionable ; but the work of Mr. Audubon, as far as I have seen it, is honourable to his skill, perseverance and energy. It is gratifying to see the arts of design enlisted in the cause of science, and it is one of the many proofs of man's progress towards the goal intended for him. It has been observed that superstition, always the enemy of reason, is often the parent and the nurse of the fine arts. It would be more just to say that in the progress of man from barbarism to civilization, ignorance engenders superstition, and artful men enlist in her cause for a time those arts, which by diffusing knowledge will ultimately overthrow her. Science and literature become the allies of the fine arts, and in the ages to come, even more than in the present, art will be the friend and coadjutor of reason, the propagator of truth, and the support of religion. Public and private buildings will employ the architect, the sculptor, and the painter ; while the volumes which increasing knowledge produces will require decorations and illustration from the design-

er and engraver. In works on natural history we see the incalculable advantage of the arts of design to convey those images which words cannot present to the mind. For this reason I view the works of Mr. Audubon with a partial eye; but my feelings in his favour have been damped by the exaggerated praises inserted in our public journals, and by the style of his biography, published and written by himself. However, it is my duty from such sources as are presented to me, to give a memoir of the artist; and those sources are verbal communications with Alexander Lawson, the friend of Wilson, and jealous of, perhaps, even inimical to, Audubon, and Mr. Audubon's own account of himself, which may be considered as that of a friend.

I will first give the testimony and narrative of Lawson, who is undoubtedly biassed against the rival of his friend Wilson, but whose character places him above doubt as to the facts he states.

Lawson's account of his first knowledge of Audubon is as follows: On a certain occasion, a well known quaker gentleman of Philadelphia, told his friend Lawson that a wonderful man had arrived in the city, from the back woods, (all the wonders come from the back woods) bringing paintings of birds, beautiful beyond all praise, coloured with pigments, found out and prepared by himself, of course a self-taught original genius. Lawson was at this time engraving for Charles Bonaparte's ornithology. One morning, very early, Bonaparte roused him from bed—he was accompanied by a rough fellow, bearing a port-folio. They were admitted and the port-folio opened, in which was a number of paintings of birds, executed with crayons, or pastils, which were displayed as the work of an untaught wild man from the woods, by Bonaparte, and as such, the engraver thought them very extraordinary. Bonaparte admired them exceedingly, and expatiated upon their merit as originals from nature, painted by a self-taught genius.

Audubon—for the “rough fellow” who had borne the port-folio, was the ornithologist and artist—sat by in silence. At length, in the course of this examination, they came to the picture of the “Horned Owl.” Bonaparte, who had been liberal in admiration and commendation throughout the exhibition, now declared this portrait to be superior to Wilson's of the same grave personage. “It is twice as big,” said the engraver. On examining it closely he thought, notwithstanding its size, that it had a remarkable resemblance to his friend Wilson's original picture of the same bird. “Come here, my

dear," said he to his daughter, "bring down the Horned Owl." It was brought, and Audubon's proved to be a copy from Wilson's, reversed and magnified.

Lawson told me that he spoke freely of the pictures, and said that they were ill drawn, not true to nature, and anatomically incorrect. Audubon said nothing. Bonaparte defended them, and said he would buy them, and Lawson should engrave them. "You may buy them," said the Scotchman, "but I will not engrave them." "Why not?" "Because ornithology requires truth in forms, and correctness in the lines. Here are neither." In short, he refused to be employed as the engraver, and Audubon departed with the admirer who had brought him. During this visit Lawson said that Audubon did not once speak to him. It appears that at this time Mr. Audubon's only plan was to sell the paintings.

After a time Charles Bonaparte came again to the engraver, bringing with him one of the pictures, which he said he had bought, and requested to have it engraved for his work. Lawson consented, but it was found too large for the book. Bonaparte wanted him to reduce it. "No. I will engrave it line for line, but I will not reduce it, or correct it in any part." He then pointed out the defects, showing that this and that part were untrue; concluding, "Let him reduce it, and I will engrave it." Soon after, Audubon came to the engraver with the same picture, and said, "I understand that you object to engraving this." "Yes, it is too large for the book." "And you object to my drawing?" "Yes." "Why so?" "This leg does not join the body as in nature. This bill is, in the crow, straight, sharp, wedge-like. You have made it crooked and waving. These feathers are too large." "I have seen them twice as large." "Then it is a species of crow I have never seen. I think your painting very extraordinary for one who is self-taught—but we in Philadelphia are accustomed to seeing very correct drawing." "Sir, I have been instructed seven years by the greatest masters in France." "Then you made dom bad use of your time," said the Scotchman.

"Sir," said Lawson, to the writer, "he measured me with his eye, and but that he found me a big fellow, I thought he might have knocked me down."

In the picture of the turkey, the engraver says that Audubon has given the bird a flat foot—the thumb or hinder claw flat—whereas in nature it is not and cannot so be used. "But that I am the engraver of Wilson's work," he continued, "I would expose this man."

In opposition to this, we know from Mr. Audubon that he was born in Louisiana ; we know that he has been well received and complimented in Europe ; and is well spoken of by many in this country. It is now some years since his visit to Mr. Lawson, and although his drawing might then be incorrect, his persevering and energetic character would surmount the deficiency. His knowledge and his skill would be constantly increasing.

Mr. Sully told me that Audubon, on his first coming to Philadelphia visited him, and expressed his desire to acquire the art of portrait painting, and become a portrait painter. That he took rooms near him and received his instructions, but was soon discouraged and gave up the pursuit. Sully considered him as a man of talents. This was in 1824. He offered remuneration for the instruction he had received, which was declined. Of his birds Mr. Sully spoke highly, saying they were very fine, particularly the red-bird and the "wren and her young." The date of the attempt to become a portrait painter agrees with Lawson's account of his arrival in Philadelphia, and with the date, the 5th of April, 1824, which Audubon, in his autobiography, gives as the time of his arrival in that city ; but he says nothing of his attempt at portrait painting, or Mr. Sully's instructions. He mentions M'Murtrie and Sully as friendly to him.

We will now refer to Mr. Audubon's published account of himself, which I could wish had less mystification about it. This autobiography is dated "Edinburgh, March 1831." The title page of the book gives us his name and titles, "John James Audubon, F. R. S. S. L. & E., &c. &c." He tells us, in the introduction to his ornithological biography, that he "received life and light in the new world ;" but this is little more definite than saying that he was born on the globe ; he leaves us to fix the spot between the north and south poles ; but I understand he gives New Orleans, or at least Louisiana as the place of his birth, and the United States of America as his country.

Mr. Audubon tells us that "the productions of nature" became his playmates, and he soon felt that intimacy with them, "not consisting of friendship merely, but bordering on frenzy, must accompany" his "steps through life." His father encouraged and instructed him in his study of nature—when or where we are not told. When a child he "gazed with ecstasy upon the pearly and shining eggs as they lay imbedded in the softest down." His wishes were, in childhood, all frenzy and ecstasy, and he says as he grew up "they grew with my form."

His father showed him pictures of birds, and he tried to copy them—"to have been torn from the study would have been death to me." "I produced hundreds of these rude sketches annually."

Notwithstanding this frenzy and ecstasy growing with his growth, we are told that he "applied patiently and with industry" to the study of drawing; and at the age of seventeen, after "many masters" had "guided his hand," he says he "returned from France, whither I had gone to receive the rudiments of my education." And then, at the age of seventeen, "my drawings had assumed some form. David had guided my hand in tracing objects of a large size."

"I returned," he proceeds, "to the woods of the new world with fresh ardour, and commenced a collection of drawings, which I henceforth continued, and which is now publishing under the title of '*The Birds of America.*'" Thus it must appear that the collection of drawings publishing in 1831, was begun when he was seventeen years of age.

"In Pennsylvania," he says, "a beautiful state, almost central on the line of our Atlantic states, my father, in his desire of proving my friend, gave me what Americans call a beautiful plantation;" and here he "commenced his simple and agreeable studies." We next understand, from him, that he became a husband. That he tried various branches of commerce, and failed in them all. Twenty years passed in these commercial experiments, one of which, as I understand, was keeping a shop in Broadway, New-York, where he failed as in the others. His failures in commerce he attributes to his "passion for rambling and admiring those objects in nature from which alone," he says, "I received the purest gratification. I had to struggle against the will of all who called themselves my friends. I might here, however, except my wife and children. The remarks of my other friends irritated me beyond endurance, and breaking through all bonds, I gave myself up to my pursuits. I undertook long and tedious journeys: ransacked the woods, the lakes, the prairies, and the shores of the Atlantic. Years were spent away from my family." And during all this time, he says, "Never, for a moment, did I conceive the hope of becoming in any degree useful to my kind." It appears, from this statement, that he had no object in view but self-gratification. To the importance of his studies, to the happiness of mankind, his mind was awakened by accidentally becoming acquainted with a prince, the *prince of Musignano*. On the 5th of April, 1824, Mr. Audubon arrived at Philadelphia. Dr. Mease was his

only acquaintance ; on him he waited and produced his drawings ; he introduced him to Charles Lucien Bonaparte, who introduced him to the Natural Society of Philadelphia. "The patronage I so much wanted," he says, "I soon found myself compelled to seek elsewhere." New-York receives him more kindly, and he glides "over our broad lakes to seek the wildest solitudes of the pathless and gloomy forests." No notice of his attempt to become a portrait painter in Philadelphia. In the forests beyond the lakes he determines on visiting Europe again. "Eighteen months elapsed. I returned to my family then in Louisiana, explored every portion of the vast woods around, and at last sailed towards the old world." It appears that he landed in England about the year 1826-7.

The autobiographer now digresses, and tells us his mode of drawing by the compass : and he tells us that he resided several years at the village of Henderson in Kentucky ; but at what period he does not inform us. He tells us, that leaving Henderson he absented himself from his family for several months, but had sent to them a box containing representations of "nearly a thousand inhabitants of the air." On his return he found that the rats had invaded the box and eaten all the paper birds. This produced insanity—positive madness for several days, "until the animal powers being recalled into action," he says, "through the strength of my constitution, I took up my gun, my note book, and my pencil, and went forth as gaily as if nothing had happened." In "a period not exceeding three years" he had "his portfolio filled again." This was, of course, if I can understand Mr. Audubon, before he conceived the design of being the benefactor of the human race by publishing his drawings.

We have seen that Mr. Audubon went to England in 1826, or 7. He tells us that America being his native country, he left it with regret, after in vain trying to publish his "illustrations" in the United States. "In Philadelphia, Wilson's principal engraver, amongst others, gave it, as his opinion to my friends, that my drawings could never be engraved." We have seen what Lawson says on this subject.

Mr. Audubon landed at Liverpool, and the Rathbones, the Roscoes &c. took him by the hand—the drawings rejected in America, were received with praises at Liverpool ; and afterward visiting "fair Edina," he met with equal success. Of England, he says, "I found all her churches hung with her glories, and her people all alive to the kindest hospitality." In Scotland, he was equally caressed, and he there commenced publishing his "illustrations." He acknowledges with great

propriety that to Britain he owes his success. "She furnished the artists through whom my labours were presented to the world. She has granted me the highest patronage and honours."

We have seen what Wilson, a modest unpretending man did for the science of Ornithology, and the skill he acquired as a draughtsman, without having his hand guided by *David* and many masters. We have seen that his merits were appreciated in America, although he did not call himself an American.

Before concluding the auto-biography, the author enters into a defence of the size of his plates. He praises his own candour as a writer—surely whether intended or not, he has exhibited a strange picture of himself—I may admire, but I cannot esteem such a man.

It was after his visit to Britain, and before his return to that country and the publication of his biography, that I had a few interviews with him, in the Lyceum of Natural History of New-York, and in my own painting room. If I did not become attached to him, it was not because he failed in compliments to my work. I saw the plates he then had with him, and admired them generally—some of them much—and I admired the energy he had shown, in so far accomplishing his purpose.

H. S. MOUNT—SHEPARD A. MOUNT—1824.

These gentlemen are brothers, and brothers to Wm. Sidney Mount, hereafter mentioned. H. S. Mount, the elder, was devoted to sign painting, but distinguished himself by pictures of still life of great merit. He became a student of the National Academy of Design, and exhibited frequently in the gallery of Clinton Hall. Born at Setauket, on Long-Island, the son of a substantial yeoman. His early years were those of a "farmer's boy." He continues the business of sign-painting, with talents for a higher grade of art.

Shepard A. Mount has devoted himself to portrait painting, likewise a student of the National Academy, his efforts in the branch he has chosen promise success.

ALEXANDER JACKSON DAVIS—1825.

Is the son of Cornelius Davis, and was born in the city of New-York, July 24th, 1803.

Leaving school, at the age of sixteen, he accompanied an elder brother to one of the southern cities of the Union, where he became actively engaged at a printing-office, in composing types for the Daily Paper, of which his brother was

the ostensible editor. Like another Franklin, strongly addicted to reading, he limited himself to the accomplishment of a fixed task, and being a quick compositor, he would soon complete it, and fly to his books, but not like Franklin, to books of science and useful learning, but to works of imagination, poetry, and the drama; whence, however, he imbibed a portion of that high imaginative spirit so necessary to constitute an artist destined to practise in the field of invention.

I have known him, says my informant, pass hours in puzzling over the plan of some ancient castle of romance, arranging the trap doors, subterraneous passages, and draw-bridges, as pictorial embellishment was the least of his care, invention all his aim. His brother would often condemn such studies, and profitting by the salutary admonition of his fraternal counsellor, he occasionally directed his reading to history, biography and antiquities, to language, and the first principles of the mathematics.

At the age of twenty he left the printing-office, and returning to New York, a friend advised him to devote himself to architecture, as a branch of art most likely to meet with encouragement, and one for which, by the particular bent of his mind, he appeared to be well fitted. About this time, the *Antique School* was opened in the apartments of the Philosophical Society, where artists met to draw from the model. The National Academy of Design grew out of this association, and Mr. Davis was one of the earliest members. He now applied himself to perspective, the grammar of his art, made drawings of the public buildings of the city, for Mr. A. T. Goodrich the bookseller and publisher, and plans for Mr. Brady, architect, two of his earliest employers, and thus became gradually initiated into some of the first principles of his art. With Mr. Brady, at that time, says my informant, the only architect in New York, he passed some time in the study of practical architecture, and classical antiquities. In the spring of 1826, he opened an office in Wall-street, as an architectural draughtsman, and furnished proprietors and builders with plans, elevations, and perspective views for public and private edifices both in town and country. Some of the first embellishments of the New York Mirror, also proceeded from his pencil.

Yet a tyro in his profession, in the winter of 1827 he went to Boston, and made many views of the principal edifices in that city for publication. A large view of the Boston state house, (a building by no means remarkable for its beauty, but distinguished by its character and location)

was the first to engage his attention. This view was drawn from actual admeasurement, and is to this day, says my informant, the finest specimen of lithography, in the class of architecture, yet produced on this side the Atlantic. Harvard University, the Market houses, and the Bunker-hill Monument also furnished subjects, and he made of each an excellent view.

Mr. Davis had not been long in Boston, before he attracted the attention of Dr. Parkman, and of Dr. Bigalow, whose beautiful models in architecture, and private collections were opened to him, and who invited him to study at the library and galleries of the Athæneum. Availing himself of the advantages so liberally afforded him at this noble library, then the only respectable one on the fine arts, in the western hemisphere, he continued in reading, extracting and study for two winters, when he returned to New York. In New York he published a large folio on the architecture of that city, a work already scarce, and lauded in Europe.

In February 1829, proposals were made to him by Ithiel Town, Esq., architect and bridge engineer, then recently from the east, and an association was formed under the firm of Ithiel Town and A. J. Davis, architects, and an office opened in the merchants' exchange for the transaction of business. In the immense library which Mr. Town had then accumulated, and which has since increased so as to include every work on architecture, sculpture and painting, which Europe has produced, together with a great collection of engravings, Mr. Davis continues to enjoy a wide field for study, and the attainment of eminence. The many noble edifices of which he is the joint architect with Mr. Town, are now in the course of publication in the first volume of the "American Architect," a work of imperial quarto, edited by the artists themselves, and useful alike to the amateur and practitioner, exhibiting a series of sound precepts and perfect design. We may enumerate some of the most important of their works.

The state capitol* and episcopal church at New Haven, with the residences of James Hillhouse, jun.†, and A. N. Skinner, Esq.‡ in the outskirts of the same city.

A presbyterian church and the Town Hall at Middletown-street, with the residence of Mr. Russel.‡

* This capitol is in the form of the ancient Greek temple, and is of the Doric amphiprostyle species. The columns are between seven and eight feet in diameter. The material is brick, but this matters not, "form alone fastens on the mind in works of art, the rest is meretricious, if used as a substitute to supersede this grand desideratum."

† Ionic prostyle from the temple on the Ilissus.

‡ Corinthian amphiprostyle, from the monument of Lysicrates.

The residences of Mr. Bowers,* and Saml. Whitmarsh, at Northampton, Mass.

The City-hall† at Hartford, Connecticut.

The church of the French Protestants‡ in the city of New York.—The West Presbyterian church.—Mr. Arthur Tappan's store, Pearl-street, in which granite piers were first introduced in New-York; and Jones's-court, Wall-street, with the new Custom House,§ now in progress.

The capitol of Indiana, and the capitol of North Carolina, both of the Doric order; and designs have been given for building to accommodate the several departments at Washington.—For a new patent office, and for improvements in and around the capitol of the United States.—Two or three designs for the University, one for the Merchants' Exchange, the Clinton Hall, Astor's Hotel, and very many residences. My informant thinks that many of these designs have suffered in execution by the hands of blundering workmen; and others have been tortured by the ignorance and self-sufficiency of proprietors or commissioners; but all tended to advance the progress of legitimate art and taste in the land.||

J. B. LONGACRE—1825.

This accomplished artist, who is not only a good engraver, but an excellent draftsman and portrait painter, was born in Chester county, near the birth place of Benj. West. At what time, Mr. Longacre, although he promised that and other

* Ionic amphiprostyle, from the temple of Erectheus.

† Doric amphiprostyle pseudoperipteral.

‡ Tetrastyle Ionic prostyle, with dipteral portico. This edifice is of marble, and the columns are four feet four inches in diameter, and thirty-eight feet high. The interior is in the form of a Latin cross, with a dome over the intersection, and the ceiling is supported by eight Ionic columns of the Erechthonian example, three feet in diameter.

§ Octastyle Doric, pseudoperipteral, with dipteral porticos, twenty-nine columns, five feet six inches in diameter, and thirty-one high.

|| Although omitted in chronological order, I take this opportunity of connecting the name of JOHN KEARSELEY with the subject of architecture, of which art he was one of the early practitioners in this country. He was a physician, and an amateur architect; and gave the plan of the State-house in Philadelphia, which was begun in 1729, and finished in 1734. This building is endeared to Americans, as under its roof the independence of the country was resolved upon and declared, I saw it nearly in its pristine state in 1783, on the day of the seventh anniversary of the patriotic and heroic act. The bell which was heard in its steeple by the colonists, was inscribed with these words: "proclaim liberty throughout the land, and to all the people thereof;" and it fulfilled its prophetic bidding, being the first to give tongue to the proclamation of July 4th 1776. The words are to be found in Leviticus, xxv. 10. Dr. Kearsley also gave the plan of Christ Church, Philadelphia.

information, has neglected to inform me. John F. Watson, Esq. author of the *Annals of Pennsylvania* and other works, saw his genius, and placed him with George Murray the engraver. Watson in a letter to me says, "I found him a country boy in West's neighbourhood, took him into my family and book store, and afterwards procured him a place as an artist with Murray the engraver in Philadelphia."

Some of the most faithful likenesses in the National Portrait Gallery, conducted by Longacre in Philadelphia, and Herring in New-York, are from the pencil of J. B. Longacre, and many of them engraved by himself. As an artist and a man, Mr. Longacre is among the most estimable.

HORATIO GREENOUGH—1825.

I cannot do justice to the biographical sketch of this accomplished gentleman, and eminent sculptor, unless I publish without alteration the materials that have been put in my hands. And first the letter from the sculptor's brother, Henry Greenough, Esq., of Boston :

"Dear sir—In answer to your inquiries respecting my brother Horatio Greenough, although I shall confine myself to the points you mention, particularly, I shall endeavour to be communicative, so as to give you some choice of matter ; whatever I write, is with this view, hoping you will *prune with an unsparing hand*, as my brother, having learned from some source that the honour of a notice in your much desired work, was intended him, expressed a hope in a late letter to me that it might be confined, as far as possible, to a few facts and dates, "*A note to Allston's life*," says he, "*might tell all of me which is essential. What is the use of blowing up bladders, for posterity to jump upon, for the mere pleasure of hearing them crack ?*"

"This passage I quote merely to apologize for the poverty of my communication, which, for your sake and the usefulness of your works, I could wish more valuable.

"He was born in Green-street, Boston, on the sixth of September, 1805. At an early age he was placed at school, to be instructed in the course of his studies in the branches necessary to fit him for a collegiate education. His instructors were changed from time to time as he advanced, or as more eligible situations presented themselves. Most of these were masters of country academies, at some distance from Boston. I myself recollect twelve different persons, under most of whom we studied together.

“He was distinguished for his proficiency in the classics, and especially for his excellent memory; having once obtained a prize for having committed in a given time, more lines of English poetry, than any of his competitors by a thousand and odd. To mathematics he had always a repugnance, and made little show; though the taste, I suspect, rather than the talent, was wanting.

“Being generally robust, and of an active and sanguine temperament, he usually entered with great ardour into all the games and amusements at school. In the athletic exercises, as running, jumping, and swimming, he excelled most of his age. But many of his amusements were of a nature to show a decided propensity for the profession which he finally chose.

“Although seeing an elder brother constantly engaged in drawing and painting, might have induced him to do the same, from mere imitation; yet in the manufacture of his playthings, a love of the beauty of form early manifested itself. His schoolfellows often begged of him to carve them wood cimeters and daggers, as every one he made surpassed the last in beauty. I recollect in particular, a small pocket pistol of his manufacture, which was cast of lead, and mounted on a very graceful formed stock, inlaid with flowers and ornamental work, of thin strips of lead, which had when new, the appearance of silver. On several occasions when detected in manufacturing playthings in school hours, his performances procured him praise for their ingenuity and beauty, instead of the intended reprimand.

“I might mention numerous instances of this kind, but will merely speak of one more favourite amusement. This was the manufacture of little carriages, horses, and drivers of bees-wax of different colours, which being very small, (the wheels of the circumference of a cent) were the admiration of all our visitors, from their beauty and delicacy. The carriages were formed on exceedingly graceful models, trimmed and lined with bits of silk and gold cord, and with the horses, which were very well modelled, had quite the air of the equipages of some lilliputian noble.

“A small room was, by the consent of our parents, appropriated for the manufacture and preservation of these articles, and invention soon suggested the idea of laying out, on long pine tables, estates for the supposed proprietors of these equipages. The houses and stables were laid out, as it were, on a ground plan merely, the apartments being divided, like pews in a church, by partitions, made of drawing paper, and

furnished with miniature articles of similar manufacture ; and in this room, and with these puppets, adventures were dramatically gone through, with great enthusiasm, in play hours, for nearly two years, when the system having arrived at what seemed the “*ne plus ultra*,” was abandoned for some new project.

“ I have often heard him attribute his first wish to attempt something like sculpture to having constantly before his eyes a marble statue of Phocion, a copy of the antique, which my father caused to be placed, with its pedestal, as an ornament to a mound in the garden. His first attempts were made in chalk, on account of its whiteness and softness. He soon attempted alabaster, or rather rock plaster of paris (unburnt) with equal success ; and within a few weeks of his first attempt he had been so assiduous as to transform his chamber to a regular museum, where rows of miniature busts, carved from engravings, were ranged on little pine shelves. I recollect, in particular, a little chalk statue of William Penn, which he copied from an engraving in the ‘*Portfolio*,’ from the bronze statue in Philadelphia. A gentleman who saw him copying, in chalk, the bust of John Adams by Binon, was so pleased with his success, that he carried him to the Athenæum and presented him to Mr. Shaw, I believe the first founder of the institution, and at that time the sole director. My brother was then about twelve years old, and of course was much edified by Mr. Shaw’s conversation, who assured him, as he held the chalk in his hand, that there were the germs of a great and noble art. He then showed him the casts there, and promising him he should always find a bit of carpet, to cut his chalk upon, whenever he wished to copy any thing, gave him a *carte blanche* to the ‘*fine arts*’ room, with its valuable collection of engravings, &c. He may be considered from this time as studying with something like a definite purpose and with some system. The friendship of Mr. Solomon Willard, of Boston, soon initiated him into the mysteries of modelling in clay, which he had unsuccessfully endeavoured to acquire from directions in the Edinburgh Cyclopaedia ; and Mr. Alpheus Cary, a stone cutter of Boston, gave him a similar insight into the manner of carving marble, so as soon to enable him to realize his wishes in the shape of a bust of Bacchus. He profited much also by the friendship of Mr. Binon, a French artist then in Boston, going daily to his rooms and modelling in his company.

“ His progress was so rapid, that his father no longer opposed his devoting most of his time to these pursuits ; insisting

only on his graduating at Harvard University, Cambridge, on the ground that if he continued in his determination, a college education would only the better fit him for an artist's life. He accordingly entered college at the age of sixteen, A. D. 1821. His time was now almost exclusively devoted to reading works of art, and in drawing and modelling, and the study of anatomy—Professor Cogswell, the librarian of the university, assisted him in the former by a loan of a valuable collection of original drawings, as well as by his counsel and criticisms: and to Dr. George Parkman, of Boston, he was indebted for most of his anatomical knowledge, learned from *his* books, skeletons, and preparations. These are, however, not the only gentlemen to whom he was indebted for such real services, and of whom he always speaks with affection and gratitude: but as the object of the present communication is merely to trace the order of his studies and works as *an artist*, I have avoided mentioning any names excepting as tending to show how any main object of study had been effected.

“Notwithstanding the benefit he must be sensible of having derived from his studies at Cambridge, I have heard him say he estimated them little in comparison to what he obtained from the friendship of Mr. W. Allston, whose acquaintance he made at the house of Mr. Edmund Dana, the brother of Mr. R. Dana the poet. With Mr. Allston much of his time, during his junior and senior years, was spent. By him his ideas of his art were elevated, and his endeavours directed to a proper path.

“Towards the close of the senior year, a vessel being about to sail for Marseilles, he obtained permission from the government of the college to leave before the usual time, and his diploma was forwarded to him afterwards. He arrived at Marseilles in the first of the autumn, and proceeded directly by land to Rome. This was in 1825.

“The unbounded facilities afforded by Rome to a young artist, enabled him to carry into effect the plans of study he had formed under Mr. Allston's advice. His mornings were devoted to making careful drawings of the antique; his afternoons to modelling from the life some subject of his own composition, which enabled him to exert his invention, and bring into play the practice of the morning; and his evenings to drawing from the Nudo at the academy. Having letters to Thorwaldsen, he was enabled to profit by the visits which he so readily pays to young artists, to improve them by his criticism, or encourage by approbation. My brother often says,

however, that in the mechanical part of the art he learnt most from young fellow students.

"A young friend once complained to him, that for himself he could get no instruction from his master—'*When I ask him any thing about the management of my clay,*' says he, '*he begins to talk about what a great man was Phidias.*' My brother advised him to be more frank in his communications with his fellow students, as they usually *take a pleasure in explaining how they overcame a late difficulty and communicating any mechanical expedient*—while the master, to keep up his dignity partly, and partly as being the subject of real interest to him, loves to discourse on general principles, and laud the powers of genius, to which it is natural he should wish his own success attributed.

"He had made many studies in chalks, *i. e.* crayons, and clays, and besides several busts of the size of life, had finished a model of a statue of Abel in Rome, (1825–6) when his studies were unfortunately suspended for a year or more, by his taking the malaria a little before the termination of his first year. (1826.)

"The effects of this illness were so severe as to oblige him to return to America, after having made an excursion to Naples in company with some friends, who had kindly taken charge of him, but without any benefit to his health. He accordingly sailed from Leghorn for Boston, where he arrived in perfect health. His sea-sickness and consequent benefit of the sea air, having done for him what medicine had been unable to effect.

"About a year was now passed by him in America, the first five or six months at home with his father's family, where his time was spent in drawing and modelling. At the beginning of the winter he left home for the purpose of modelling the bust of President J. Q. Adams, at Washington; besides the bust of Adams, he also modelled a likeness of Chief Justice Marshal, and on his way home modelled one or two busts in Baltimore.

"Soon after returning from Washington, he made arrangements for returning to Italy, for the purpose of executing in marble the several models for which he had commissions, and accordingly left us in the month of March, 1827.

"From Gibraltar and Marseilles he proceeded directly to Carraca, where he remained three months or more, during which time he finished two busts and saw others prepared. His design in thus settling for a time at Carraca, was, I believe, for the purpose of making himself thoroughly acquainted with all the details of preparing and finishing works of sculp-

ture, for which, Carraca, being the grand workshop of the Italian sculptors, gave him every opportunity.

“His next remove was to Florence, which he had fixed upon as his head quarters, on account of the advantages in the study of his art and its healthiness. During his first year there, he became in a manner the pupil of Bartolini, whom he still considers the first portrait sculptor in existence. A marble Venus, in the possession of Lord Londonderry has made the name of Bartolini deservedly honoured in England. His time, since then, has been fully occupied in the execution of commissions from his countrymen. These works are nearly all in America, and two of them are more generally known, having been exhibited, namely, the groupe of the *Chanting Cherubs*, belonging to J. Fenimore Cooper, and the *Medora*, belonging to Mr. R. Gilmor, of Baltimore. With the exception of one winter, spent in Paris, where he modelled busts of General Lafayette, Mr. Cooper and one or two other individuals, his time has been spent altogether in Florence.

“He is now almost exclusively occupied in the execution of the statue of Washington for Congress, only recreating himself occasionally by attending to smaller works.

“In giving you these facts I have endeavoured to be rather particular, as one is less likely to come to any false conclusions, when thoroughly possessed of any matter. It is scarcely necessary to add, that they are intended merely as memoranda, which I hope will be generalized as much as possible. If I have omitted any thing important, by your informing me of it, I can now answer you readily, and will do all in my power with great pleasure.

“I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

“HENRY GREENOUGH.”

By the preceding letter the reader has seen that the studies of the young artist were interrupted by illness, before he had been quite a year in Rome. Robert W. Weir, Esq. of New-York, was his fellow student, though in different branches of the arts of design. To Mr. Weir I am indebted for some particulars relative to his interesting friend at this period. They occupied apartments and studios under the same roof, and the one modelled his clay and chiselled his marble in one apartment, while the other copied or composed with the crayon, or the treasures of the palette. All around was classic ground—they studied where Poussin and Claude, and other immortal names had studied before them. But they were too ardent and indefatigable in their studies, and Greenough's health was sink-

ing. The season of malaria approached, and the sculptor retired from Rome and labour for a short time. His more fortunate companion remained with unimpaired strength, partly owing to a greater diversity in his various occupations, more exercise and air as he visited and studied in the various galleries of paintings, while Greenough exhausted himself by incessant study at home, from hired models either in drawing or modeling through the day, beside visiting the academies for drawing in the evening, and often rising in the night to resume his labours.

Weir, left sole possessor of these ample apartments, and knowing that ten dollars the month was an expense too great for his funds, removed to a less fashionable quarter of the immortal city, and took apartments at four dollars the month. When Greenough returned, not finding accommodations under the same roof, he established his studio and apartments in another quarter, and the friends were thus separated. This separation operated with his incessant application to produce an alarming state of body and mind in the sculptor. His strength declined, and he became melancholy.

One day, the woman who had charge of Greenough's apartments came to Weir, saying, "I wish, sir, you would come to Signor Horatio, for he is very miserable. I wish you had not been separated from him." The painter found his friend declining fast, and very much dejected. He removed to his apartments, and undertook the office of nurse. Medical advice recommended change of air, and Mr. Weir abandoned his studies, and accompanied his friend to Naples. His complaint, originating in indigestion, caused by his sedentary employment and anxious exertions, did not yield to change of place, and it was determined that he should return home. Weir determined to accompany him, and gave notice to the sufferer's family of the weak and alarming state in which he would be presented to them. They embarked at Leghorn, the young painter taking sole charge of his friend, a year younger than himself, and provided with medicine and medical advice. The voyage had a happy effect, and Mr. Weir had the pleasure of restoring his friend to his family in Boston, in a condition very different from that his letter had led them to expect. As we have seen by the letter of the sculptor's brother, he remained a year in America, and when passing through New-York to Washington, he was introduced to me.

On his return to Italy he made Florence his head quarters, and when my friend James Fenimore Cooper and his family visited that city, he was introduced to his young countryman

Greenough, and necessarily was pleased with his appearance, manners and conversation. He had then executed only busts in marble, and had few or no orders. He was pursuing his studies diligently, designing and modelling—executing some heroic fancy by moulding it in clay, and dismissing it again by dashing the fabric to pieces. The English and American travellers passed him by, to employ Italians—orders came from America to inferior artists—but Greenough was an American.

Some of the young ladies of Mr. Cooper's family in the course of their studies were copying a print from a picture of Raphael, in which were two cherubs singing. Fenimore saw with regret the neglect Greenough experienced, and was convinced that if he had an opportunity of executing a figure, or, still more to show his powers, a group, it would bring him into notice; and the thought of the chanting cherubs struck him, as a group of great beauty, and suited to Greenough's taste. He gave him the order, and the young sculptor, only having the print before him, which the young ladies had been copying, produced the lovely group which we have seen. The effect of raising a name for Horatio Greenough was produced; and to produce a greater effect, by convincing Americans that they had a countryman superior in talent and skill to the Italians they were employing, Cooper sent the group home to be exhibited. This is the first group from the chisel of an American artist.*

When this beautiful group had been a sufficient time in America to become known, Mr. Cooper conceived the hope of influencing the government to employ Greenough on a statue of Washington for the capitol. He accordingly wrote to the

* *Extract from a letter from Mr. Cooper, published in the New-York American of the 30th of April, 1831.*

Most of our people who come to Italy employ the artists of the country to make copies, under the impression that they will be both cheaper and better, than those done by Americans studying there. My own observation has led me to adopt a different course. I am well assured that few things are done for us by Europeans, under the same sense of responsibility, as when they work for customers nearer home. The very occupation of the copyist infers some want of that original capacity, without which no man can impart to a work, however exact it may be in its mechanical details, the charm of expression. In the case of Mr. Greenough, I was led even to try the experiment of an original. The difference in value between an original and a copy, is so greatly in favour of the former, with any thing like an approach to success, that I am surprised more of our amateurs are not induced to command them. The little group I have sent home, will always have an interest, that can belong to no other work of the same character. It is the first effort of a young artist, who bids fair to build for himself a name, and whose life will be connected with the history of the art in that

president, and to Mr. McLane, the secretary of the treasury, strongly urging the honourable plan of a statue of the American hero, by the first American sculptor who had shown himself competent to so great a task. Fenimore Cooper's wishes were realized, and a law passed, by which Greenough is commissioned to execute a statue of Washington for the capitol.

In a letter to Mr. Greenough I asked for information relative to himself for this work, and this is his answer:—

“ Florence, Dec. 1st, 1833.

“ Dear sir—Your letter, introducing Mr. Fay, was presented to me by that gentleman, in person, the day before

country, which is so soon to occupy such a place in the world. It is more ; it is probably the first group ever completed by an American sculptor.

The subject is taken from a picture in the Pitti Palace at Florence, and which is well known as *La Madonna del Trono*. The picture is said to be by Raphael, though some pretend to see the work of one of his scholars in the principal figure. The Virgin is seated on a throne, and the principal subject is relieved, according to the fashion of that day, by cherubim and angels, represented as singing or sounding the praise of the infant. We selected two little cherubs, or rather two infant angels, who are standing at the foot of the throne, singing from a scroll, to be transferred to the marble. They are as large as life, if one may use the term on such an occasion, and are beautifully expressive of that infantine grace and innocence, which painters love to embody in those imaginary beings.

I left Florence for Naples before the work had commenced in marble, and I can only speak of it, as I saw it in the plaster. In that state it was beautiful, and I can safely say, that all the time I was in Italy, I saw no modern work of the same character that gave me so much pleasure on account of the effect. It was universally admired, and really I think it deserved to be so.

In the picture, these angels were accessories, and when they came to be principals, it was necessary to alter their attitudes. Then the painter could give but half the subject, whereas the sculptor was obliged to give all. Again, the former artist was enabled to produce his effect by the use of colours; while the latter, as you well know, is limited to lights and shades. Owing to these differences between the means and the effects of the two arts, Mr. Greenough had little more aid from the original than he derived from the idea. Perhaps the authority of Raphael was necessary to render such a representation of the subject palatable in our day.

I think you will be delighted with the expression of the youngest of these two imaginary beings. It is that of innocence itself, while it is an innocence superior to the feebleness of childhood. It represents rather the want of the inclination than of the ability to err, a poetical delineation of his subjects in which Raphael greatly excelled, and which, in this instance, has been certainly transferred to the marble with singular fidelity and talent.

Agreeably to the conditions of our bargain, Mr. Greenough has the right to exhibit this little group for his own benefit. I hope that the peculiarity of its being the first work of the kind which has come from an American chisel, as well as the rare merit of the artist, will be found to interest the public at home.

* * * * *

Yours, truly,

J. FENIMORE COOPER.

Dresden, July 29, 1830.

yesterday. You will be happy to learn that he has entirely recovered his health. He has taken a comfortable and pleasant apartment for the month. I look forward to the winter with less dread, in hopes of enjoying his society. I beg you will rest assured, that my best services, in behalf of any friend of yours, are at your command. The nature of my occupations prevents me from personally assisting strangers here so far as I could wish ; but I can always command a few moments, to attend to the necessary, the indispensable.

“ I thank you for the opinion you express of what little I have done in the art of sculpture : I have not yet had the time to do much. I fear that the circumstances under which I began my career will ever prevent me realizing my idea of what sculpture should be. Still the effort may be useful to future artists, and yield some works of a relative and special value. I cannot pretend to occupy any space in a work consecrated to American art. Sculpture, when I left home, was practised no where, to my knowledge, in the United States. I learned the first rudiments of modelling from a Frenchman, named Binon, who resided long in Boston. My friends opposed my studying the art ; but gently, reasonably, and kindly. It would require more time than you would find it profitable to spend, to listen to the thousand accidents that shaped my inclination to the study of this art. I might perhaps interest you more by mentioning the many instances in which I have been comforted, assisted, advised, induced, in short, to persevere in it, by acquaintance and friends. I could tell you of the most generous efforts to assist me, on the part of men who scarcely knew me—of the most flattering and encouraging notice by elegant and accomplished women—but I might hurt or offend those who have so kindly helped me ; and (what I shrink from also for myself,) I fear there would be a fearful disproportion between the seed and the fruit.

“ Mr. Cogswell, who now keeps an academy at Northampton, contributed perhaps more than any one to fix my purpose, and supplied me with casts, &c. to nurse my fondness of statuary. Allston, in the sequel, was to me a father, in what concerned my progress of every kind. He taught me first how to discriminate—how to think—how to feel. Before I knew him I felt strongly but blindly, as it were ; and if I should never pass mediocrity, I should attribute it to my absence from him. So adapted did he seem to kindle and enlighten me, making me no longer myself, but, as it were, an emanation of his own soul.

“ Dr. J. Parkman, during my sophomore year, proposed to assist me in obtaining some knowledge of anatomy. He supplied me with bones, preparations, &c. every week ; as also with such books as I could not get from the college library. He not only continued this kindness during the three years of my remaining college life, but lent me generous assistance in forwarding my studies by travel. I began to *study* art in Rome, in 1826. Until then I had rather amused myself with clay and marble than studied. When I say, that those materials were familiar to my touch, I say all that I profited by my boyish efforts. They were rude. I lived with poets and poetry, and could not then see that my art was to be studied from folk who eat their three meals every day. I *gazed* at the Apollo and the Venus, and *learned* very little by it. It was not till I ran through all the galleries and studio of Rome, and had had under my eye the genial forms of Italy that I began to feel nature’s value. I had before adored her, but as a Persian does the sun, with my face to the earth. I then began to examine her—and entered on that course of study in which I am still toiling.

“ Fenimore Cooper saved me from despair, after my second return to Italy. He employed me as I wished to be employed ; and has, up to this moment, been a father to me in kindness. That I ever shall answer all the expectations of my friends is impossible ; but no duty, thank God ! extends beyond his means.

“ I sigh for a little intercourse with you, gentlemen, at home : I long to be among you ; but I am anchored here for the next four years. I will not risk a voyage before my statue is done. I think it my duty not to run away at the first sight of the enemy.

“ When I went, the other morning, into the huge room in which I propose to execute my statue, I felt like a spoilt boy, who, after insisting upon riding on horseback, bawls aloud with fright at finding himself in the saddle, so far from the ground ! I hope, however, that this will wear off. Begging you will remember me kindly to our common friends, and particularly to wicked Morse,

“ I am, dear sir,

“ Yours, truly,

“ HORATIO GREENOUGH.”

Another statue ought to proceed from the same hand. America must have a statue of Lafayette, the companion, the friend of Washington—the American republican Lafayette. Greenough has a claim to the execution of this statue, independent of his talents and skill. When in Paris, Fenimore Cooper urged Lafayette to sit to the young American sculptor. But one likeness in marble had been made of the republican hero. David had executed a likeness—but it was ideal, and it was French. Lafayette had determined that this should be the only one, and the last of his sittings, but Cooper wished to see an American Lafayette, and a fac simile of the man America loves. The old man at length consented, and Greenough executed his task at La Grange, and according to his friend Cooper's wish, made a fac simile. That this is so literally, I wished to be assured, and wrote to Mr. Cooper—I give his answer below, in the following extract of a letter:

“Dear sir—You are very right in supposing that I have some knowledge of Greenough's bust of General Lafayette. The circumstances connected with its being modelled, are all known to me, and as they are also connected with its authenticity, the late melancholy event may give them value.

“Mr. Greenough came up to Paris from Florence, in the autumn of 1831, with a desire to obtain sittings for this very bust. It happened that General Lafayette manifested a good deal of reluctance, and I was employed as a mediator. David had made a bust of him not long before, and I found our venerable friend had entered into some sort of an understanding, that this was to be the one to transmit to posterity. —Singular as it may appear in this age of sculptors, when works of this nature are so very abundant, I do not remember ever to have seen any thing of General Lafayette that had the least pretension to be the production of an artist of any eminence but these heads of David and Greenough. There are a great many plaster casts, it is true, but they all seem to have been made at random, and to be of the class of conjectural resemblances. Let this be as it may, David was deservedly a favourite with General Lafayette, and the latter seemed indisposed to do any thing which might invade his interests. My own office was consequently a little delicate, for I was on very friendly terms with Mr. David also, and should certainly have declined interfering for any other than Greenough. But it was so flattering to ourselves, and so desirable in every point of view to get a likeness by a native artist, that the mat-

ter was pushed a little perhaps beyond the strict rules of propriety. General Lafayette yielded at last to my importunities, saying in his pleasant way, "Well, we will have this bust too, and it shall be the American bust; while David's shall be the French bust; and if I have made any promise to David, it could not have included America." He attached to this concession the condition that I should meet him at Greenough's rooms, and be present at the sittings, most, if not all of which I attended.

"I am thus particular, for the point at issue is the future historical representation of the head of one of the most illustrious men of our time.

"The bust of David is like, it cannot be mistaken, but it is in his ordinary manner heroic, or poetical. The artist has aimed more at a sentiment, than at fidelity of portraiture or nature. On the other hand, the bust of Greenough is the very man, and should be dear to us in proportion as it is faithful. As Lafayette himself expressed it, one is a French bust, the other an American. Each possesses the characteristics of its proper people. There appears to me to be just the difference between these two busts, that there is between the well known picture of the "Oath of the Jeu de Paume," and that of Trumbull's Declaration of Independence. Each is faithful to the character of its country. As Lafayette had two countries, so, in some respects, he may be said to have had two characters. His air, though always calm and dignified, was not always the same when addressing French and American audiences. With the former, he sometimes assumed the more artificial tone, that is better suited to the genius of their language; while with us, he submitted more to nature. The two busts in question, one might almost think, had been intended to perpetuate these peculiarities. Chateaubriand describes Washington as having an air that was calm, rather than noble; and, if I understand his meaning, he had found in him the quiet and simplicity of the American Lafayette, rather than the *manner* of the French Lafayette. All this, however, must be taken with great allowance, for Lafayette was at all times, and at all places, more than usually simple and natural for a Frenchman. He was of the ancient race of gentlemen, a class that, as you well know, let them be of what people they might, were always to be distinguished for these qualities.

"The fidelity of Greenough's bust may be proved by a single fact, to which I can personally testify. The head of Lafayette was very remarkable. The forward part of it, or the brows, the face, jaws, cheeks, and indeed all the features were mas-

sive and noble ; while the portions behind seemed to be formed on an entirely different scale. His ears were the largest I remember ever to have seen, but they lay so flat to the head, and the portion of the head where these organs are placed, was so contracted in comparison with the face, that when one stood directly before the latter, at the distance of three or four feet, no part of them was to be seen. Greenough pointed out to me this peculiarity, in which I cannot be mistaken, for I took great care to assure myself of it ; and, unless deceived, I think Mr. Morse can testify to the same thing. I caused the latter, who was often with us at the sittings, to observe it also. The bust of Greenough is true in this particular, which I think is the fact with no other, and you will readily understand how much such a distinguishing mark would effect the faithfulness of a resemblance. I cannot recall another head formed in this manner.

“I do not know what Mr. Greenough has done with his bust, but I should think it would now become an object of great value, for to those who knew and loved General Lafayette, it must be very desirable to possess so faithful a copy of his head.

“You have the history of the cherubs almost as well as myself. They were made at Florence by Mr. Greenough, chiefly in the year 1829 ; and I believe them to be the first group ever designed and executed by an American sculptor ; if, indeed, they are not the first figures. In this sense, they must become historical, to say nothing of their intrinsic merit, or of the growing reputation of the artist. Greenough had great difficulty in making them, for it is not an easy matter to find in Italy children well formed and of the proper age, to serve as models, on account of a vicious practice which prevails of swaddling the infants in a way to affect their limbs. I chose the subject for two reasons, one of which was natural enough, while the other is one you may possibly think a little impertinent. The first was a due regard to my purse, which would scarcely bear the drain of a heavier work, and the second was a notion I had imbibed that the bias of Greenough’s mind just then, was adverse to success in his art. I found him bent altogether on the Michael Angelo or the heroic school ; certainly a noble and commendable disposition in a sculptor, but one that was not so well suited to the popular taste, as that which is connected with the more graceful forms of children and females. It was my wish, that he should do something to win favour from those who are accustomed to admire Venuses and Cupids, more than the Laocoon and the Dying Gladiator.

Thousands would be sensible of the beauty of a cherub who would have no feeling for the sublimity and mystery of the Moses of Buonarrotti. With this view the subject was selected. There certainly was an innocent little conspiracy between us that this group should pave the way to a Washington for the capitol, and glad am I to say that the plot, (I believe the only one of the kind of which I have to accuse myself,) has completely succeeded. Its benefits, I firmly believe, will be as great to the nation as to the artist.

"I do not know that I can communicate any other facts that will be of use to the work you have in hand, for the success of which you have my best wishes.

"I am, dear sir, ever your friend,

"J. FENIMORE COOPER."

It will be to me a most gratifying circumstance, if my country should owe a perfect resemblance in marble of the country's friend—the country's honoured guest—the unbending man of truth, who resisted tyranny in every shape, either in threats, or tortures, or seductive smiles—to the suggestions of a pure patriot, and great writer, and the skill of an accomplished artist and gentleman, both natives of the soil.*

CHAPTER XXIX.

Francis Alexander—his autobiography—James Whitehorn—J. A. Adams—William Allen Wall—J. F. Hanks—G. W. Tyler—Frederick S. Agate—Alfred Agate—Frederick R. Spencer—John G. Chapman—H. Augur—C. C. Wright—J. R. Lambdin—W. M. Oddie—Wm. Maine—G. W. Newcombe—John W. Dodge—Jane Stuart—Abraham John Mason—John Ludlow Morton—W. J. Hubbard—Samuel Seymour—George W. Hatch.

FRANCIS ALEXANDER—1825.

THIS gentleman, now (1834,) one of our most successful portrait painters, has answered my inquiries with so much *naïveté*, such good feeling and good sense, that I should do injustice to him and my work, if I attempted to give his very interesting story in any words but his own. His early efforts, his success, his gratitude to those who noticed him, are all honourable, and show that he is still the child of nature.

"Since you pay me the compliment to number me among those whose names shall appear in your proposed work, and since you ask of me some of the events of my life, I shall

* Greenough's *Medora*, sculptured for R. Gilman, of Baltimore is spoken of as a work of great perfection.

no longer hesitate to comply, at least in part. Well then, to begin at the beginning, I was born at Killingsby, Windham county, Connecticut, on the 3d of February, 1800. My father being a farmer of moderate circumstances, of course *my course* in early life was none of the smoothest ; it being 'midst rocks and stumps, briars and thistles, and finally, through all the perplexities and privations incident to the life of a poor farmer's son. I might tell you of going barefooted to church, hundreds of times in warm weather, three miles distant, and of a thousand similar incidents, such as would only convince you of early poverty after all ; the relation of such facts might not interest your readers so much, perhaps, as it might injure the feelings of my very aged and very respectable parents. (Their ages are 76 and 77, and they are living in much comfort and quiet, in a beautiful white cottage which I erected two years ago, expressly for their benefit.) From the age of eight up to twenty, I laboured almost incessantly, the eight warm months of the year, upon my father's farm. The other four months in the year I went to a country district school, till I was seventeen. My eighteenth and nineteenth winters I kept school (in the same district where I had been one of the scholars previously,) and taught the small fry under my charge, the bad pronunciation and bad reading which I had imbibed from my old school-masters, and which I have found it so difficult to *unlearn* since. I had never received any pay whatever for services upon the farm, except food, clothing and schooling, so you may well *guess* that the forty dollars which I received for school-keeping, formed a pile, in *my eye*, more majestic than an Egyptian pyramid. The next winter I received forty-four dollars for the same time, in the same district. The summer intervening, I laboured upon the farm, and the summer following till August ; during that month loss of bodily strength, owing to the severe labour in *haying* and *reaping*, obliged me to hang up my scythe and sickle, and take to the house. I was only *comfortably* ill however, and for diversion I went out in the boat fishing upon the pond, the *beautiful* pond, which helps to make the scenery about my father's house so very picturesque. Well, I caught a pickerel, some perch and roach ; while I was idly gazing upon their beautiful tints and fine forms, it occurred to me that they would look very pretty painted, and thought of a box of water-colours which had been left me by a boy, (which cost a shilling ; it was such as children use,) and I went immediately home with the determination of painting the fish. I laid them on the table, hunted up one solitary camel's hair pencil which had been given me

years before, and went to copying *nature* for the first time. (I must digress to say that I had in boyhood a taste for sketching birds and other objects with my pen and slate-pencil, from fancy. At school, they called me a 'curious boy;' and would bring all their white scraps of paper for me to illustrate with pen and ink; and I remember to have tarried many a 'noon-tide' in the school-house to sketch for the little girls, while all of my own sex were playing ball in the field.) But to return, I painted the fish—I was delighted with the pictures—I thought then, and know *now*, that they were more like *real* objects than any paintings I had *then* seen. The family praised them; and an old fisherman, who happened to see them, said, if the painted fish were cut out of the paper and laid upon the floor with real fish, that he should mistake the shadow for the reality! I, who had never received so much praise before, attempted other objects from nature, such as real flowers, dead birds, &c., with about the same success as before. I then made up my mind to become an ornamental or sign painter, merely because I thought I could make more money than by farming. My ambition rose no higher. Indeed, my reading had been so limited, and my birth so obscure, that I thought sign painting the highest branch of painting in the world. I had been at Providence—had seen the signs there, and those were the only marvels in painting that I saw till I was twenty, excepting two very ordinary portraits that I had seen at some country inn.

"I made up my mind to go to New-York to learn to paint: I hardly knew what. My partiality to New-York I believe, arose from the following trifling circumstance: an old pedler, who frequented my father's house with picture-books, took great pleasure in showing me the pictures or cuts of all the books in his budget—because, I evinced so much interest. He dwelt on the comparative excellences of Boston and New-York cuts. Those books published by Samuel Wood and sons, New-York, pleased me most. I thought the cuts much the finest. The crazy pedler acknowledged the justness of my criticism. He was a model for Michael Angelo in his proportions; height six and a half feet, with the head of Jupiter Tonans; he had graduated from one of the colleges, I believe, and seen better days. If he were alive now, I would make a pilgrimage to paint him. Well, the old pedler's influence upon my youthful taste was so lasting, that at the age of twenty, I did not think of visiting any other city for instruction. I remembered the old man's words, that 'they do these things better in New-York than in any city in the country.' I talk-

ed of visiting New-York immediately; my friends all remonstrated with one accord and one voice; my brothers said I had better go into the field to work; and they all talked of laziness, and a thousand other things in order to laugh me out of it. They called it a wild project; a last resort of idleness to get rid of work, &c. But still I persisted, and went, against the advice of all my friends and acquaintance. I started without letters or without an acquaintance in New-York; but when I got as far as Pomfret, Mr. Prescott Hall, learning the object of my visit to the city, gave me a letter of introduction to his brother Charles H. Hall, then and still a resident there. Charles was very polite to me; accompanied me to see the various exhibitions of painting in the city. He exerted himself also, to get me a place for instruction. He recommended me to J. R. Smith as a pupil, and him to me as a good instructor. Mr. Smith said he should form a class in the course of fifteen days, and would then *take me in*. I awaited with little patience for the fifteen days to expire, and then he *did take me in* to his drawing room, just long enough to tell me that his pupils had not returned from the country, and that he should not open his school, or give instruction for the present. My little stock of money was going, and time flying. While kept in suspense by Mr. Smith, I met a townsman of mine, who introduced me to an elderly gentleman in Warren-street, a Mr. McKoy; a gentleman of some taste and skill in painting ornamental work. He was very kind to me and gave me much good advice, and an introduction to Alexander Robertson, then secretary to the Academy of Fine Arts. Mr. Robertson received me in his school, gave me a few little things to copy in lead-pencil and India-ink, and finally, at my particular request, he let me paint in oils, or rather copy two or three first lessons for girls, such as a mountain or lake, very simple. I wanted to be put forward to something more difficult, but he said 'No;' that I could not be allowed to copy heads or figures till I had been with him a number of months; so, of necessity I left, after staying five or six weeks with him, for my money was all gone but barely enough to carry me home.

"To make another attempt, I again went to New-York, by way of Norwich and New-London. I wished to go *rapidly*, owing to my natural impatience, yet I felt obliged to go as *cheap* as possible. I took a deck passage on board the Fulton, Capt. Law, who told me that I should be set down in New-York, for four dollars. I lodged on the cold deck, (in September,) without blanket or cloak. The Fulton in those days exchanged passengers at New-Haven with the Connecti-

cut, Capt. Bunker. It so happened that between the two captains or their two secretaries, they took seven dollars from me before I got to New-York which was too decided a removal of my 'deposits' to be forgotten even at this late period. The sum was more important to me than three hundred *now*. Those that slept in the cabin and fared sumptuously, paid only nine dollars. I was not allowed to look below. As the captains of the boat may be both alive, *perhaps*, were it worth the notice, you would be obliged to omit the mention of the circumstances, though *I* should admire to have them read it.

While at Robertson's school I had free access to the academy over the school room. That was a field of wonder to me, and what I saw there induced me afterwards to try my hand at painting heads or portraits. However, as I knew nothing of flesh-colouring (and hardly *any thing of the tints of landscape, or of mixing them*) I began, after my return home, to ornament the plaster walls of one of the rooms, in my father's house, with rude landscapes, introducing cattle, horses, sheep, hogs, hens and chickens, &c. Those who saw my productions looked astonished, but no farmer had taste enough to have his wall painted in the same way; I waited for patronage in landscape, but not having it, I determined to try my hand at portraits, so I shut myself up in the room I had just painted from top to bottom, and painted the head and shoulders of a man from fancy; I did not care whom it resembled, I only strove to apply the shadows about the eyes, nose and mouth, so as to produce the effect of those I had seen in the Academy at New York. I painted away, and began to be pleased with my work as I advanced, and whistled in time with my feelings; my aged mother hearing me, came and knocked at the door, and said, "you are successful, my son, I know by your whistling." I seldom paint a portrait, or any thing else now-a-days without thinking of the kind voice of my mother on that occasion; it was the first word I had heard uttered to encourage me onward in my new pursuit. I finished the head and drapery all at one sitting down, and then exhibited my work to my family; they seemed surprised, and all of them began to speak kindly to me, (for after my return from New York up to this period my friends were silent. They knew I had spent all my money in the said city, and they seemed to avoid laughing at me, because they pitied me) and so I took courage. The neighbours met the same evening at the school-house, half a dozen of them, perhaps, to talk of hiring a master. I had talked of keeping school myself again, merely because I could not get employ in ornamenting; so I

went to the school-house with the picture in my hand. The neighbours were thunderstruck ; they praised it, and gazed at it till the business of the meeting was well nigh forgot ; my brother William gazed steadily at it at least half an hour without speaking ; at length he exclaimed, " well, Frank, if you paint ten years, you will not paint another so good as that." I replied *very modestly*, " I have seen better in New York !" They praised it till I really thought I had done something wonderful. The next day I called in a nephew of three years of age, and while he leaned upon my knee, and played about me, I painted his portrait and finished it all at one *standing*. The day following I took the portrait of another nephew, six years old, and I represented him laughing, and showing his white rows of teeth. I forgot to mention that I painted the first head named above, which astonished the neighbours, upon the lid of an old chest ; it was off the hinges. I painted the two last mentioned upon pieces of boards I picked up ; the portraits of my nephews were called excellent likenesses. *My fame had now spread half a mile in one direction.* I was offered five dollars by a Mr. Mason (he was my first patron, so I mention his name) to paint a little miss, full length. I painted her, and they all said it was a *hit* ; then the girl's mother offered me a dollar a-day to come and paint the rest of the family, half a dozen of them. I went, and received thirteen dollars for thirteen days ! My fame had now travelled seven miles. I was invited to Thompson, to paint several families, received three dollars a-head and my board. As soon as I had earned fifty or sixty dollars, I returned to New York for instruction in portrait painting, but I could not obtain it. The old gentleman mentioned above, Mr. McKoy, gave me Mr. Stuart's mode of setting the palette, and Colonel Trumbull lent me two heads to copy, and treated me with much kindness. The same remark will also apply to Waldo and Jewett, they also lent me two portraits to copy. After copying the above named portraits, and one or two more, I was obliged to go back to Connecticut, my funds being exhausted. On my return, I had the boldness to ask eight dollars a portrait, and received it. I was forced to travel though, from town to town, to find business. Among others, I painted two in Thompson, which were sent to Providence to be framed. There they attracted the attention of the widow of General James B. Mason, she immediately sent to Killingsby for me to come to Providence to paint her family, promising me fifteen dollars a portrait. Accordingly I went, and was received into her family, where

I remained five weeks, during which time I painted half a dozen. When I had finished two or three, she took me into her chaise and drove all over Providence exhibiting them, and praising them to her numerous influential friends, and thus she prepared the public to receive me most graciously as soon as I left her hospitable mansion. This same Mrs. Mason died, while I remained in Providence, when I lost one of my most valuable, and *disinterested* friends. I have met with many friends since I took up painting, but among them all, I remember no one who was so zealous, active, and untiring in my behalf as Mrs. Mason, nor any one to whom I am half so much indebted for my somewhat successful career, as to her. You may leave out any thing relative to me, if you will give a short tribute to her memory. I painted two years or more in Providence, and received constant employ, and from fifteen to twenty-five dollars for my portraits. I afterwards came to Boston, bringing a painting of two sisters with me, which I carried to Mr. Stuart for his opinion; I will give you his remarks, he said that they were very clever, that they reminded him of Gainsborough's pictures, that I lacked many things that might be acquired by practice and study, but that I had *that*, which could not be acquired.

He invited me to come to Boston, and set up as a portrait painter, so accordingly after going home and making the necessary preparations, I returned and commenced painting in that city, where I remained in the full tide of successful experiment until I set sail for Italy, on the 23rd of October, 1831. In Boston I received forty dollars for the head and shoulders, twenty-five by thirty inch canvas, and more according to the size; two years afterwards I received fifty dollars, and seventy-five for the kit-cat size; these were the prices till I went away. I forgot to mention that Colonel Trumbull gave me a very kind letter to Mr. Stuart, which I presented him when I carried the two sisters for his inspection. I sailed for Genoa, saw the fine paintings there, went to Florence, staid there five or six weeks, renewed my acquaintance with Mr. Thomas Cole, went with him to Rome, roomed with him there three months; thence we went to Naples together, visited Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Pæstum together, and returned to Rome again in company. This circumstance I mention as a specimen of my good fortune, I have the highest respect for Mr. Cole's character and talents, but it is useless for me to say more of one whom you know how to appreciate. While at Rome I painted the portrait of Miss Harriet Douglas of New York. Sir Walter Scott being there at the time, and an

acquaintance of hers, he came with Miss Douglass in her carriage to my studio, where he remained nearly an hour, conversing all the while in a most familiar manner. I had painted an original Magdalen, it was standing on one side of the studio at the time, and Sir Walter moved his chair up within six feet of it; there he sat looking at it for some minutes without speaking: I was all impatience to know what he would say. He turned away with the laconic remark, "*she's been forgiven.*" I returned to Florence, staid a few weeks, went to Venice, staid seven months; returned to Rome the following winter, and staid three months more; returned again to Florence, visited Bologna, Pisa, and Leghorn; thence to Paris, staid there twenty days; thence to London, there ten days only, left it in the London Packet for New York, arrived in New York on the 25th August or 24th. After visiting my friends a month or two, I took my old room again here in Boston (Columbian Hall), where I have commenced painting with success, receive a hundred dollars for portraits, have not fixed upon prices yet for more than busts, choosing to recommend myself first, knowing that the good people of our country are willing to pay according to merit.

"Mr. Cole can, perhaps, give you some information about your humble servant, if you desire more. When I was a farmer, I used to go three miles before sunrise to reap for a bushel of rye per day, and return at night. Oh! had you seen me then, winding my way to my labours, shoeless, and clad in trowsers and shirt of *tow*, with my sickle on my shoulder! as you are a painter, you might have given me a few cents to sit for my picture, but you would not have taken any notes for biography. I have written upon a large sheet, and compactly, hoping to have plenty of room, but I might add so much more.

"Yours truly,

"FRANCIS ALEXANDER."

JAMES WHITEHORNE—J. A. ADAMS—W. ALLEN
WALL—1826.

Mr. Whitehorne was born the 22nd of August, 1803, in the town of Wallingford, Rutland County, Vermont. With the usual disposition which leads to painting, he became acquainted with an amateur of the art in 1823, who loaned him books and drawings to copy. Biographical notices of eminent painters stimulated him to undertake the profession, and he came to New York, and studied in the school of the National Academy of design, of which he is now a member. He commenced professionally, in 1826: and has a share of the

employment given to portrait painters. The moral conduce of this gentleman, and his amiable manners, ensure him the esteem of all who know him.

Mr. Adams has exhibited specimens of wood engravings entitling him to stand as high any man in America, perhaps in Europe, in the beautiful art he professes. I believe he is a native of New York: but to any inquiries he has been silent.

Mr. Allen Wall, the son of an Englishman, who emigrated to America, was born in new Bedford, May 29, 1821. He was apprenticed to a clock and watch maker, but when out of his time, relinquished the business for a profession he more delighted in. About the year 1826 he commenced portrait painting, and in 1832 was enabled to visit England, France and Italy, for improvement. He has returned to his native country, and is employed in his profession. I have not seen his pictures.

JERVIS F. HANKS—G. WASHINGTON TYLER, 1827.

Mr. Hanks is a painter of portraits, but his principal employment is in sign and ornamental painting. He informs me that he is a native of Pittsford, Otsego county, New York, and born in 1799. He received a good common school education, as a boy, and when but thirteen years of age, enlisted as a soldier, in the army of the United States; and as such, did duty at the battles of Chryslers Fields, Chippewa, Lundy's Lane and Fort Erie. He was discharged in 1815, with a certificate and recommendation from the officers of the 11th Infantry, for a cadet's situation, at West Point. It appears that after the war, Hanks was again at school, and under the guardianship of his father, who, removing to Wheeling, in Virginia, in 1817, the youth accompanied him. He, after this, appears to have wandered from place to place as a sign painter, and occasionally taught school.

In 1823 *Mr. Hanks* saw the artists and pictures in Philadelphia, and, returning to Virginia, commenced portrait painting. In 1827 he "found his way" to New York, with his family, where he could not gain employment sufficient as a painter of portraits, but has succeeded by adding sign painting—or rather, making that his principal occupation.

Mr. Tyler was the son of Samuel Tyler, and grandson of Joseph Tyler, long a favourite on the stage of New York. He was born in the year 1805, and at the age of fourteen was put apprentice to a coach painter. George had probably imbibed a love of painting from seeing a picture of Garrick, by Pine, in his grandfather's possession, and two or three other por-

traits. The lad soon discovered talent, and executed the principal parts of coach painting with peculiar success. He received instructions from John R. Smith. In 1827, he commenced portrait painting; he married, and was apparently improving in his profession, when he was attacked by disease, and on the 13th of May, 1833, died, leaving behind him several pictures of considerable merit, and (of much more consequence) a name without blemish—a character pure and amiable.

FREDERICK S. AGATE—ALFRED AGATE—1827.

Frederick S. Agate is a most amiable and rapidly improving artist, who has recently embarked for Italy to pursue his studies. He was born in the village of Sparta, West Chester county, New-York, in the year 1807. He had the usual propensity for scrawling and scratching figures of beasts, birds, and “things in general;” and moreover an early ambition to versify, and might, with Audrey, “thank the gods for making him poetical.” At the age of thirteen he became acquainted with that excellent old gentleman, Mr. Rollinson the engraver, and through his influence, and that of the Rev. Mr. Wittingham, his grandson, he was removed to New-York, and placed under the tuition of John R. Smith as his instructor in drawing. He was afterwards received as a pupil by S. F. B. Morse, Esq., whose friendship he obtained and still enjoys. In 1827, Mr. Agate took a room in Broadway and commenced portrait painter. For a time his efforts appeared timid, but within two or three years he has felt a just confidence in himself, and “The Dead Child,” “Forest, in the character of Metamora,” and still later his historical picture of “Ugolino” from Dante, stamp his character as an artist of genius and power. His best portrait is a late one of his old friend Rollinson.

By his industry he is now enabled to proceed to Europe for a term of study, which he limits to two years; and so well prepared as he is in knowledge and moral worth, two years, I doubt not, will return him to us an accomplished and first rate artist.

His brother and pupil *Alfred Agate*, under his instructions and those of Thomas S. Cummings, Esq., is at this time a good and rapidly improving miniature painter, with apparently the same amiable character which marks the senior brother.

FREDERICK R. SPENCER—1827.

This gentleman was born in the town of Lennox, Madison county, New-York, on the 7th June, 1806. His parents were from the New-England states : his father, General Ichabod S. Spencer, from Massachusetts, and his mother from Connecticut. Mr. Spencer experienced the usual boys' inclination for imitating prints, and at the age of fifteen, being with his father in Albany, saw for the first time, a gallery of portraits ; they were the works of Mr. Ames. His desire for painting increased, and in 1822 he attempted some portraits of his relations, and evinced his love of art by going frequently from his father's residence to Utica, thirty miles, to see my pictures on scriptural subjects, exhibiting there. I then first saw Mr. Spencer and was pleased with his ardour, as I have since been with his manners and his progress in the art he pursues. He says I at that time gave him some valuable instructions, and has expressed his gratitude. I can freely say that I never withheld the knowledge I possessed from any artist, young or old.

In 1822 Mr Spencer was placed as a student at Middleburg Academy, in Genesee country, New-York, where he acquired a knowledge of the classics, but was more devoted to the study of mathematics. His father being a lawyer, took him into his office as a student, but yielded to his desire of becoming a painter, and sent him, in 1825, to New-York, where he drew from the casts of the American Academy, and had the favour of the president, and his instruction in the methods he was to pursue. The young painter returned home and painted at his father's house, but in 1827 commenced professionally at a village in the neighbourhood, at from three to ten dollars a head. His uncle introduced him to better business in Albany, and he there painted portraits between two and three years. He likewise painted in Utica, but finally made New-York his head quarters, where he has been in constant employment to the present time, and with increasing reputation.

JOHN G. CHAPMAN—1827,

Was born in Alexandria, district of Columbia, on the 11th of August, 1808. He was intended by his parents for the profession of the law, but like many recorded in this work, his scrawls in his books indicated an inclination to figuring in another line of life. George Cooke (now an artist in New-York) married a connection of young Chapman ; and to an

early acquaintance with him, Mr. Chapman attributes his devotedness to the arts. At the age of sixteen he made his first attempt in oil painting. From C. B. King, Esq. he obtained some plaster casts and commenced his study of drawing.

In 1827 Mr. Chapman became professionally a painter, leaving home with a determination to enable himself by his art and industry to visit Italy. At Winchester, in Virginia, he commenced his career with success. In the autumn of 1827 he went to Philadelphia, and studied from the casts in the Pennsylvania Academy. He was denied the privilege of painting in the building. By the aid of friends Mr. Chapman was enabled to visit Europe, passed a short time in Paris, then proceeded to Italy, and commenced his studies in the Vatican. Here he met his friend Mr. Cooke. Copying from the old masters, and the study of the naked figure at the academy occupied the student. It was some time, Mr. Chapman has said, before he could appreciate Raphael and Michael Angelo, but he became an enthusiast in his admiration.

Before leaving Rome the young painter selected for the subject of an original picture, "Hagar and Ishmael fainting in the wilderness," now in the possession of John Linton, of New Orleans. The figures of this picture were the size of life. It was engraved as the first representation of American art in the "*Giornall di Belle arti*," published at Rome, in November 1830. In company with S. F. B. Morse, Esquire, Mr. Chapman visited much of the scenery about Rome and Naples. From Rome he went to Florence, and studied six months, then visited Bologna, Venice, and Milan, and revisited Paris. In 1831 Mr. Chapman returned home, and found employment in his native city, where he opened an exhibition of the pictures remaining in his possession of those copied in Italy, and others painted after his return. Mr. Chapman has painted Mrs. Drake as Lady Macbeth, and a portrait of Mr. Madison, which is now in the hands of an engraver. Silas E. Burrows, of New-York, has a picture painted for him by Mr. Chapman, and James Fenimore Cooper has a copy of Guido's "*Aurora*." The latter I have seen, and can give my opinion that it is a specimen of Mr. Chapman's skill, which places him above all the copyists of Italian pictures who have recently visited Italy except Messrs. Morse and Weir. It is a fine picture.

A Madonna and child, from Murillo, and a Flora from Titian, are possessed by John Gadsby, Washington city; a woman tuning a guitar, from Metz, and an original portrait of Horatio Greenough, belong to the Boston Athenæum.

Mr. Chapman's intention is to fix himself professionally at the seat of the United States government, where, I doubt not, from what I have seen of his works and heard of his merits, he will command the attention of the public servants and national legislators.

H. AUGUR—1827.

Mr. Augur was born at New Haven, the 21st February 1791. His father was a joiner and carpenter, and the boy had an early propensity for handling tools, which the father discouraged; and to lead him into commerce, bound him apprentice at the early age of nine and a half years to a grocer; but the grocer was not all grocer, he was a tool-using animal and handled his awl, so that young Augur had the pleasure of making something, and to make any thing was better with him than to make money by traffic. He attended the *grocery*, and made shoes until the time of servitude expired. His father furnished a capital of \$2000 to place him in an eligible company of dry good retail merchants, as they are called in Connecticut; and the young man entered life in the first rank of New Haven society, as a prosperous merchant. His partners have continued such to this time; but by the hocus pocus of trade, bank credits, notes and indorsements, at the end of a few years Mr. Augur's \$2000 was lost, and he was declared to be indebted to his partners (or one of them) \$7000, and no longer a merchant. His situation reduced him almost to despair. He found himself shunned by former associates, and he shunned them. His manly pride made him determine on exertion to pay the debt, and he felt no reluctance in stooping to any honest employment for that purpose. He borrowed \$200 at enormous interest, and hired a small place which he opened as a fruit shop—it succeeded—he bought carver's tools, his old propensity continuing, and made a musical instrument, carving the mahogany frame work in a bold and beautiful manner. This work I have seen and examined. He thus employed himself between the visits of customers to the shop. His old companions pass him, and see him not. One day sitting at his work, he saw two of his former companions stop before his shop-window; one asked the other, "Who has set up a *cookee* shop here?" "Augur," was the reply. "What, Augur the merchant?" "Yes." "He'll break again—he won't pay the rent."

The instrument of music finished, he carried it to a cabinet-maker to have it varnished. His specimen induced an offer for carving the legs of mahogany chairs and things of that kind, which he accepted and earned good wages while attend-

ing to his fruit store. In two years he paid part of his debt by means of honourable industry. But his partner creditor threatened—his fears perplexed, and he sold his shop and his carving business to secure the means of extricating himself from debt. He invented and made a machine to manufacture worsted lace and worsted epaulets for non-commissioned officers—those branches of worthless worsted which, as Mandeville says, makes the stupid animal, man, imagine he is a hero, and strut as if his shoulders bore the gold or silver badges of his colonel. This speculation answered—Augur lived a recluse, paid debt, and seems to have been willing to make money, provided he was making something else. He made looking-glass frames and mended old ones—he learned to gild as well as carve. Employment diverted his thoughts from the enemy, who had ruined his hopes of fortune, and after a hard day's work, he slept sound until he could go to work again. He paid his debt, and no longer feared the sheriff. His father died and he supported his mother, whose house he still lives in.

Always desirous of carving the human figure, he had from childhood looked with longing on the figure heads of the ships in the harbour. He now was desirous to make a bust in marble, and encouraged by Mr. Morse, he borrowed a head of Apollo, purchased a block of marble, and without further thought commenced metamorphosing the shapeless mass into a likeness of the sublime form before him. Delighted with his employment, he forgot the world and was forgotten, until having finished his bust it was seen, and he was hailed as an artist—a sculptor—a self-taught genius. Crowds begged to see the head—all admired—all were desirous of Mr. Augur's acquaintance, and those who had shunned now courted him. His ambition was excited, and he wished to become a sculptor. He wanted money, and some one was found to make a trial of borrowing a few hundred dollars. But the cold looks returned, and he received excuses.

He found means to procure more pieces of marble, and chiselled a Washington. He then ventured on a statue, and produced, seven years ago, (1827) a figure of Sappho, which was exhibited in Boston and sold there. He then conceived the design of a group—Jephtha and his daughter, and executed it. These works he cut directly from the block, without the preparatory and necessary preliminary of making a model. This, though adding to difficulty and injuring the work, excited curiosity in the vulgar, and attention from artists. He says he had no view in his chiselling but to cheat thought,

occupy his mind pleasantly, and drown reflection by this employment, as others drown the memory of misfortune by the glass and bottle. The Jephtha and daughter has been exhibited in New-York, and I believe elsewhere. His works are now on exhibition at his house in New Haven. He says he has received abundance of compliments and little money. He has at present an order from Washington city for a bust of Chief Justice Elsworth, and another from Hartford for that of the president of a public institution. Orders for monuments he has several; and I think, from appearances, with his habits and industry, is doing well. He has adopted modelling *before* chiselling, as other sculptors do; and is now engaged in designing, in clay, a statue, whose name or character he at present conceals.*

CHARLES CUSHING WRIGHT—1827.

This gentleman is well known as an *engraver and die-sinker*. Born in the town of Damascota, fifteen miles east of the Kennebec river, Maine. When only nine months old his father (a Scotchman) died, leaving the family in indigent circumstances. When he was about the age of thirteen, a stranger—Charles Cushing, whose name Mr. Wright adopted—saw and liked the boy, and proposed to educate him. The liberal offer was accepted, and he was sent to a boarding school; but he had not been long there when his friend died, leaving no provision for the boy, who, by this unfortunate bereavement, was deprived of the benefits of an education.

An uncle, a merchant in Wiscasset, took young Wright into his counting-house, and promised, if, after a trial, they liked each other, to bind him an apprentice for eight years, and teach him his calling. After a short stay, however, the conduct of his aunt forced him to leave his uncle, and he did so with as much joy as a prisoner feels when released from thrall. By an unfortunate accident, which happened soon after this, he fractured his leg, and for a year was disabled from working. A great part of this time he devoted to acquiring a knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic. Thrown upon his own resources for a livelihood, and thirsting, as young minds often do, to see the world, he resolved to follow the sea; but the embargo and non-intercourse acts had so paralyzed commerce, that he found no opportunity to indulge his inclination.

War with England being declared in 1812, he felt a military ardour, which was checked by his relations, they being

* This notice is given from memory, after conversing with Mr. Augur.

of the party opposed to the war. However, he soon left his native state and arrived in that of New-York, where he attached himself as clerk to a sutler of the 25th regiment, with whom he remained more than a year. During this period he was witness to many of the stirring scenes on the lines, and on several occasions volunteered in them. He was present at the capture of Little York and Fort George, and also in the battle of Stoney Creek, in which action he received a musket wound. Peace being proclaimed, Mr. Wright settled in trade at Sacketts Harbour, where, from his extensive military acquaintance, he was pursuing a profitable business. Unfortunately, however, his prosperous career was checked: a servant of the family in which he resided administered poison in the food, which so injured him that for many a day his life was despaired of, and its effects he felt for years after. On his recovery, the next step in his eventful life was to bind himself an apprentice to John Osborn, a jeweller and watch-maker of Utica, with whom, after a time, he removed to Homer, Cortlandt county. With this gentleman he remained till he was twenty-one years of age, working chiefly at the silversmith's forge.

Not exactly relishing this business, and seeing, accidentally, some books illustrated with plates by Scoles, he became enamoured of the art of engraving: but how to pursue it was the question—all around him were as grossly ignorant of the art as he was. At length he found an encyclopedia in the library of a friend, which contained a short description of engraving. Studying this thoroughly, he determined to commence the business—having made his own tools, and plated out a piece of copper—he engraved a watch-card; which, for want of better material, was printed on the backs of playing-cards.

Before he was twenty-two years of age, Wright had advanced considerably in the art, and then, for the purpose of further improvement removed to Albany, and thence to New York, a perfect stranger, with only five dollars in his pocket. Here he soon became acquainted with a gentleman from Georgia, by whose persuasion he removed to Savannah, and remained there till the disastrous fire of 1820. His shop burned, and the city in ruins, he proceeded to Charleston, South Carolina, where he remained four years. In 1824, Mr. Wright formed a partnership with A. B. Durand and brother, in the bank note business, under the firm of Durand and Wright, and settled in the city of New York.

A die-sinking establishment was offered for sale, which he purchased. Although this was not the branch in which he had been lately engaged, yet it was one in which he had already made great proficiency. While in Charleston, Mr. Wright executed a number of dies and portraits sunk in steel: the first, in 1820, of Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of South Carolina, being (says my informant) the *first* portrait sunk in steel by a native American artist—a fact worthy to be remembered. At this day there are only two American die-sinkers, Mr. Wright of New-York, and Mr. Gobrecht of Philadelphia. Since then, Mr. Wright has executed many dies for medals; but that branch not affording him sufficient occupation, his time is chiefly engaged in one more adapted to the wants of the country—that of xylographic and copperplate engraving, in company with Mr. C. Durand.

The last medal executed by Mr. Wright, was of Edwin Forrest,* a die, which, while it testifies how justly talent and worth are appreciated by the citizens of New York, is a fine specimen of the art, and reflects great credit on the artist.

J. R. LAMBDIN—1827.

This estimable gentleman and artist is now probably the best painter on the western side of the Alleghanies, and a permanent resident in the city of Louisville.

Mr. Lambdin was born in Pittsburg on the 10th of May, 1807. From the age of twelve he devoted all the time he could command to drawing, carving, and engraving on wood. His unconquerable desire to become an artist originated from a visit made by Jer. Paul to Pittsburg, and the exhibition of a full-length Washington by him, as a sign, in the neighbourhood of Lambdin's place of abode.

Early in 1823 young Lambdin visited Philadelphia, and placed himself under the tuition of Mr. E. Miles, having determined on painting as his profession. After six months passed with this teacher, he was received as a pupil by Mr. Sully, and painted under his guidance for a year. He then returned to Pittsburg.

* It having been very generally known, that Edwin Forrest, the tragedian, (a man in whom talents and worth are rarely excelled) was about visiting Europe, it was thought by many of the citizens of New York, a fitting occasion on which to testify to him their high appreciation of his talents as an actor, and his character as a man; and a voluntary subscription was made for that purpose. Designs were made by C. C. Ingham, Esq. N. A. and a die was sunk by Mr. Wright, for a gold medal, which was struck. This medal was presented to Mr. Forrest on the 25th of July, 1834, at a public dinner given to him by the subscribers and others, at which the Vice Chancellor presided.

In 1827, some offers of assistance having been made, to enable Mr. Lambdin to pursue his studies in Europe, he repaired to New-York for the purpose of embarkation; but a failure in raising the requisite funds caused him to return disappointed to his native place; where, soon after, he established the Pittsburg Museum and Gallery of the Fine Arts, the first public exhibition of the works of art in the west. After a trial of four years, Mr. Lambdin removed with his collection to Louisville; where he has found greater encouragement for his exhibition, and more constant employment for his skill, as a portrait painter. His collection is rapidly augmenting, and his prospects of permanent prosperity are daily increasing.—For much valuable information respecting the arts and artists of the west I am indebted to this amiable and enterprising gentleman.

W. M. ODDIE—WM. MAIN—1828.

Mr. Oddie, though not a professional artist, is so distinguished as a landscape painter, that I am happy to have the following notice from the pen of a friend who knows him well. “He was born in New-York, about the year 1808, and first indicated a fondness for the arts after his marriage into the family of Henry Meigs, Esq. It was the practice of his father-in-law to amuse himself in the evenings with sketching wild images, such as a *journey to the moon*, with views of the scenery, of the plants, and rare and striking portraits of the *moonites*. These embodied ‘whim-whams,’ I believe, first induced our friend Oddie to try his hand. He, however, was a lover of the romantic, as indeed he is now; and his themes were cottages and purling streams, with some gentle swain and his true-love strolling through the meadows, or seated beneath the shade of some wide-spreading tree. By the way, trees used to puzzle him, and he generally kept his landscape clear of them, which gives his earlier sketches a somewhat barren appearance. He was frequently advised to get some instruction in the art, but declined, saying, he would battle it out by himself; and in this mood I found him, and soon convinced him, that there were many things he could be taught, in a very short time, which would consume months, and perhaps years, if left to himself to find out; and that, after he had learnt all that could be taught him, he had still enough to learn when left to himself.

“His eyes were opened at the first lesson, and his natural good taste led him on with a rapidity I have rarely seen equal-

led ; and if pursued as a profession, would certainly lead him to excellence and honour.

“ *Mr. Main* was born in New-York, but in what year I cannot say ; and was induced to pursue engraving as a profession, from hearing the conversation and seeing the works of a celebrated master, Munro Gondolfi, who made us a visit some years since. On his return to Italy he induced Main to accompany him, and he was to have been his pupil ; but on their arrival at Florence, or in its vicinity, Main arose one morning, and, to his utter astonishment, found his friend had decamped, and left him to shift for himself. In this situation he applied to Raphael Morghen for admission into his studio. He was successful ; and, in a short time, became his favourite pupil. On his return to his native country, he was a long time without employment. Occasionally, he said, he used to get a commission to cut a door-plate or a visiting card, and that was his share of *patronage* ! At last he went to Messrs. Waldo and Jewitt, and offered them forty dollars, I think, for the loan of their picture of Bishop Hobart, which was accepted, and he set himself to work to engrave it, as a specimen of what he could do. How well he succeeded every collector and artist can testify. The labour was immense, when it is considered he was doing it merely as a specimen. His health began to give way : but still he consoled himself with the idea that, when finished, he would have his reward and regain all. At last it was completed, but it came to the world still-born : he scarcely sold enough to pay for the copper ; and, I believe, had some idea afterwards of papering his room with the neglected impression.

“ Such is the fate of poor Main. His constitution is very delicate, and disappointment and neglect were more than he could bear. He of course declined the door-plates, &c. which the discerning public wished him to execute, and is now turned farmer. His health is returning slowly, and with it, I understand, his fondness for the art, to which he sometimes turns, as to his first love.

G. W. NEWCOMBE—JOHN W. DODGE—1829.

Mr. Newcombe is an English miniature painter, who arrived in New-York in 1829. He was born on the 28th Sept. 1799. He has pursued his profession steadily in the city which received him, until the present time, with obvious improvement. His conduct, as a man and a citizen, has gained him the esteem of all who know him.

Mr. Dodge was born in New-York on the 4th of November,

1807. With the common propensity of boys for *making pictures*, he bound himself apprentice to a sign painter at the age of seventeen, who was to instruct him in drawing, but was incapable. Young Dodge, however, instructed himself: and, borrowing a miniature from a friend, succeeded so well in copying it, that he attempted painting from the life, and, as soon as free from his apprenticeship, he commenced miniature painter. He has succeeded by making nature his instructor, and now stands among the prominent professors of the art in New-York.

JANE STUART—1829.

This lady is the youngest child of Gilbert Stuart, our great portrait painter. She occasionally painted during her father's life, and evinced much talent, but was not encouraged by him. After his death she commenced painting in oil professionally. She has imitated successfully her father's style of colouring, and is improving in her drawing. With attention and encouragement, where she had a right to expect it, from her father, she might have acquired a skill, before his death, that would have made her independent: I hope she has since done so by her own efforts.

Col. Sargent says, "Stuart lost a promising son, whose talent, as an artist, he seemed very proud of: yet he would never give him any instructions; saying, that if he did he never would be original, and that he thought it best to let young artists find out a road for themselves. Young Stuart would often apply to me for information, which I gave him at second hand. He had also a daughter, who is living: he was very vain of her genius also."

When Mr. Neagle asked him why he did not instruct Jane, he answered, "When they want to know if a puppy is of the true Newfoundland breed, they throw him into the river; if true, he will swim without being taught." Such are the anomalies of man's character when not regulated by early instruction and confirmed by good habits. To most men nothing could appear more obvious than to assist in the improvement of children whose talents they were proud of.

ABRAHAM JOHN MASON—1829.

This gentleman was born in Goswell Road, London, April 4th, 1794.

He lost both parents before completing his ninth year, and was sent into Devonshire for education in the autumn of 1803. In the course of 1808, paying a premium of one hundred guineas, he was articled to the late Mr. Robert Branston,

wood engraver, for seven years, at the expiration of which time he remained with that gentleman as an assistant for five years more. In the years 1819 and 20, while with Mr. Branstons, he was concerned in numerous bank note experiments. Mr. Mason engraved for some months wholly on brass. In 1821 he commenced wood engraving, professionally, on his own account. In March, 1826, Mr. Mason was elected a member of the Royal Incorporated Artists, for the establishment of an annuity fund, in London, to which he still belongs; and in September, 1827, was chosen a member of the committee of management of the London Mechanics' Institution. In February, 1828, he delivered a private discourse to about forty of its members, on the history and practice of wood engraving: in consequence of this he was invited, by the Royal Institution of Great Britain, and London Institution, to prepare a public lecture on the same subject. In the course of preparation for his public lectures he became acquainted with several distinguished scholars and antiquaries. May 15th, 1829, he delivered his first public lecture at the Royal Institution, before the first literati of the country, and the 27th, gave the same lecture before the London Institution. In the months of June and July, he delivered his full course of four lectures at the London Mechanics' Institution; in the intervals of which he lectured also at the London Literary Institution. On the 15th of July, 1829, he was admitted an honorary member of the London Mechanics' Institution; and received, subsequently, votes of thanks from that and other institutions where he had lectured in London.

In November, 1829, Mr. Mason sailed from London with his family for the United States, and arrived at New York December 18th of that year. He brought with him numerous letters of introduction and testimonials from public institutions, and individuals with whom he had been connected: Mr. Brougham, (now Chancellor) Dr. Birbeck, Mr. Loudon, the horticulturist, J. C. Buckingham, the oriental traveller; the late Mr. Northcote, R. A. Professor Pattison; Mr. Wakley; Mr. Ackerman, and others, to Dr. David Hosack, and other scientific gentlemen and professional men. In May, 1830, he was elected an associate of the National Academy of Design, and in April, 1831, delivered his course of lectures to that body. In January, 1832, he repeated his lectures to the National Academy by request; and in June, the same year, he was elected professor of wood engraving to the National Academy of Design. In the autumn of the same year, Mr. Mason received an invitation to lecture in Boston; and in November

and December delivered his course to the Society for diffusing useful knowledge in that city.*

JOHN LUDLOW MORTON—W. J. HUBARD—S. SEYMOUR—GEO. W. HATCH—1830.

I date the notice of *Mr. Morton* thus late, as at this time he professed himself an artist, and made designs for our wood engravers.

He is a native of New York, and son of General Morton. Mr. Morton was one of the builders up of the National Academy of Design, a student of it, and is an academician. He has exhibited an historical picture from Scott's *Ivanhoe*, which is, I believe, his only composition in oil colours. Happily situated in point of fortune, his time is divided between the arts and agricultural pursuits on the banks of the Hudson.

Mr. Hubard had two very well painted heads in the exhibition of the National Academy of design, last May (1834). Robt. W. Weir previously to going to Europe, persuaded Hubard to try oil painting, and left him his materials for commencing. I know that he has had the advice of Sully. He was brought to this country, a boy, as Master Hubard, by some person or persons, who made money by his ingenuity as cutter of profiles in paper, at which he was uncommonly clever. He now, as I am informed, is a portrait painter in Baltimore.

Mr. Seymour practised engraving and landscape painting in Philadelphia for several years. He went with the expedition to the Yellow Stone river, with Captain Long, as draughtsman, "and performed his duty admirably," says my friend Sully. He is a native of England.

Mr. Hatch is one of our prominent engravers, and designs with skill, taste, and accuracy. That I am not able to give a detailed and accurate notice of this very estimable gentleman is owing to a reserve, on his part, that is to me inexplicable. He is a native of the western part of the state of New York, and was a pupil of Ashur B. Durand, our great engraver. Mr. Hatch resided in Albany, and, I believe, married there. He has been for some years a resident of the city of New York, and connected with a company for bank note engraving.—He began a picture some years ago, which has been favourably spoken of, but he says he shall not finish it until he has made

* The excellent treatise on wood engraving, in this work, was furnished by Mr. Mason, and its merits speak louder than my commendations of his knowledge in the history, theory and practice of his most valuable art.

his fortune. He is a member of the National Academy of Design, and I have admired his sketches at our sketch club. There is a vignette picture of "The Captors of André," noticed in the *Mirror* of January last, designed and engraved by Mr. Hatch, as vignette on a bank note plate, issued by Rawdon, Wright, Hatch & Co.

CHAPTER XXX.

George W. Flagg—Luman Reed—John Cranch—H. C. Shumway—E. D. Marchant—William Sidney Mount—A farmer's boy—A sign painter—His extraordinary rural scenes—His portraits—Allston's opinion of him—James Freeman.—His revolutionary soldier and portraits—Duncan Ferguson—M. C. Torrey Richardson—George W. Twibill—His success in portraiture—William Page—First efforts—Success—His Mezzotinto engraving—John Bisbee—John Crawley, jun.—Albert Newsham—S. Watson—James Smilie—Christian Mayr—F. Rawden—Conclusion.

GEORGE W. FLAGG—1830.

THIS youth was born in New Haven, in the state of Connecticut, on the 26th day of June, 1816.

The grandfather of Master Flagg was a native of Newport, in Rhode Island. He entered the continental army as a surgeon, at the commencement of the revolutionary war, and continued in the service until its termination. He was in all the important campaigns in South Carolina and Georgia. After the war, he married Mrs. Allston, the widow of Captain William Allston, of Marion's army, and the mother of Washington Allston. One of the issue of this marriage, is Henry C. Flagg, the father of our subject, who is a native of South Carolina. He was sent to the north for education at an early age, and has resided in New Haven, (where he married) from the age of fifteen to the present time, with the exception of ten years, during which he practised his profession as a lawyer, in Carolina. From the circumstance of his change of location, George has lived several years at the South. In 1830, his father, in consequence of the ill health of his family, contemplated returning to New Haven, and George, who had even then begun to paint, proceeded to Boston with Mr. Bowman, with whom he had commenced his studies in the art.

At twelve years of age, whilst at school at Charleston, he first evinced a taste for his favourite pursuit. It was not encouraged by his parents, or by his grandmother with whom they resided. Possessed of an amiable disposition, and unwilling to give uneasiness, he seldom displayed his pencil in

their presence, but sought every private opportunity of indulging his bent. While other boys were engaged in sports, he would be closeted with his drawing materials. All the pocket money he received, was immediately converted into paints and brushes. His first attempt in oil colours, was at the age of fourteen. His first essay of portrait painting was in a likeness of Mr. Babcock, of Charleston; it was considered a true one, and in the opinion of competent judges, an extraordinary performance for a child of his age. His next effort was in a portrait of Bishop England. This attracted the attention of the original, who is a man of fine taste, as well as an accomplished scholar.

It was useless any longer to restrain him; from the time of his first successful efforts his whole soul seemed fixed upon a single object. His mind was absorbed in the fascinating art; he would read nothing which did not tend to that point. He seldom conversed except upon the favourite topic: the company of play-fellows became tedious; and from that period to the present, he has been the associate of men only—of men from whom he could derive information. It is almost needless to say that he was now permitted to pursue unrestrained the object of his aim. In Charleston, he received every encouragement which could be expected, and soon became a favourite in the first circles.

After his arrival in Boston, for eighteen months he enjoyed the benefit of occasional instruction from his uncle, Washington Allston. From this time his commencement as an artist may be dated. His family was then residing in Charleston: the gentleman, under whose care he had been, soon left this country; his uncle lived in Cambridge; and thus situated, without consultation, he opened his room in Graphic Court, and boldly commenced his career in the world as a portrait painter.

In Boston he experienced all the kindness and hospitality for which her enlightened inhabitants have been so long distinguished. Here, also, he became a favourite, and met with all the patronage that could be desired. After eighteen months residence in Boston, he proceeded to New Haven, where he is now residing with his family. He has been established in that place for more than a year, persevering with the same zeal and industry which marked the commencement of his career. His portraits have already attained for him a name without relation to his age, and he has recently finished an original design from Shakspeare's *Richard III.* which we understand will be brought out at an ensuing exhibition.

It is a representation of the murder of the Princes in the Tower.*

Mr. Allston writes to me, "My nephew, G. Flagg, was with me a few weeks since. He has met with a most munificent patron—munificent for any country.† Not a quid pro quo patron, as I suppose you know. That boy, if I mistake not, will do great things one of these days. A great thing in his favour is, that his heart is as good as his head."

JOHN CRANCH—H. C. SHUMWAY—1829.

Mr. Cranch, the son of the Hon. William Cranch, judge of the district court, Washington city, was born on the 2d of February 1807, and graduated at the Columbian College in 1826; at which time he recited a poem of his own composition on painting. He devoted himself to the art, and received instructions from Messrs. King, Harding, and Sully. He commenced painting portraits at Washington in 1829, but, desirous of improvement, went to Italy in 1830. He was a short time in Rome, but, with other strangers, was ordered away as one of the friends of liberty. He went to Florence and resided until July 1832, then visiting Venice and again returning to Florence. Mr. Cranch has recently (1834) re-

* The slightest incidents in the life of one who has attracted public notice sometimes become interesting; at least to those whose pursuits are similar to his.

We shall here digress for a moment, to relate an anecdote of this young gentleman, which may seem to give some idea of character, and is in keeping with the fact just mentioned.

When but twelve years old, while bathing in the Sampit, one of his companions, who could not swim, ventured beyond his depth; he sunk in the presence of a number of men, who were at too great a distance to render assistance and could only stand as spectators, petrified by the awful scene. An exclamation of agony burst from the boys—he plunged into the river with perfect coolness, and after a violent exertion of strength, directed with skill and courage, succeeded in bringing the little sufferer safe on shore; upon landing, he fell exhausted, and was soon after extremely ill. It may not be unworthy of remark, that he was not the herald of this fact to his parents, or to any other person.

† The patron here mentioned, is LUMAN REED, Esq., of New York, who is, indeed, a munificent patron of art and artists. He has justly appreciated young Flagg, who under his direction, and supported at his expense, has, within these few days, embarked for Europe to complete his studies as an artist.

Mr. Reed has built a large picture gallery, which, that it may have a proper light, is at the top of his house in Greenwich-street. There already may be seen some of the unrivalled landscapes of Cole, and the same artist is employed in painting several more for him. Mr. Reed has likewise given a commission for an historical picture to Mr. Morse, which will be executed, at least in part, this winter. To our princely merchants, Luman Reed, Esq. has set an example of a mode of expending the gifts of fortune very different from the ostentatious displays of the dining or the drawing room.

turned home, with a determination of testing his skill by the composition of an original composition, to be executed this winter. May success attend his efforts.

Mr. Shumway stands in the foremost rank of the miniature painters of New-York. He had the good fortune to be born on the most auspicious day in the year for an American, the fourth of July, 1808. His birth-place is Middletown, Connecticut. Mr. Shumway was intended by his friends for the store or the counting-house; but, like many others, chose a path for himself, and happily has no cause to repent the choice. He came to New-York in 1827, and entered as a student in the National Academy of Design. In 1829 he commenced painting professionally, and soon produced works which are honourable to himself and to the institution which aided his progress.

E. D. MARCHANT—1829.

This gentleman has exhibited several portraits of superior merit in the gallery of the National Academy, and one or two groups entitling him to praise in composition. Of prepossessing manners and undoubted abilities, he must succeed in the profession he has chosen.

WILLIAM SIDNEY MOUNT—1829.

This young artist, who has displayed uncommon talent both in fancy pictures or compositions of figures, generally rustic and comic, and at the same time in portrait painting, was born at Setauket, Long Island, on the 26th of November, 1807. At the age of seven he lost his father, a substantial yeoman cultivating his own farm, and "to the age of seventeen," he has said, "I was a hard working farmer's boy." An older brother at this time, 1824, sent for him to New-York, and took him as an apprentice to sign painting. This brother, H. S. Mount, was above the ordinary standard of that occupation, and William strove to excel him. He eagerly sought and examined pictures, and West's "Madness of Lear" and "Ophelia" led him to study composition. His selecting these from among the pictures exhibited in the same place is a proof of his discriminating eye and correct taste.

In 1826, he entered as a student in the National Academy of Design. In 1827 he gave up the occupation of sign painting, and for the improvement of his health, returned to his first occupation, the culture of the earth on the paternal soil; but painting could not be forgotten. In 1828 he painted his first picture—a portrait of himself: and in 1829 he com-

menced professionally in New-York as a portrait painter. But he evinced talents of a higher order, and soon produced his first composition picture, "The daughter of Jairus," at the annual exhibition of the academy of which he was a student. This attracted much attention. A rustic dance followed at the next exhibition, still better than his previous pictures, and showing that he had found the path in which he was destined to excel.

Mr. Mount continued to study the antique at the National Academy of Design, and to advance rapidly in his career.—His portraits had progressive merit as well as his composition pictures, most of which were humorous or rustic. In 1833, at the annual exhibition of the National Academy at Clinton Hall, he produced his full-length portrait of Bishop Onderdonk, which elicited a universal burst of applause, and a just tribute of admiration from connoisseurs and artists.

A constant attention and indefatigable application to drawing, from the time he first entertained hopes of becoming a painter to the present time, a profound study of such specimens of colouring as fell in his way, with a devotedness which has led him to the occupation of those hours, even of the night, which many waste in frivolity, to the practice and study of designing, has already been rewarded by skill of an uncommon grade, and must lead to future eminence in his exalted profession.

Mr. Mount's health has not been improved by changing the occupation of an agriculturist for that of a painter. In every other respect his prospects are highly encouraging. From personal knowledge I can speak of him as a young man of the best principles. Such talents as he has evinced, united with probity and industry, must carry him triumphantly through life.

The last works he has exhibited at Clinton Hall, are a group of the table after dinner, very admirable, and a yeoman *husking corn* in the field, still more so.

I was much pleased to receive the spontaneous eulogium of a much better judge than myself in a letter of Aug. 1834, from Mr. Allston, he says :—

"I saw some pictures in the Athenæum (Boston) last year, by a young man of your city—Mount—which showed great power of expression. He has, too, a firm, decided pencil, and seems to have a good notion of the figure. If he would study Ostade and Jan Steen, especially the latter, and master their colour and *chiaro oscuro*, there is nothing, as I see, to prevent his becoming a great artist in the line he has chosen."

JAMES FREEMAN—DUNCAN FERGUSON—M. C.
TORRY—ANDREW RICHARDSON—1832.

Mr. Freeman was thrown upon his own resources at a very early age. He was born at Grand Passage, Nova Scotia, (whither his parents had removed from the United States,) in the year 1810. At the age of eight he was brought to Otsego county, N. Y. Through difficulties and hardships he made his way to the city of New-York, to gain instruction in drawing and painting. He applied to me for that purpose in 1826, and received freely such as I could give. I have always declined taking a pupil, but never refused my advice or instruction. He entered himself a student of the National Academy, and has worked his way to the honour of being an academican. He attracted much attention by exhibiting the head of an old revolutionary soldier, hired to sit as a model. I remember Henry Inman saying, I should be proud to be the painter of that head. Freeman has since painted larger pictures: but none better. It is in the possession of John I. Morgan, Esq. Mr. Freeman, with perseverance and the preservation of his good habits, must be an eminent painter.

Mr. Ferguson was born in New-York, the son of John Ferguson, Esq., at one time mayor of the city, and at his death, U. S. Naval officer. Duncan was the pupil of his brother-in-law, R. W. Weir, and a student of the National Academy. He has but recently commenced portrait painting, and has only to persevere and follow his teacher and he must succeed.

Mr. Torry is likewise a student of the National Academy of Design. I believe he is a native of New England. The last portrait I saw of his exhibition evinced a power that must lead with application to happy results.

Mr. Richardson is an English gentleman, who has exhibited a number of landscapes at Clinton Hall. I am ignorant of his history.

GEORGE W. TWIBILL—WILLIAM PAGE—1832.

Mr. Twibill was born in the township of Lampetre, Dauphine County, near Lancaster, Pennsylvania. The precise time of his coming to the city of New-York, I do not know. Having chosen painting as his profession, he was for a short time a pupil with Parissien, (the third) but soon found a more efficient teacher in Henry Inman, with whom he placed himself on the 10th of June, 1828. Mr. Twibill was soon a distinguished pupil of the National Academy of Design, of which he is now a member.

In the year 1832, he commenced professionally, and distinguished himself in a size of oil coloured portraits, too large to be called miniature, but below the size of life. His success has been satisfactory. He early married Miss O'Bryan, a sister of Mrs. Inman. Several of his full lengths of the above size, I have seen and admired.

Mr. Page was born in Albany the 28th of January, 1811, of poor respectable parents. By aid of Dr. E. G. Durnell, he was placed as a pupil with Mr. James Herring in 1825, to learn the art of drawing and painting, and in 1826 became a pupil of Samuel F. B. Morse. He attended the National Academy of Design, and in 1827 received a premium for drawing. The first picture he offered for exhibition was the only one rejected by the *hangers* of the National Academy of Design. His second was placed where it might not be noticed. But these failures stimulated his exertions—he studied assiduously in the Academy, and at his esel, and in less than a year he brought for my inspection the head of a youth, so replete with beauty, that he was asked from what he had copied it. “From nature,” and he produced the original. Mr. Page married the sister of Mr. Twibill, and is improving in his profession, both in historical and portrait painting. He has talents of uncommon strength. I have recently seen a specimen of mezzotinto engraving from a full length, small size, of Forrest the tragedian, which I think the best specimen of that mode of engraving, that an American artist has produced. The painting is by himself, from the life.

JOHN BISBEE—JOHN CRAWLEY, JR.—ALBERT NEWSHAM—1833.

These three gentlemen are good draughtsmen, and have devoted their time and talents to *Lithography*.

Mr. Bisbee I remember as a student, assiduously drawing from the round, and with taste and judgment.

Mr. Crawley is engaged at Endicott's and Swett's establishment, and I have seen some beautiful specimens of this mode of drawing by him. Lithography or drawing on stone, and taking impressions by the aid of acids, transferring innumerable copies to paper, is a very useful invention, and tends to multiply pictures, many of them of a character which diffuses taste and facilitates the progress of art. When practised by a good designer its use is obvious. To be a good draughtsman on stone, requires the same study as to draw well on paper. It is a very pleasant occupation for females, and I have seen specimens from two young ladies, the daughters of Mr. Peter

Maverick, deceased, which I thought ought to command for them an employment that would make them independent with common application.

Mr. Newsham is deaf and dumb, but endowed with much talent. I understand that he is the draughtsman of the lithographic prints, issued by Childs & Co. of Philadelphia.*

THOMAS U. WALTER—1832.

Thomas U. Walter, architect, was born at Philadelphia in the year 1804. He served a regular apprenticeship to the trade of bricklaying and stonemasonry with his father. During his apprenticeship he devoted his leisure hours to the study of architecture, having conceived a strong attachment to that art from his having been concerned in the capacity of bricklayer in the building of the bank of the United States, at Philadelphia, a work in which his father was engaged as a master mason, and at which he laboured with his own hands. He married in 1834.

In the year 1825 Mr. Walter commenced business as a master bricklayer, still pursuing his favourite studies, which were greatly facilitated by a natural talent for drawing, and an acquaintance with the science of mathematics. In the year 1830 he became a pupil of William Stickland, Esq. under whose instructions he devoted his whole attention to the study of architecture and engineering for eighteen months.

In the early part of the year 1832 the designs of Mr. Walter for the new county prison, at Philadelphia, were adopted, and committed to his charge for execution. This extensive establishment is now almost completed, and presents a beautiful specimen of castellated architecture.

Mr. Walter is also engaged as architect in the construction of the "Girard College for orphans," at Philadelphia, a building chaste and magnificent in design and elegant in execution, being a perfect example of the Grecian Corinthian order, the columns of which are each six feet in diameter, and more than 55 feet in height, the portico when finished will extend around the whole building, and support an entablature and roof, all of which will be composed of white marble.

Mr. Walter's designs for this establishment were adopted

* The first lithographic establishment of which I have any knowledge was made amidst many difficulties by *Mr. Imbert*, of New-York. They are now almost innumerable throughout the United States. But however beautiful or perfect the plates are, the credit is transferred to the master of the establishment, and the artist is sunk. This must change. The artist must be announced, and must be the *Master*.

by the city councils in the early part of the year 1833, and on the succeeding fourth day of July, the corner stone was laid with appropriate ceremonies.

The Will's Hospital, for the relief of the indigent, blind, and lame, at Philadelphia, and several other public buildings are the work of this young artist.

A. BRADISH—1832.

This gentleman resides at Geneva, state of New-York, and I am assured has proved his talents as a portrait painter to the satisfaction of his employers. He has been invited to exercise his profession at Detroit, owing to his approved skill. I can only speak of him as an intelligent young man, full of enthusiasm for his art, modest in his deportment, and esteemed most by those who know him best.

S. WATSON—J. SMILLIE—CHRISTIAN MAYR—1834.

Mr. Watson is a gentleman who originally painted miniatures in Edinburgh, but has devoted his talents to oil pictures, with success. He has exhibited an historical picture at Clinton Hall, of uncommon merit. Mr. Watson came to this country by way of Canada, with a view of retiring as an agriculturist.

Mr. Smillie is a Scotch gentleman, who came to us likewise through Canada, he arrived in that province bringing with him an aged mother, but was much disappointed in that cold region. In New-York he found difficulty at first in his search for employment, and was on the point of returning, when Mr. Weir invited him to his house, and engaged him to engrave from his picture of the Convent Gate. This led to an introduction to Durand, who gave him employment, and Mr. Smillie's talents once known, secured him a succession of employers and an establishment to his wishes. Removing his parent to our city, he has taken a wife, and is among our most esteemed artists. A plate in one of the annuals (called the Equinoctial Storm) by Hatch and Smillie, is of exceeding beauty, and several of Smillie's steel plates have deservedly attracted public attention.

Mr. Mayr is a German artist, and has shown much talent as a portrait painter. He is said to work with great rapidity. I have seen some groups of his painting which have a merit that must secure him success in his profession.

FREEMAN RAWDON—1834.

Freeman Rawdon, line engraver and designer, is the first partner in the well known firm of Rawdon, Wright, Hatch & Co., New-York. He was born in Tolland, Connecticut, in 1804. Mr. Rawdon's first efforts were under the direction of a brother, an engraver at Albany. Mr. Rawdon's success in designing and executing vignettes gained him the employment of the Commercial Bank at Albany. His powers and skill, my informant says, were tested with those of Gideon Fairman by the New-York Canal Company, and he gained their employment; and in it executed a design emblematic of the union of the lake waters with the Atlantic, much to their satisfaction and his credit. Mr. Rawdon removed to New-York, and has established the present firm of Rawdon, Wright, Hatch & Co. whose works are too well known to call for eulogium.

CONCLUSION.

Collections of Pictures. In our extensive country these are so far asunder, and my knowledge of them so imperfect, that I fear my readers may exclaim, as it regards my account of them, "O lame and impotent conclusion."

I am conscious that every branch of the tree I have endeavoured to rear will be but as a limb for others to graft on: but each may hereafter be made to flourish and bear fruit by some more skilful horticulturist; but to leave metaphors for the plain and simple language of truth, at which I hope I am more worth, I mean not to waste words in apologies for the imperfections of my account of the collections of pictures in the country, but to tell all I know, and leave to others, who are interested in the subject, the pleasure of making it more perfect.

As the first painter in point of time, of whom I have any knowledge, *John Watson*, was found at my native place, Perth Amboy, so *there* was the first collection of pictures I have heard of; and what it was in magnitude or merit is only known by faint and obscure tradition. This existed in 1725. *Smybert's* collection is the second that I can discover through the mists of time, and that, like the first, so indistinctly, as to be little more than a name. The date of this is 1728. Of the *Hamilton* collection we have more positive knowledge. It is mentioned in the biography of West. A Murillo is there spoken of, and it is certain there were other good pictures, but I have no record of them. We may date this collection from 1730 to 40. I have spoken of *Trumbull's* col-

lection of pictures exhibited in the Park theatre, 1804-5. These were principally works of old masters, which the tempestuous waves of the French revolution threw into his hands, and with them was exhibited his own splendid painting of the "Sortie," now in the Athenæum of Boston.* This collection of old pictures was returned to Europe, and remain there. The *Steer* collection I have made inquiry after; and Robert Gilmore, Esq. of Baltimore, gives me this account:—"With respect to the Rubens's pictures (as you call them) I, perhaps, can give you better information than most people, as the principal descendant of Rubens, (whose private cabinet descended to his heirs, and was afterwards divided among them) was Mr. Steer of Antwerp, who came to this country when the French entered Holland, and brought out with him the greater part of the cabinet which remained in the family, comprising several fine heads by Vandyk, Rubens, &c. Mr. George Calvert, of Bladensburg, married his daughter, and could give you further details. The pictures were boxed up, in Annapolis, for years, and were only once opened, I believe, to be aired. Stuart went there on purpose to see them, and admired them much. Mr. Steer afterwards built the present elegant residence of Mr. Calvert, near Bladensburg, and removed the pictures there, some of which were hung up in the rooms. After the peace of Amiens, or rather, I believe, after the revolution in Holland, returned he to Antwerp, carrying his pictures with him, which were afterwards divided in the family. The famous portrait by Rubens, called the *Chapeau de paille*, which belonged to the collection, never was brought to America, but was concealed at Antwerp, and as it could not be divided, it was sold at auction in the family, and Mr. Steer as the eldest representative of the family, was allowed to pur-

* Until my biography of Mr. Trumbull was printed, I had not seen the work from which the following extracts are made, although published in London in 1825. The coincidence of opinions is striking, as it respects the "Sortie" particularly. "ARTS AND ARTISTS, Vol. 3. p. 199."

"Mr. Trumbull, although an American, studied and pursued his profession for a long time in this country. He is now President of the New-York Academy, and is the person whom Congress have employed to paint a series of pictures connected with certain events of the American Revolution. They are among the greatest and most unaccountable failures of the age: the President may not be superannuated, but these pictures are. It is a great pity: every lover of the art must grieve to see the first efforts of a young country so unhappily misdirected. There were several painters in America, who would have made a magnificent affair of that which is handled like a tapestry weaver by Mr. Trumbull.--- Yet Mr. Trumbull was a man of considerable power. His well-known "Sortie of Gibraltar," the original sketch of which has lately been exhibited at the Suffolk-street exhibition, was a very fine picture; but worth, it is true, every thing else he has ever done. His portraits are no great things: they are bold and strong, but all of a family."

chase it for fifty thousand francs ; this I had from himself, in 1818, when I was at Antwerp, and saw the picture in his possession, as well as such of the other pictures as fell to his share. Mr. Calvert has two or three Flemish pictures left to him by Mr. Steer, but they are not of extraordinary merit."

Portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds have occasionally reached our shores. I remember one in the *Farmer* family, formerly of Perth Amboy: a beautiful head of Major Jasper Farmer when a youth. Mr. Gilmor mentions "A portrait of old Mr. Carroll, by Reynolds, painted when he was in England ; but it is much faded. There are also several portraits by Sir Joshua, at Tulip Hill, West River, the seat of the Galloways, now belonging to Virgil Rexey, Esq. solicitor of the treasury." In Annapolis, Baltimore, and other parts of Maryland, rich collections of pictures are to be found. My limited means, and still more limited health, have not allowed me to explore or examine these treasures. Mr. Gilmor says, "Mr. Caton has two pictures by Lawrence, and one by West, (the Kentuckian). Mr. James Hoffman has a portrait by Lawrence, one by Phillips, and one by Newton. Mr. Riddell has a portrait also by Sir Thomas." The same liberal gentleman, Mr. Robert Gilmor, has, at my request, sent me a catalogue of his valuable collection, which I give.

List of some of the Pictures in the Collection of Robert Gilmor, of Baltimore.

The finding of Moses, a large painting on canvas, brought into Philadelphia by the French emigrants at the commencement of the Revolution. It belonged to Savage the artist.—*Nicholas Poussin*.

A scene on the river Wye, at Amsterdam.—*Ludolph Backhuysen*.

A Fruit Piece, one of his best works.—*John David Lattcem*.

Two Battle Pieces, brought into Baltimore by Groombridge.—*Borgognone*.

A small Landscape.—*Wynants*.

The Geographer, a highly finished picture of the Master.—*Ary de Voys*.

A Gentleman holding a Watch. A small Portrait, exquisitely finished, and sent here by one of the first connoisseurs in Holland.—*Ary de Voys*.

A Card Party. The principal figure a lady, with her back towards the spectator.

This is one of the finest specimens of the master to be found in any collection, and in admirable preservation. Selected by the same connoisseur.—*Terburgh*.

A Garden Scene, with statuary, flowers, and animals. A brilliant picture, selected by the same connoisseur.—*John Weenix*.

A Roman Charity. Selected by the same.—*Mechl*.

The Smokers. An engraved picture.—*A. V. Ostade*.

The Sailor. A fine specimen. Both of these selected by the same connoisseur.—*A. V. Ostade*.

The Scalded Boy. Selected by the same.—*Frank Halls*.

Nymphs flagellating a Satyr.—*Vertangen*.

A Calm.—*William Vanderelde*.

His own Portrait, (full-sized, half-length,) holding a lighted candle. This and the following pictures were part of a case of pictures sent by a gentleman in France to his brother in New Orleans ; but being shipwrecked on the coast of

- Cuba, was sold there to an American Captain at auction, and brought into Charleston, where it was purchased for Mr. G.---*Schaleken*.
- A Vase of Flowers, equal to Van Huysum. The frame is ornamented with bees, which would authorize the supposition that it had once been Bonaparte's.---*Abraham Mignon*.
- A Portrait of one of the Family.---*Gilbert Stuart*.
- Another Portrait of one of the Family.---*Jarvis*.
- Two Portraits of the Family.---*Sir Thomas Lawrence*.
- View on the Rhine.---*J. Vandermeccr*.
- View of Haarlem, his native place.---*Jacob Ruysdael*.
- View of the Leeshore at Scheveling.---*Do*.
- Small Landscape.---*Do*.
- Cattle and Sheep, in a sunny Landscape.---*Omebank*.
- Landscape, with Cattle.---*Vander Lecuw*.
- Moonlight View on a canal in Holland.---*Vander Neer*.
- Evening Scene on a river, with Cattle (engraved).---*Albert Cuyp*.
- View of the Lake of Nemi, near Rome.---*Richard Wilson*.
- A Convent at Venice.---*Do*.
- River Scene, in the style of Salvator Rosa.---*Pillement*.
- The Custom-house at Venice.---*Canaletti*.
- Adoration of St. Francis.---*Antonio Balestra*.
- A Lady in her Chamber, in conversation with her Cook.---*G. Metsu*.
- A Miniature Salvator Mundi, on copper.---*A. Vanduyck*.
- Two half-length portraits of a Lady and Gentleman. These pictures came from Spain to Mr. H. Hill, of Philadelphia: they had been seventy years in the family.---*A. Van Dyck*.
- A Pair of Pictures; a Carousal and a Fair.---*Mischau*.
- Sea-shore at Schevelinge, with numerous figures (engraved).---*Van Goyen*.
- Scene in Hyde Park, got of Groombridge.---*George Barrctt*.
- A Mill near Baltimore, painted as a pendant to the preceding.---*Groombridge*.
- Still Life and Fruit.---*Raphael Peale*.
- A Slice of Water Melon.---*Sarah Peale*.
- Fruit.---*James Peale*.
- A Dead Partridge; admirably finished.---*F. Wiebke*.
- A Battle Piece.---*Bredael*.
- A Hunting Scene.---*Old Wycke*.
- Interior of the Church at Delft.---*Henry Van Vliet*.
- The Augurs; engraved by Goupy. This fine picture was brought into New-York by the Collector of the Revenue about seventy or eighty years ago; was sold at his death, and bought by an old picture dealer and frame maker, who kept it for many years, and finally sold it to Mr G. in 1804.---*Salvator Rosa*.
- A Magdalen.---*Michael Angelo da Caravaggio*.
- Full-length Portrait of William III. when Prince of Orange. Small size.---*Jaspar Nestcher*.
- A Bunch of Lilac.---*Van Pol*.
- Portrait of a Lady; small size.---*P. Van Slingelandt*.
- A rich Scene, representing the Elements; finished very highly. Came from the collection of the Prince de Mionaco ---*Breughell and Van Balen*.
- Two small River Scenes.---*Everdingen*.
- Lot and his Daughters: formerly Mr. Bingham's.---*F. Bischay*.
- Upright Landscape, with Bathers.---*Zuccarelli*.
- Imitation of Bronze.---*Sauvage*.
- Portrait of himself, with a drinking glass.---*D. Teniers*.
- Judith and Holofernes. The figures are portraits of himself, his wife, and his mother. This picture is in fine preservation: It was brought from Paris to London by Col. Trumbull, and is mentioned in Buchanan's list.---*D. Teniers*.
- Small Portrait of a Nobleman; formerly belonging to Wertmuller.---*Holbein*.
- Portrait of a Gentleman: small.---*Metsu*.
- View on a Swiss Lake.---*Sachtlcvcn*.
- The Holy Family reposing in Egypt: From Da Hante's collection.---*Rubens*.
- A very fine copy of Raphael's picture in the Louvre, painted for Francis I.---*Mignard*.

- Two Portraits, male and female.---*De Crayer*.
 Portrait of Mr. Coke, Chamberlain to George I.---*Sir Godfrey Kneller*.
 Portrait of a Gentleman.---*Govert Flinck*.
 Small Portraits of Grotius and his Wife.---*Meerelt*.
 Fisherman's Hut.---*Morland*.
 A Dutch Market : Large and finely coloured.---*Snyders and Lang Jan*.
 The Broken Pitcher ; engraved by the artist.---*T Barker*, of Bath.
 A Landscape.---*Ruysdal Barker*.
 Three Pictures, with Cattle---*Rosa di Tivoli*.
 Three fine Landscapes,---*Thomas Cole*.
 Interior of a Kitchen, equal to Gerard Douw---*Martin Zorp*.
 Small Landscape---*Hobbima*.
 A fine Head of a Monk ; formerly Mr. Meade's---*Velasquez*.
 Sick Beggar Boy : sent by the Dutch Connoisseur---*Geernaut*.
 Portrait of a Lady, with a Veil---*Maes*.
 Landscape---*Wm. G. Wall*.
 River Scene---*A. Waterloo*.
 Portrait of a Child---*G. Stuart Newton*.
 Architecture---*Van Delon*.
 Repose in Egypt. A fine picture, sent him by Greenough from Florence---*Francisco Albano*.
 One of the Heads in the cartoon of Ananias, in Fresco, from the collection of the Corsiglore Galignani at Salerno ; afterwards belonged to Rigaud, the R, A. and brought to New-York by a gentleman sixteen years ago. N. B. The letters of Rigaud the son, and of Bacon the sculptor, go to support its claim to originality---*Raphael*.
 Portrait of Miss Kelly, in Julia---*Sully*.
 All the preceding are undoubtedly *original*. There are about 130 not mentioned, being either by the same masters, or of doubtful character, or not of sufficient importance to be thus noticed.
 A large landscape, with grand Architecture. Brought from France by Vanderlyn for Col. Burr, and sold at Mr. Astor's sale.---*Francisco Mille*.
 View of the Plautian Tomb at Tivoli.---*Verboom*.
 Boys at Play. Imitation of bas relief.---*Jacques de Witt*.
 Nymphs Bathing. Two pictures.---*Poelenberg*.
 An English Actor in a Spanish Dress ; unfinished.---*Robert Edge Pine*.
 Portrait of the Marquis of Buckingham in his robes, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.---*Trumbull*.
 A Party Carousing.---*Brower*.
 Italian Architectural Piece.---*Berkheyden*.
 Satyr and Nymphs.---*B. Graat*.
 Himself and his Wife eating a Pie. Sent by the Dutch connoisseur.---*Jan Steen*.
 Poultry. Sent by the same.---*Hondcocker*.
 Game Cocks Fighting. A fine specimen. Brought from Europe by Accambal, the French consul, thirty years ago.---*Hondcocker*.
 Portrait of Washington ; painted for me two years before his death.---*Gilbert Stuart*.
 St. Francis.---*Cigoli*.
 Several Landscapes by---*Thos. Doughty*.
 Old Woman pouring Water out of a Pitcher from a Window. Equal to G. Douw. ---*Van Tol*.
 A very fine Landscape, with Cattle ; brought from France by a gentleman of Boston. It is engraved by La Bas Martini.---*N. Berchem*.
 Beattie's Minstrel.---*Washington Allston*.
 Besides other works of art, Mr. Gilmor possesses Greenough's Statue of Byron's Medora, said to be of exquisite workmanship.

The collection of *Joseph Bonaparte* is noted under the biography of Thomas Sully, with his remarks on some of the

pictures. Mr. Sully's notice of Abram's collection is better than any thing I can say on the subject, and is before given. Ward, of London, sent out a collection, which was exhibited with loss. But it is impossible, perhaps would be useless, to specify the many collections of paintings brought out from Europe for exhibition. Mr. Michael Paff has long possessed a valuable collection, which varies with the sales and purchases he makes ; but he retains many that he justly values beyond the price which every day purchasers can give. Among these I may specify his "Magdalen," by Carlo Dolce ; but so much superior to any Carlo Dolce within my limited knowledge, that I would fain attribute it to a higher source.

The collection made by Richard Meade, Esq. when in Spain, now, as I believe, in the possession of Gouverneur Kemble, Esq. of Cold Spring, is extensive, and possesses many valuable pictures by old masters. The original marble bust, by Ceracchi, and other works of art, are attached to this collection. Miss Douglass, of New-York, has a well-selected collection of European and American pictures—the old masters are said to be good.

In 1830 a collection was exhibited in Barclay-street, which possessed many undoubted originals of a high order. A Family Group, by Rubens, and another by Reynolds, were jewels, in my opinion ; while some of Carlo Dolce's sunk into insignificance.

The collection of Doctor Hosack is extensive and valuable, I can only enumerate a part.—"A Madonna and Child, by Corregio—copy of La Belle Jardiniere of Raphael, with variations—copy of Madonna and Child, from Vandyke—two beautiful small Landscapes, near Bath—small Sketches of Lambdberg and Golchossa—our Saviour blessing little Children—the Woman taken in Adultery—the Knighting of Wilton and a full-length of Washington, small size—St. John and Lamb, a copy—Contemplation—the Falls of Niagara—all by Trumbull. Several of T. Cole's fine Landscapes ; and many Portraits, by Stuart, Trumbull, Jarvis, Vanderlyn, Sully, Ingham, Dunlap, Wood, and Sharpless."

The catalogue of the collection of Philip Hone, Esq. I give, as furnished by him at my request.

COLLECTION OF PHILIP HONE, ESQ. OF NEW-YORK.

1. Anne Page, Slender and Shallow—by Leslie.

Shallow. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slender. Ay! that I do, as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire, Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long tail, under the degree of a squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Merry Wives of Windsor, act iii, scene 4,

2. *The Dull Lecture*---by G. Stuart Newton.

These two pictures are among the best productions of the distinguished artists whose names they bear. I am of opinion there is nothing in this country by either of them equal to the above. Connoisseurs are divided in their opinion of their respective merits: each possessing the peculiar beauties of the painter's style, renders it difficult to determine which is best. I certainly hold them in equal estimation. Leslie's is one of the most beautifully finished pictures I ever saw; its details are admirable, and Shakspeare himself did not tell his story more eloquently than does this graphical and fascinating representation of one of his best scenes.

The peculiar excellence of the "*Dull Lecture*" consists in its brilliant colouring, and the beautiful effects of light and shade; in which I consider it superior to the "*Anne Page*." The figures are fully equal to those in that picture; and there is a quaintness in the furniture and decorations of the room admirably adapted to the subject. Newton is a more dashing painter, and the general effect of his picture is finer than that of his accomplished rival; but it is not equal in finish and accuracy of detail.

3. *The Greek Girl*, a beautiful little picture, by G. Stuart Newton: full of expression, and coloured in his best style.

4. *The Greek Youth*. Painted by Weir, as a companion to the foregoing. One of his happiest efforts, and suffering nothing by a comparison with its Companion.

5. *La Baretta*; also by Weir; of the same size as last. The subject was suggested by the *Greek Girl*, and the costume imitated from that picture, which was much admired and studied by Mr. Weir.

6. *Portrait of Rubens*; copied from the original by Rembrandt Peale, and, in my opinion, an excellent picture.

7. *Little Boy and Bird's Nest*, altered from one of the Cherubs in Corregio's *Danae*, by Mr. Peale.

8. *Le Billet Doux*, a spirited picture, by Le Cœur, a French artist, painted in 1829.

9. *Domestic Happiness*, by T. Clater, 1828. A fine representation of an English Cottager and his Wife and Children: drawn with great spirit, and superior in colouring to any of the works I have seen of this artist.

10. *The Water Gap on the Delaware River*, by T. Doughty. The mountains, like all of this artist, very fine; but the outline, in some parts, is very hard, and the water not sufficiently transparent.

11. *View of Ravensheuch Castle, on the Firth of Forth*; by Thomson, of Duddington, the Scottish Claude. This view was taken for me under the direction of a friend in Edinburgh.

12. *The Still Lake*---Catskill Mountain.

13. *The Falls of the Kauters Kill*---Catskill Mountain.

These two splendid Landscapes are among the early productions of Cole, and were painted, I believe, before he removed to New-York. They represent the magnificence of American Forest Scenery with the truth and force which characterize all the works of this truly American artist.

14. *View of the Black River*.

15. *Passaic Falls*, New Jersey.

16. *The Sugar Loaf Mountain*, county of Wicklow, Ireland.

17. *View on the Jacondaga River*.

The four last are water-colour drawings, by Wall, whose productions in water colour have always been distinguished by delicacy and correctness.

18. *Castel a Mare*. Bay of Naples. By Bennet. A water colour piece---drawn from a sketch made by him on the spot, and among the best of the good things which he has produced.

19. *Original Sketch of Lafayette*, by Morse. A study for the full-length portrait, painted for the corporation, and now in the Governor's room, City Hall.

20. Portrait of Chancellor Kent, by Morse.

21. Portrait of Thorwaldsen, the celebrated sculptor : an original, taken for me by Mr. Morse. A fine picture, and said to be a perfect likeness.

22. Sketch by Mr. Dunlap, which served as a study for the principal figure in his great picture of "Calvary."

23. View on the Hudson River, above West Point, by Hoyle.

24. Portrait of a Girl, as Hebe, by Newton. One of his early productions--- painted in Boston, before he went to England.

25. A fine copy, by Vanderlyn, of the Female Figure in the fore-ground of Raphael's Transfiguration.

26. Portrait of De Witt Clinton, by Ingham, taken about fifteen years ago.--- A capital picture : the best likeness, and, I think, the only good one extant, of this illustrious man.

48. A Greek, an original portrait, by Miss Stuart, formerly owned by the Rev. Dr. Wainwright.

The above are all the works of artists now living, and I do not know of a finer collection of modern pictures. I have several old pictures, some of which are dignified by the names of celebrated painters ; but I do not esteem them sufficiently to induce me to furnish you with a catalogue.

Feb. 10th, 1834.

P. H.

The collection of Gulian C. Verplanck, Esq. at Fishkill, is extensive and valuable. Charles Hall, Esq. has a fine collection ; and among them several pictures by Alvan Fisher.— Robert Donaldson, Esq. has several by Leslie. Myndert Van Schaick, Esq. has Allston's "Rebecca at the Well," among many others. James Renwick, Esq. has a rich collection. Henry Carey, Esq. has several pictures by the old masters, (Both, Guido, Peter Neifs the elder, Gerard Douw) ; and a few pictures by moderns, (Doughty, Weir, &c.)

T. Dixon, Esq. has a collection of modern pictures ; among them many landscapes by Wall. P. Flandin, Esq. has several good pictures. Francis Winthrop, Esq. of New Haven, has Allston's sketch of "The Angel releasing St. Peter ;" and several pictures by Krimmell. James Hilhouse, Esq. of New Haven, has a collection, among which are several landscapes by Cole. Of the collections at Boston I can say nothing, from my ignorance only that the Athenæum possesses a rich treasure. The Trumbull Gallery, at New Haven, is noticed under his biographical sketch. The collection of Luman Reed, Esq. of Greenwich-street, already is rich in works of modern art ; and his munificent spirit is enriching it daily from the pencils of Cole, Morse, and other prominent artists. Gouverneur Kemble, Esq. has a number of valuable paintings, ancient and modern.

Mich. Paff, Esq. of New-York, has not only been an industrious and successful collector of paintings, but has a very great and valuable collection of prints—valuable many of them for their antiquity, and most of them for their intrinsic merit. Mr.

Paff has rivals in this latter branch of the collector's avocation in Mr. John Allen, likewise of New-York, who possesses treasures of the works of the engraver, and Mr. Itihel Town, whose splendid library I have noticed, has likewise a magnificent collection of prints. Hereafter, if this work shall be found to interest the public, some younger lover of the Arts of Design may add the names of artists, friends to art, and collectors of works of art, which have escaped the view of an aged valetudinarian.

George P. Morris, Esq. editor and proprietor of the New-York Mirror, deserves our notice and thanks as a friend of artists, and the arts of design. By the engravings which ornament this popular work, taste is propagated, and the study of the fine arts in all their branches encouraged. In the very expensive plate of "The Presidents," portrait painters and the first engravers were employed at liberal prices. The designs of several artists in landscapes and other subjects have done honour to the country, and added reputation to those employed.

Notwithstanding the gratitude due to those who bring us the works of the old masters, I cannot but feel, as a *living artist*, that the collectors of the pictures and statues executed by their contemporaries, and those who otherwise give them encouragement and employment, are more entitled to praise than any purchaser of the works of by-gone days. In this point of view I think Dr. Hosack, James Fenimore Cooper, Philip Hone, George P. Morris, Luman Reed, G. C. Verplanck, and many others, more entitled to thanks in these pages, than any collector of the works of antiquity, without denying the utility of such collections or their effect upon art.

I have endeavoured to show the progress of the Arts of Design in the colonies of Great Britain, slowly feeling their way amidst the darkness of ignorance; and their rapid advance as soon as those colonies had become an independent empire, governed by republican principles. I have traced the arts from a dependent infancy, feeble and tottering, to that state of maturity which corresponds with the political state of the country and its unparelled growth in knowledge and power. Within the short space of one man's life we see arts which were unknown, successfully taught and practised throughout the wide extent of the republic, and in regions which were unexplored by civilized man within half a century.

However discursive I have been in this work, I have had but one object in view: to show the steps by which the arts that place the civilized man so far above the savage, not only in power, but enjoyment, have arisen in America, to a level

with those of any community now in existence—and to an attentive reader I have shown that they are not at a stand, but are on the way to a much higher state of excellence.

I have traced the progress of *architecture* from that period in which if a building was intended for any thing more than mere shelter from the elements, its plan, and even the materials of which it was to be constructed, were necessarily imported from Europe, to that, in which our cities and villages are adorned with edifices towering in splendour and replete with taste in their design, from the plans of native artists: of *painting*, from the time when, if a father, a husband or a friend wished the portrait of one he loved, he must wait the arrival of an artist from Europe, to that, in which skilful painters abound in every district of our country: of *engraving*, from the rude scratching of figures on type-metal, which told their meaning by labels proceeding from their mouths, to that, in which Danforth worthily multiplies the works of Leslie, and Durand astonishes the European, who, when looking at his plates, is told that the artist who rivals any in the world, has never crossed the Atlantic.

I have written in good faith, with a full belief that the Arts of Design are necessary to the well-being of man; and that to encourage them and their students and professors is a good work. I will *conclude* my *conclusion* with the words of Richardson (one of the earliest English writers on the arts) as they appear to me very much to the purpose: “After all, it must be confessed that the arts I have been discoursing of are not so necessary to human life as some others; mankind might indeed subsist without them. Ours is a mixed state, divided between struggling to avoid or to get rid of pain, and positive enjoyment: one is driving *Hannibal out of Italy*—the other making foreign conquests:—the one seems to be superinduced upon the Fall, the other, what was originally intended for us, in Paradise: and accordingly there are arts and employments subservient to us in each of these circumstances; the first kind are absolutely necessary, the other not.

“Let those necessary ones boast of that necessity; they are ministerial to us only as wretched beings; whereas painting and sculpture are of the foremost in the number of those adapted to a state of innocence and joy: they are not necessary to our being; brutes and savage men subsist without them: but to our happiness as rational creatures, they are absolutely so.”

APPENDIX.

My limits are exceeded, and I can only notice in an Appendix, the artists of whom, or from whom, I could obtain but slight information. Very many are doubtless altogether omitted.

ARCHITECTS,

John Haviland, an English artist, now in Philadelphia.

Martin E. Thompson, New-York.

Hoban, Washington, D. C., gained the premium for the plan of the President's House. *George Hadfield*, Washington, gave the plan for the Executive Offices, and the plan of the City Hall, same place: died 1826.

William Small, Baltimore, is now the architect of the Exchange Hotel in that city.

Peter Harrison, of Newport, 1760.

Robert Carey Long, built the Union Bank, and St. Paul's Church, Baltimore.

John Lenthall, great grandson of the ex-divant president of the parliament, under Richard Cromwell. This gentleman was employed by Latrobe in the public buildings of Washington and highly valued.

Dr William Thornton, a man of rare genius, who deserves a more ample page than I can give him. He designed the Capitol at Washington.

Charles Bulfinch, was appointed surveyor of the public buildings at Washington on the resignation of Latrobe in 1818, he finished the rebuilding of the capitol. I have no memoir of this gentleman.

John H. B. Latrobe, the oldest son living of B. H. Latrobe, is a lawyer of Baltimore, but an amateur architect, draughtsman and painter.

B. H. Latrobe, the youngest son of the celebrated architect, is professionally an architect, and has already distinguished himself as such.

Henry Sellen Bonceval Latrobe, the oldest son of B. Henry Latrobe, was born in 1793, and gave early proofs of extraordinary talents. He was instructed, after graduating at St. Mary's College, Baltimore, by Mr. Godefroi, in civil and military architecture, and then entered his father's office, finished his education with him, and assisted in the public works at Washington. Sent to New-Orleans to carry his father's plans into execution, as above mentioned, his labours were interrupted by the invasion of the English, against whom he served as assistant engineer to Major Latour, and signalized himself by his skill and gallantry. In 1815, he was appointed a commissioner for the erection of a lighthouse. His design for this structure is thought one of the most simple and beautiful of the kind. In 1816 all his works for the bringing water to New Orleans were destroyed by fire, and while endeavouring to remedy the mischief, he was seized with fever, and died in August after an illness of five days.

Mr. Stone of New Haven, a promising young architect, is just rising to notice in that city.

SCULPTORS,

OF WHOM MY LIMITS WILL NOT ADMIT A MORE DETAILED NOTICE.

Cardelli an Italian, in America about 1818, only remembered as leaving two casts from modellings by himself of Mr. and Mrs. Trumbull.

Causici, an Italian who sculptured the Washington for the monument at Baltimore, and several subjects for Congress at Washington: he died at the Havana. In 1816, a subscription was opened to raise one hundred and fifty dollars for a model of Washington to be placed in the Pennsylvania Academy. He modelled an equestrian statue of Washington at New-York. The corporation granted him a place to work in, and the statue was exposed in the park. It was put up on the 2d of July, 1826. Causici called himself a pupil of Canova: but Mr. Weir asked a nephew of the sculptor if he remembered him. He replied, "I was with my uncle from infancy to the time of his death. I never heard of the man."

Persico, an Italian.

Ball Hughes, an Englishman, executed a group as a monument for Bishop Hobart, and several busts, and undertook other work: he was the pupil of Baily of London.

Robert E. Lavnitz, I believe an Italian and now in New-York, connected in business with John Frazee.

Mrs. Lupton modelled, and presented a bust of Governor Throop to the National Academy of Design.

Capellano, an Italian: executed the statue on the column of the Battle Monument at Baltimore, and the basso relievos on the shaft.

Augustin Chevalier, a native of France, executed the basso relievos of the Union Bank, Baltimore, and designed the Façade of the Maryland Insurance Office in South-street.

Appendix to the biography of John Frazee.

See page 268, Vol. II. Frazee got rid of his partner, but incurred debt which induced hard work among the tombstones, his only employment, and strict economy. So ignorant was he at this time, that he had never heard of the American Academy of Fine Arts at New-York, and when told that it was an exhibition of pictures and statues, he was puzzled to know how that could constitute an academy. Conscious of ignorance, and thirsting for knowledge, Frazee applied assiduously to books for instruction. In 1815, he lost his oldest child, a son, and on his tomb-stone made his first attempt on the human figure—it was a representation of "Grief." At this time, Frazee employed himself in carving for the cabinet-makers in the evening: he likewise cut letters in steel for branding. Removing to New-York, Frazee in conjunction with his brother William, opened a marble-shop in Greenwich-street, the first of May 1818. Statuary marble costs in the block \$22 per cubic foot. Two thousand dollars have been paid in nine months by Frazee for this article. Mantel-pieces and tombstones occupied Frazee for some years, and from 1819 to 1823, his principal study was lettering, which he carried to high perfection. To this was united monumental memorials in marble, which our churches may long be proud of. It was not until the year 1820, that Frazee saw the casts in the old academy. His child's model caused an introduction to Trumbull, who told him that nothing in sculpture "would be wanted in this country for yet a hundred years." Frazee says in all his conversation, he was "cold and discouraging respecting the arts, and exclaims, "Is such a man fit for a president of an Academy of Fine Arts?" In 1825 he finished his first bust in marble, John Wells, Esq. This bust he modelled from an imperfect picture, and then executed it in marble without teacher or instruction. He contrived a machine for assisting him to transfer the likeness of the model to the marble. The monument and bust cost \$1000. At the instance of the Hon. G. C. Verplanck, Congress appropriated \$500 in 1831, for a bust of John Jay, and Frazee executed it much to the satisfaction of his employers, and his own fame. The bust of Nathaniel Prime opened his way to Boston. In 1833, Thomas W. Ward, of that city having seen it, induced his friends to order busts of Daniel Webster and Dr. Bowditch—it grieves me that I cannot relate the anecdotes of Frazee

respecting the sittings of these eminent men. Webster at the request of the sculptor, delivered a congressional speech while Frazee modelled. In addition to what I have said, I will give the names of some of the portraits he has modelled more recently, "Judge Story—Judge Prescott—Thomas H. Perkins and John Lowell." In 1831, Frazee entered into a partnership with Robert E. Launitz, who had for two years before worked with him as a journeyman at ornamental sculpture. Mr. Frazee is determined to execute the "whole figure," as he says, without visiting Italy. I conclude this brief notice of my very ingenious countryman of New-Jersey, by mentioning his family. His first wife died in 1832, leaving him with five children, (having lost five) and he is married to a second; Lydia, daughter of Thomas Place of New-York. Notwithstanding the prophesy of Mr. Trumbull, Mr. Frazee is in full employment, and the demand for sculpture in our happy country is daily increasing.

ENGRAVERS,

OF WHOM MY LIMITS WILL NOT PERMIT A MORE DETAILED NOTICE.

S. Jocelyn, of New-Haven, and now in New-York, is, I believe a designer of vignettes for bank notes, and engraver of them.

J. W. Cassilear, has distinguished himself as a draughtsman, and by the plate of the seven presidents, engraved for the New-York Mirror. He is a pupil of the National Academy, and of A. B. Durand.

Cheney, of Connecticut, is in London, and stands high among the engravers for the Annuals.

C. Childs has long been established in Philadelphia.

Underwood is spoken of as distinguished for talent. *Harris* engraved in Boston, 1798.

S. H. Gimber is an English artist of merit, and designs as well as engraves.

E. Wellmore is the engraver of Longacre's portrait of the Hon. Edward Livingston, for the National Portrait Gallery.

W. Humphries is the engraver of Trumbull's portrait of General Putnam, for the same.

T. B. Welsh engraved Governor Cass and Bishop White from Longacre, for the same.

J. B. Forrest engraved Jarvis's McDonough for the same.

T. Woolnoth engraved Daniel D. Tompkins, Vice President of the United States, from Jarvis, for the same.

Edward Scriven engraved General Moultrie from Trumbull for the same.

Illman, an English engraver, executed the portrait of Thomas Eddy the philanthropist, from Dunlap.

R. W. Dodson, engraved General Jonathan Williams for the National Portrait Gallery, from Sully.

James Wood, of Charleston, S. C. *Charles Simons*, of Charleston, S. C. : both directors of the South Carolina Academy of Fine Arts.

Nease, engraver and die-sinker at the mint of the United States, Philadelphia, 1833.

Reich, once die-sinker at Philadelphia, employed by the mint, was the best artist in his line Philadelphia has had. He was passionately fond of music. Ill health obliged him to retire to the west, where he died.

Cassali, New-York. *G. Parker*.

J. P. Harrison was the first engraver who practised west of the Alleghenies : he was established in Pittsburg, 1817.

T. B. Freeman, Esq., was for a long time the principal encourager of the arts, by publishing engravings in Philadelphia. In a list of artists employed by that gentleman, recently received from Mr. Neagle, I find *George Isham Parkyns*, aquatinto engraver, 1795 : *Graham*, mezzotinto engraver, same date, both from England : *Houston*, a red chalk engraver, from Ireland.

One of the instructors of *Alonzo Hartwell*, an engraver on wood, was *O. H. Throop*, a copperplate engraver of Boston.

William Hoagland engraved on wood in Boston with *Mr. Abel Bowen*, and *Mr. Hartwell* acknowledges obligation to him.

C. Toppin, designer and bank note engraver, Philadelphia.

J. Surtain, an engraver of great merit, Philadelphia.

Tracy Edson, engraver, New-York.

J. Paradise, pupil of A. B. Durand, son of John.

Gobrecht, engraver and die-sinker, Philadelphia.

Neagle, a good engraver of Philadelphia.

Archibald Dick, New-York. *Sweet*, New-York.

Draper, engraver, Philadelphia.

Peter Rushton Maverick and his son *Peter Maverick* are both recorded in the body of this work, but I have found certain dates which I preserve here. The father was born April 11, 1755, and died December 11, 1755. The son was born October 22, 1780, and died June 7, 1831.

William Harrison, an English engraver, arrived in America in 1794, but was only skillful in letter engraving, which he practised and taught; particularly to *Peter Maverick* the second: his sons *William Harrison* and *Charles P. Harrison* are both among our engravers.

Cone. I have seen very good specimens of this gentleman's work: Philadelphia.

A. Clark, born at Cooper's Town, Otsego, now engraving in New-York.

A. Halbert, engraver of *Hannah More's* portrait in *Harper's* edition. If these publishers will give such specimens of engraving, there will be no just cause of complaint respecting their decorations.

Robert Scott and *M. Poupard*. Both these gentlemen were engravers, and both belong to an early part of the first volume of this work, as they were among our first artists in point of time.

Mr. Scott had been originally a watch-maker in his native country, England; but preferring the graver, he had the honour of being pupil to a man from whose school we received the eminent engraver *Robert Strange*. *Mr. Scott* came to America about the year 1788, and was employed in Philadelphia by *Dobson*, for engraving the architectural plates of his *Encyclopedia*, they are well executed. *Mr. Alexander Lawson*, my informant, says: "He first drew in all his work with a point, and then cut it with the graver. He had no knowledge of animals or figures. He engraved a whole length of *Washington*, after *C. W. Peale*, certainly not very flattering to so handsome a man. He was chosen die-sinker to the *Mint*, which office he filled for many years," (probably after 1793,) "with very little credit to himself or the country. An attempt was made to engage an eminent French artist: he demanded a high salary, which would have been given him, but he would only engage to stay in the country three years, so *Scott* got the place, and we got vile coinage, nor is there any hope of amendment now he is gone. *Scott* was the master of *Alardice*, who was about as good as the rest at this time; *Scott* died in middle age. *Shallow* was his pupil also, who certainly was a very shallow artist. *Mr. Draper* was also with *Scott*, and *Ben Jones* with *Alardice*, both alive," (1833.)

M. Poupard was an engraver in Philadelphia about 1790. *Lawson* says; "He had been a player in *Martinique*, but the creoles not duly appreciating his merits, he came to the United States, and turned his hand to engraving on type metal. He married a woman with some property, who was a fanatical methodist, and *Poupard*, when with her, seemed as far gone as herself—when away from her, he was a very merry fellow, and amused his companions by reciting and acting." I quote from notices of his contemporaries, with which *Mr. Lawson* has favoured me, as I have perfect confidence in his statements and opinions.

PAINTERS,

OF WHOM MY LIMITS WILL NOT PERMIT A MORE DETAILED NOTICE, OR WHO HAVE REFUSED INFORMATION, OR, LASTLY—HAVE PASSED INTO OBSCURITY.

Shays was a pupil of *Jarvis*, of uncommon talent, but he sunk to vicious courses, and died a common sailor in a foreign land.

Buddington painted portraits in New-York, 1798.

William Hamilton, a Scotch artist, who was in New-York about a year, and exhibited several clever pictures in 1832.

Mr. Rand, now studying in Europe.

Miss Charlotte Denning, miniature painter of Plattsburg.

Mademoiselle Tiebout, from Paris; miniature painter New-York; *Miss Breton*; New-York; *Miss O'Hara*, miniature painter, New-York.

S. Osgood, portrait painter, Boston; *Charles Hubbard*, Boston.

Edward Troy, animal painter, New-York; *James G. Clonney*, miniature painter, New-York; *Coyle*, an excellent scene painter and designer from England, died in New-York, 1824.

John Blake White, a native of Charleston, South Carolina, born 1782, studied under B. West. Originally intended for the law, he resumed its study in 1804, and has practised as an amateur. He had a picture of merit exhibited in Boston in, 1833, called the "Grave Robbers."

McLellan, a native of Ulster county, who studied in Italy about 1825, and is now painting in the United States.

Bowman, born in Pennsylvania, by trade a carpenter, made himself a painter through many difficulties, and visited Europe for improvement. He is now a portrait painter, as I believe, in Boston.

Gustavus Gruncwald painted landscapes in 1832, in Bethlehem.

G. W. Conaroe paints portraits in Philadelphia.

Mr. Earle (probably a relation of the Earles heretofore mentioned) has painted portraits in London, and is now in the service of the United States. The portrait of General Jackson, in Cassilear's plate for the Mirror, is from his painting.

Mr. Bumborough is a portrait painter at Shippen-port, Ohio.

Street, of Philadelphia, aimed at historical composition, and died in Washington city.

G. Oakley, an English amateur painter, who has exhibited several original compositions of merit in the National Academy.

J. Grant painted portraits in Philadelphia, 1829.

Mack, a miniature painter in New-York. *H. Muller*, landscape painter, New-York, 1828.

Meer, enamel painter, Philadelphia. *J. H. Mifflin*, portrait painter, Philadelphia, 1832. *N. Monachise*, painter of history and portraits, 98 Locust-street, Philadelphia, 1832. *F. Monachise*, ornamental painter as above.

In 1796 *T. B. Freeman* employed a young portrait painter of the name of Bartello. *J. Grimes* studied with Jouett, and is settled in the west. *Parker* is mentioned incidentally in Stuart's life.

Thomas Sully, junior, (the son of the celebrated artist) now exhibits for the first time with the artists of Philadelphia, and is painting at Norfolk. (1834)

Jane Sully, his sister, has been longer known as an artist of merit; she is now Mrs. Darley.

Greenough, a brother of the celebrated sculptor, is painting in London.

Jennings painted in London 20 years ago; from Philadelphia.

M. Vanderchamp, a French artist, painted in New Orleans from 1830 to 34, and went home with \$30,000.

Welfare, of North Carolina. *Daniel N. Dubois*, portrait painter, New-York.

Drexel painted portraits in Philadelphia, 1818. *Persico*, miniature painter, Philadelphia.

John Clarendon Darley, an artist of merit, Baltimore.

J. J. Mapes, an amateur miniature painter and friend to the Arts of Design.

Pietro Ancora, an Italian painter and drawing master; taught Mr. Neagle to draw in Philadelphia, and still resides there.

Edward C. Potter, a student of the National Academy, who died in youth—a most amiable man and promising artist.

H. L. Forham, New-York. *W. Goodacre*, New-York.

Miss Goodrich, miniature painter, I believe in Boston. Her pictures have much merit. Her portrait of G. Stuart is engraved for the National Portrait Gallery by Durand, and is thought like by Stuart's family.

Peter Grain, New-York. *Leibman*, New-York.

Woodsides, of Philadelphia, paints signs with talent beyond many who paint in higher branches.

Jones, of Boston, painted landscapes and signs, and died in Philadelphia.

Jones, scene painter in Boston, from England, draws well and is a good landscape painter.

James Irvine, a Scotchman, now resident in Rome, visited this country in 1818.

Percival, Philadelphia, 1832.

Middleton, Charleston, South Carolina.

Drucecz, a Flemming, painted miniatures in New-York in 1805.

A. Rider, Philadelphia, painted miniatures in 1813. He is a German and was the friend of Krimmel.

J. W. Hill, landscape painter New-York.

Drake, an English artist, visited New-York in 1821, and exhibited a full-length of Bonaparte, on the deck of the Belerophon. He went to Canada and painted successfully there.

R. A. Salmon, South Boston, 1829.

Mr. James painted in New-York twenty-five years ago, and afterwards in Quebec. He was a native of New-York.

Mr. Eddie painted portraits in New-York some years back.

Alfred Miller, born in Baltimore, and son of a grocer of that city. He showed such decided talent for historical painting that his father was prevailed upon to send him to France and Italy. He is now (1833) in Europe.

Bordley, now painting in Baltimore.

Milbourne was the first good scene painter who visited this country; he was from London in 1792; engaged by Thomas Wignell.

Madame Planteau painted in Washington about 1820.

Wm. Hilyer, portrait painter, New-York. *Thomas W. Hope*, portrait and miniature painter, New-York. *Mrs. Horner*, New-York.

James Cox came from England in 1794 to Philadelphia, and taught drawing, being then the only drawing master in the city. In London he coloured prints for Boydell. He drew flowers well. He was living in Philadelphia in 1833.

Rosalba Torrens is mentioned by Ramsay in his history of South Carolina as a painter of landscapes, and is said to have devoted a portion of her time daily, to the study of the art in Charleston, 1808.

Eliza Cochran (born Torrens) is mentioned by the same author with the same praise.

Miss Mary Murray, of New-York, has painted in water-colours and in crayons, and executed many portraits, size of life, in a style deserving commendation; and *John R. Murray* has long stood among our amateur artists as a painter of landscape.

Bamborough was painting portraits in Shippenport in 1830. An Englishman.

Greenwood and *John M. Furnass*.—These gentlemen have been neglected in their chronological order; for Greenwood followed immediately after Blackburn, in Boston, and preceded Copley; and Mr. Furnass painted portraits in Boston in 1785, as we know by the Columbian Centinel, of the eleventh of May of that year, where may be found an advertisement informing the public that he has taken a large and commodious chamber at Mrs. Sheaf's, nearly opposite Mr. Carter's writing school, formerly improved by Mr. Smybert and lately by Mr. King, limners. This is the same room in which Trumbull studied in 1777-8.

The "*Mr. King*" is probably Mr. S. King, afterwards resident at Newport, and mentioned under the heads of Mr. Allston and Miss Hall; he is there described as an old gentleman.

Frederick Phillip is a young gentleman of distinguished talent, who was a pupil of the National Academy of New-York, where he was born, and exhibited in 1833 several pictures of merit. He is now pursuing his studies in Europe.

Mr. Mercer, the nephew of General Mercer, was a miniature painter, instructed by C. W. Peale.

Thomas Hilson.—This gentleman, one of the first comedians England has sent us, was likewise an amateur painter, a very skilful draughtsman, especially in landscape with blacklead pencil.

Lawrence Sully, the elder brother of Thomas, was a miniature painter by profession.

Matthew Sully.—This gentleman, in addition to his histrionic talent, was a skilful draughtsman in water-colours.

Lehman painted landscapes in Philadelphia 1830. *Samuel S. West* painted portraits in Philadelphia 1830.

J. Pringle, portrait painter, New-York. *Mrs. Seager* and *Miss Seager*, miniature painters, New-York. *J. H. Shegog*, New-York. *A. Smith*, *W. Swaim*, *C. Weinedell*, *T. H. Wharton*, *G. Winter*, (all painting in New-York 1834.)

E. H. Darley, portrait painter, Philadelphia. *Jamieson*, a very ingenious artist in cameos, New-York. *Jos. W. Badger*, miniature painter, New-York. *Henry K. Brooks*, New-York. *Richard Burtin*, New-York.

Knight, a miniature painter in Philadelphia. *A. Vignier*, painted landscapes in Philadelphia in 1811.

A. B. Rockey was born in Mifflinburg, Pennsylvania, and commenced painting in Philadelphia in 1825, where he still exercises his pencil.

Captain Johnston painted portraits with success in Boston from 1789 to 1805. He was an officer of the revolutionary army, and a man of wit and talents. He painted Governor Phillips and family.

The National Academy of Design has received a present from Wyatt, the English sculptor at Rome, who now rivals Thorwaldsen the Dane, of a nymph entering the bath, which will bear comparison with the best works of antiquity.

NOTE A.

This extract from a letter written by Mr. Latrobe to Wm. Jones, Esq. then secretary of the navy, on the occasion of his resigning his situation of superintendent of the works at the Navy Yard, admirably illustrates many parts of Mr. Latrobe's character, and shows the difficulties that he was obliged to contend with. It is a satisfactory vindication too against the charge that was so often made against him of extravagance; and in every particular does equal credit to his head and his heart.

"I take this opportunity of asking you to devote a few moments of your valuable time to an explanation respecting myself, which is called for only by a wish that you should in all respects think well of me.

"There is, perhaps, among all the persons holding employment under government, not one so unpopular as myself. That I should be so, is a thing quite of course. It results from the habits of my early life, which I cannot change by any effort that I can make. Having acquired the knowledge, and been for some years in the practice of my profession in Europe, I believe I have the despotism of manner, which belongs to all artists, and appears to be inseparable from some degree of public reputation. My efforts to lay aside a haughtiness of deportment, which I am accused of, while treating of professional subjects, are awkward, because *studied*, and unnatural; and they cannot of course be consistent. Employed in procuring convenience to the course of legislative proceedings, and often personal accommodation to the members of the legislature, I have been justly accused of going on my own course, without consulting the wishes, or even informing the curiosity of those who are most interested in what I was doing; of sacrificing every thing to the interests of my reputation hereafter; of keeping aloof from the members of congress in private association, and in general of acting as if in the performance of my public duties, I did not acknowledge, in any degree, the right of the legislature to direct my operations according to their humour, even if contrary to my wishes and judgment.

"That this should be my character before the public, is as much a necessary result, even of my unbending honesty, (and of *honesty* I may boast, without, I hope, forfeiting my claim to modesty,) as it might be of an irrational pride. My time has been fully employed. I have had no assistance in the most laborious parts of my operations. My family has been my greatest and almost my only scene of short relaxation and of enjoyment. I could only have devoted my evenings to the members of congress, scattered through an extent of four miles in length, had I the talent or inclination to visit or entertain them. But in truth, I neither felt the wish nor the propriety of *appearing* to consult anyone on my designs, or the mode of my operations, while I felt myself competent to perform my duty without any assistance; and still less could I bend to solicit votes for the passage of laws, as if I had a personal interest in the appropriations required, which the public good did not point out as necessary.

"My unpopularity, therefore, has arisen from circumstances belonging to the invariable effect of personal character on public measures, rather than from the charge which is in every body's mouth, and which is the only *acknowledged* charge against me, that of *extravagance*. Of want of skill, or want of the very humble virtue, pecuniary integrity, my bitterest enemies have never accused me. But I am extravagant. And yet these very men erected the north wing of the capitol at the expense of \$330,000, a building half finished only, of lath and plaster, and rotten wood internally, paying four and a half dollars for stone, per ton and five to six dollars per thousand, for bricks, while the south wing, in quantity and quality, of materials of three times the value, vaulted throughout, sculptured and painted, stone costing from six to ten dollars per ton; bricks from seven to eight dollars per thousand—was built by me for \$274,000. The fact would be proved on investigation both here and in Philadelphia, that my works are the *cheapest* yet erected in the United States. Their appearance is against them. They have a more magnificent *look*, of course a more expensive *look* than others.

"There is another subject which I do not touch upon without regret, I mean the positive instructions of Mr. Jefferson in respect to design, and to *calls for money*, which he afterwards, when censure ensued, did not *publicly* justify, leaving me to hear the blame of extravagance and of inadequate estimates. Of this kind were his positive orders that I should introduce Corinthian columns into the House of Representatives, and put one hundred lights of plate glass into the ceiling, contrary to my declared judgment, and earnest entreaties and represen-

tations. In other respects, however, the honour which the friendship of that great man has done me, obliterates all feeling of dissatisfaction on account of these errors of a vitiated taste, and of an imperfect attention to the *practical* effects of his architectural projects. I will mention only one other cause of my unpopularity.

"When I was appointed surveyor to the public buildings, all the persons formerly employed had been dismissed. My system was totally in opposition to that formerly established. Every step I have taken for ten years past has been watched and reported, and the members of congress have been besieged in detail with complaints of my arbitrary extravagance. The federal newspapers have been filled with abuse of me. I have been too proud and too innocent to defend myself. By little and little that which is often repeated becomes established as a truth.

"But my works speak for themselves. They will live after me, and my children will have no reason to be ashamed of their father. As to my personal character, those who know me intimately may judge of it. Knowing too much of my difficult art to believe myself a *great* man in it; looking up to many others with a deference to their abilities and acquirements which precludes a hope of equalling them; more sensible of my inferiority, and of the humbleness of my attainments than those who calumniate me, I still have learned by the success of twenty-five years active service of the public, that I am not too ignorant to be very useful. That I have been *useful*, and that I have brought others to be so, is my *legitimate* pride. Nor shall I disgrace myself at my age by forfeiting my right to be thus proud.

"In a few months I shall be no longer in the service of the United States. In this letter I have no further object to answer but to retire from it, with the hope that nothing you may hear against me will deprive me of your confidence and of your kindness. I shall, I confess, leave the service of the department, of which you are the head, with regret; but I shall feel a patriotic joy, that your station is filled, not only by honour and moral worth, but by talents improved and perfected to an extent adequate to the exigences of our country."

NOTE B.

Copy of a letter from Mr. Latrobe to Mr. Jefferson, on resuming his office of superintendent, at Washington, after the destruction of the public buildings by the British.

"Permit me now to assure you that the confidence you are pleased to express in me, as to the future conduct of the public works, from your experience of my former services, is to me, by far a more gratifying reward than I could possibly have received from any emolument or any other commendation. It is not only because you are certainly the best judge of the merits of an artist, in the United States, but because you certainly know me better as an artist, and as a man, than any other, that your good opinion is valuable to me. And why should I say so to you, who have forever retired from the seat from which honours are to be dispensed, and to whom adulation would be an insult, if I were not most sincere in what I express on the subject. You will remember, that if I committed an error in executing the trust you reposed in me; it was not by blindly yielding my professional opinions to yours, or in executing, without even remonstrance sometimes, what was suggested, in order to win your favour. My thanks therefore for the kindness with which you express your approbation of what I have formerly done, are offered with sentiments of the sincerest attachment.

"Some details respecting the state of the ruins of the buildings may perhaps be new, and not unpleasant to be received by you; and may perhaps find you at leisure to read them, as your library is no longer around you.

"The south wing of the capitol was set on fire with great difficulty. Of the lower story nothing could be burned but the sashes and frames, and the shutters and dressings, and the doors and door cases. As all these were detached from one another, some time and labour were necessary to get through the work. The first thing done was to empty into buckets a quantity of the composition used in the rockets. A man with an axe chopped the wood work, another followed, and brushed on some of the composition, and on retiring from each room, the third put fire to it. Many of the rooms, however, were thus only partially burned, and there is not one in which some wood does not remain. In the clerk's office, the desks and furniture, and the records supplied a more considerable mass of combustible materials than there was elsewhere, and the fire burned so fiercely that they were obliged to retreat and leave all the rooms on the west side en-

tirely untouched, and they are now as clean and perfect as ever. Two other committee rooms have escaped, and the gallery stairs have none of their wooden dressings injured. Above stairs, the committee room of Ways and Means, and accounts, is uninjured, and the whole of the entrance, with all the sculptured capitals of the columns, has fortunately suffered no injury but in the plastering, and that from the wet and frost of the winter. In the House of Representatives the devastation has been dreadful. There was here no want of materials for conflagration, for when the number of members of Congress was increased, the old platform was left in its place, and another raised over it, giving an additional quantity of dry and loose timber. All the stages and seats of the galleries were of timber and yellow pine. The mahogany furniture, desks, tables and chairs, were in their places. At first they fired rockets through the roof, but they did not set fire to it. They sent men on to it, but it was covered with sheet iron. At last they made a great pile in the centre of the room of the furniture, and retiring set fire to a great quantity of rocket-stuff in the middle. The whole was soon in a blaze, and so intense was the flame, that the glass of the lights was melted, and I have now lumps, weighing many pounds of glass, run into mass. The stone is, like most free stone, unable to resist the force of flame, but I believe no known material would have been able to resist the effects of so sudden and intense a heat. The exterior of the columns and entablature, therefore, expanded far beyond the dimensions of the interior, scaled off, and not a vestige of fluting or sculpture remained around. The appearance of the ruin was awfully grand when I first saw it, and indeed it was terrific, for it threatened immediately to fall, so slender were the remains of the columns that carried the massy entablature. If the colonnade had fallen, the vaulting of the room below might have been beaten down, but fortunately there is not a single arch in the whole building which requires to be taken down. In the north wing, the beautiful doric columns which surrounded the Supreme Court room, have shared the fate of the Corinthian columns of the Hall of Representatives, and in the Senate Chamber, the marble polished columns of fourteen feet shaft, in one block, are burnt to lime, and have fallen down. All but the vault is destroyed. They stand a most magnificent ruin. The west end containing the library, which was never vaulted, burned very fiercely, and by the fall of its heavy timbers, great injury has been done to the adjoining walls and arches, and I fear that the free stone is so much injured on the outside, that part of the outer wall must be taken down; otherwise the exterior stands firm and sound, especially of the south wing; but of about twenty windows and doors, through which the flames found vent, the architraves, and other dressings are so injured, that they must be replaced. All the parapet is gone.

"The most difficult work to be performed was to take down the ruins of the Hall of Representatives. Our workmen all hesitated to touch it; to have erected a scaffold, and to have risked striking the ruins with the heavy poles necessary to be used, was not to be thought of; an unlucky blow against one of the columns might have brought down one hundred ton of the entablature, and of the heavy brick vault which rested upon it. It therefore occurred to me, to fill up the whole with fascines to the soffit of the architraves: if any thing gave way then, it would not fall down; the columns would be confined to their places, and the fascines would furnish the scaffold. The commissioners approved the scheme, but as time would be required to cut the fascines from the commons, Mr. Ringold most fortunately recommended the use of cord wood, which has been adopted, and most successfully. Four fifths of the work is done, and the remainder is supported, and will be all down in ten days. The cord wood will sell for its cost. It required five hundred cord to go half round; it was then shifted to the other side. I have already nearly completed the vaults of two stories, on the west side of the north wing, according to the plan submitted by you, with the report to Congress in 1807. I need not, I hope, apologize to you for this long detail. An alteration is proposed and adopted by the president, in the Hall of Representatives. I will send you a copy of my report, as soon as time will permit."

NOTE C.

Extracts from a letter of Mr. Latrobe, after visiting Mount Vernon, in 1797.

"On the 6th of July I set off, having a letter to the president from his nephew, my particular friend, Bushrod Washington, Esquire. Having alighted at Mount Vernon, I sent in my letter of introduction, and walked into the portico, west of the river. In about ten minutes the president came to me. He wore a plain blue coat; his hair dressed and powdered. There was a reserve, but no hauteur in his manner. He shook me by the hand, said he was glad to see a friend of his nephew's, drew a chair, and desired me to sit down. Having inquired after the

family I had left, the conversation turned upon Bath, to which they were going. There was no moroseness in his observations; they seemed the well expressed remarks of a man who has seen and knows the world. The conversation then turned upon the rivers of Virginia. He gave me a very minute account of all their directions, their natural advantages, and what he considered might be done for their improvement by art. He then inquired whether I had seen the Dismal Swamp, and seemed particularly desirous of being informed upon the subject of the canal going forward there. He gave me a detailed account of the old Dismal Swamp Company, and of their operations—of the injury they had received from the effects of the war, and the still greater which their inattention to their own concerns had done to them.

"After many attempts on his part to procure a meeting of directors, (the number of which the law provided should be six, in order to do business,) all of which proved fruitless; he gave up his hopes of any thing being done for their interests, and sold out his shares in the property, at a price very inadequate to their real value. Since then his attention has been so much drawn to public affairs, that he had scarcely made any inquiry into the proceedings either of the Swamp or of the Canal Company. I was much flattered by his attention to my observations, and his taking the pains, either to object to my deductions, where he thought them ill founded, or to confirm them by very strong remarks of his own, made while he was visiting the swamp.

"This conversation lasted above an hour, and as he had at first told me, that he was endeavouring to finish some letters to go by post, upon a variety of business, 'which, notwithstanding his distance from government, still pressed upon him in his retirement,' I got up to take my leave, but he desired me, in a manner very much like Dr. Johnson's, to "keep my chair;" and then continued to talk to me about the great works going on in England, and my own objects in this country. I found him well acquainted with my mother's family in Pennsylvania. After much conversation upon the coal mines, on James' River, I told him of the silver mine at Rochester. He laughed most heartily at the very mention of the thing. I explained to him the nature of the expectations formed of its productiveness, and satisfied him of the probability that one might exist there. He made several minute inquiries concerning it, and then said, "it would give him real uneasiness, should any silver or gold mine be discovered that would tempt considerable capitals into the prosecution of that object, and that he heartily wished for his country, that it might contain no mines but such as the plough could reach, excepting only coal and iron."

"After conversing with me for more than two hours, he got up and said that, 'we should meet again at dinner.' I then strolled about the lawn, and took a few sketches of the house, &c. Upon my return I found Mrs. Washington and her grand-daughter, Miss Custis, in the hall. I introduced myself to Mrs. Washington, as the friend of her nephew, and she immediately entered into conversation upon the prospect from the lawn, and presently gave me an account of her family, in a good-humoured free manner, that was extremely pleasing and flattering. She retains strong remains of considerable beauty, and seems to enjoy good health and as good humour. She has no affectation of superiority, but acts completely in the character of the mistress of the house of a respectable and opulent country gentleman. His grand-daughter, Miss Eleanor Custis, has more perfection of form, of expression, of colour, of softness, and of firmness of mind, than I have ever seen before.

"Young La Fayette, with his tutor, came down some time before dinner. He is a young man of seventeen years of age, of a mild, pleasant countenance, making a favourable impression at first sight.

"Dinner was served up about half-past three. It had been postponed half an hour in hopes of Mr. Lear's arrival from Alexandria. The president came into the portico a short time before three, and talked freely upon common topics with the family. At dinner he placed me at the left hand of Mrs. Washington, Miss Custis sat at her right, and himself next to her. There was very little conversation at dinner. A few jokes passed between the president and young La Fayette, whom he treated more as a child than as a guest. I felt a little embarrassed at the silent reserved air that prevailed. As I drink no wine, and the president drank but three glasses, the party before long returned to the portico. Mr. Lear, Mr. Dandridge, and Mr. Lear's three boys soon after arrived, and helped out the conversation. The president retired in about three quarters of an hour. As much as I wished to stay, I thought it a point of delicacy to take up as little time of the president as possible, and I therefore ordered my horses to the door. I waited a few minutes till the president returned. He asked me whether I had any very pressing business to prevent my lengthening my visit. I told him I had not, but that as I considered it an intrusion upon his more important engagements, I

thought I could reach Colchester that evening by daylight. 'Sir,' said he, 'you see I take my own way. If you can be content to take yours at my house, I shall be glad to see you here longer.'

"Coffee was brought about six o'clock; when it was removed, the president addressed himself to me, inquiring as to the state of the crops about Richmond. I told him all I knew. A long conversation upon farming ensued, during which it grew dark, and he then proposed going into the hall. He made me sit down by him, and continued the conversation for above an hour. During that time he gave me a very minute account of the Hessian fly, and its progress from Long Island, where it first appeared, through New-York, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Delaware, part of Pennsylvania, and Maryland. It has not yet appeared in Virginia, but is daily dreaded. The cultivation of Indian corn next came up. He dwelt upon all the advantages attending this most useful crop, and then said, that the manner in which the land was exhausted by it, the constant attention it required during the whole year, and the superior value of the produce of land in other crops, would induce him to leave off entirely the cultivation of it, provided he could depend upon any market for a supply elsewhere.

"He then entered into the different merits of a variety of ploughs, and gave the preference to the heavy Botheram plough, from a full experience of its merits. The Berkshire iron plough he held next in estimation. He had found it impossible to get the iron work of his Botheram plough replaced in a proper manner, otherwise he should never have discontinued its use. I promised to send him one of Mr. Richardson's ploughs, of Tuckahoe, which he accepted with pleasure.

Mrs. Washington and Miss Custis had left us early, and the president left the company about eight o'clock. We soon after retired to bed.

"I rose with the sun, and walked over the grounds; I also took a view of the house. The president came to the sitting room, about half past seven o'clock; here all the latest newspapers were laid out. He talked with Mr. Lear about the progress of the works at the great falls, and in the city of Washington. Breakfast was served up in the usual Virginian style—tea and coffee, cold and broiled meat. It was very soon over, and for an hour afterwards, he stood upon the steps of the west door, talking to the company who were collected around him. The subject was chiefly the establishment of the university at the Federal city. He mentioned the offer he had made of giving to it all the interests he had in the city, on condition that it should go on in a given time; and complained, that though magnificent offers had been made by many speculators, for the same purpose, there seemed to be no inclination to carry them into effect. He spoke as if he felt a little hurt upon the subject. About ten o'clock he made a motion to retire, and I requested a servant to bring my horses to the door. He then returned, and as soon as my servant came up with them, he went to him and asked him if he had breakfasted. He then shook me by the hand, desired me to call if I came again into the neighbourhood, and wished me a good morning.

"Washington has something uncommonly majestic and commanding in his walk, his address, his figure, and his countenance. His face is however characterized more by intense and powerful thought, than by quick and powerful conception. There is a mildness about its expression, and an air of reserve in his manner which lowers its tone still more. He is sixty-four, but appears some years younger, and has sufficient vigour to last many years yet. He was frequently entirely silent for many minutes, during which time an awkward silence seemed to prevail in the circle. His answers were often short, and sometimes approached to moroseness. He did not at any time speak with remarkable fluency; perhaps the extreme correctness of his language, which almost seemed studied, prevented that effect. He appeared to enjoy a humorous observation, and made several himself. He laughed heartily several times, and in a very good humoured manner. On the morning of my departure, he treated me as if I had lived for years in his house, with ease and attention; but in general, I thought there was an air about him as if something had vexed him."

I am requested to correct my notice of Mr. Otto Parissien. He was not from France, but Prussia; and did not paint miniatures. He designed the ornaments of the silver-ware he dealt in, being a silversmith. (See Vol. I. page 160.)

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